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A Review of the World

IN RESPONSE to three presidential "whereases" and a "now therefore," the new Congress is about to begin its life as the late Congress began its life—in an extraordinary session. The tariff question is again responsible for the presidential summons,—that tariff question that runs back to the beginnings of our history, that has made or unmade so many administrations and has been the dominant issue in so many national campaigns. Its political potency does not diminish as the decades roll by. In two years' time it has caused some remarkable changes in our political horizon. It has turned a Republican majority of 47 in the lower house of Congress into a Democratic majority of 66; it has come within five or six votes of reversing the majority in the upper house; it has altered the relations of the President so that his policy is, for the time being, repudiated by a plurality of his own party in Congress and supported by an overwhelming plurality of the opposition party; it has caused the Republican party to be, as a leading Republican paper puts it, "so thoroly divided and torn with strife that it is difficult to know to-day what a Republican is." What all the dynamic issues launched by President Roosevelt in his seven strenuous years were unable to effect, the tariff issue, in two short years, under the conciliatory Mr. Taft, has effected. No wonder that the old political stagers fight shy of tariff revisions. It takes a newcomer in national politics like Taft or Cleveland to launch that issue upon the country.

THE new Congress promises to be fairly tumultuous in its character. In the lower house the Democratic majority includes very few men who have seen the responsibility of government resting upon their party and who have shared in carrying the burden. For fourteen years the Democrats have been the party in opposition and there are hardly

enough of them whose congressional experience runs back as far as that to form a corporal's guard. The greatest change is likely to come from the shifting of committee chairmanships. Of course the holders of these will not be definitely determined until Congress meets; but one of the Washington papers, after looking carefully into the claims of seniority, draws up a list of probable chairmen from which there is not likely to be much deviation. Out of thirty-five committees, five are tabulated as "undecided." Of the remaining thirty, twenty-five are likely to have chairmen who hail from southern States, and but five are likely to have chairmen who hail from the North. Texas alone shows up in this list with five chairmanships, as many as are credited to all the North. In addition, the Speaker of the House—Champ Clark—is from Missouri. This preponderance of the South is, of course, very simply explained. That is the only section that has been sending Democrats to Congress continuously, and the rule of seniority in service, therefore, necessarily gives to that section a large majority of chairmanships in a Democratic Congress.

NOT only new men in charge of committees, but a new method of governing the House is likely at first to insure confusion. Champ Clark will be speaker; but the power that has been in the speaker's hands in the past will not be in Clark's hands. Heretofore it has been the speaker who assigned places on committees. The chairmen selected by him formed a sort of cabinet by means of which he directed the affairs of the House. That is how Cannon has exercised such power. The new method of placing this power to assign committee-places in the hands of the ways and means committee, of which the speaker is not even a member, reduces him to little more than a mere presiding officer. The real Democratic leadership in the coming Con-



ONLY HALF WAY!

—Phil Porter in *Boston Traveler*

gress is yet to be determined. Next to the speaker, leadership has heretofore been vested in the rules committee. But under the new system adopted by the Democratic caucus, no chairman of any other important committee is allowed to serve on the rules committee and all members of the ways and means com-

mittee are also barred. This has operated to keep off all the ablest Democrats, and the new "steering committee," as the rules committee is often called, will consist of four of the best Republican parliamentarians in Congress—Cannon, Mann, Hinds and Currier—and six Democrats, not one of whom has ever served on that committee before or has had a chance to impress himself on the House as a parliamentarian.

ANOTHER feature of the new Congress that has elicited some comment is the influence Mr. Bryan is likely to exert. Champ Clark is counted as a Bryan man. So is Underwood, the new chairman of the ways and means committee, who is picked by most of the correspondents as the man most certain to compete with Clark for the real leadership. Every Democrat on the rules committee, moreover, is reported to belong to the Bryan wing. In the Senate, the Democratic leadership probably lies between Stone, of Missouri, and Bailey, of Texas. Bailey is the abler man, but he is entirely out of sympathy with most of the members of his party, and Stone, who is a Bryan man, is thought to have already established himself as the real leader of the Senate Democrats. In addition, John W. Kern, the new Senator from Indiana, is not only a Bryan man (having been selected by Mr. Bryan himself two years ago for his running mate), but is regarded in Indianapolis,



RETREAT OF THE OLD GUARD

—Robert Carter in *New York American*



THE TAFT-CLARK EXPEDITION

—Detroit News

where his home is, as in fact a spokesman for the Nebraska statesman, and his special ambition will be to make the Bryan policy triumphant in the next session. With Mr. Bryan thus entrenched in both houses, "any aspirant for the Democratic presidential nomination next year," according to the *New York Press*, "who has him for an enemy will not have an easy road to victory." In this connection, it may be observed, Mr. Bryan's paper, *The Commoner*, has already declared that it "does not consider Governor Harmon as an available man for the Democratic nomination," and it has taken special pains to extend to Governor Woodrow Wilson profuse thanks for "one of the most notable victories for popular government yet recorded in the political history of any State,"—namely, the election of Martine, another Bryan man, to the United States Senate.

THE Congress that has just expired was fully as tumultuous as any one can expect the next Congress to be. It will be known in history, in the opinion of the *Burlington Free Press*, as "that body in which our national legislature broke up into factions similar to those obtaining in most foreign parliamentary bodies." In its three sessions, over 34,000 bills and joint resolutions were introduced and over two billions of dollars (\$2,053,319,291) were appropriated. "The man who writes the annals of our time," said Champ Clark in his speech at the close of the session, "will declare that it was one of the most important of all the Congresses which we have had, and undoubtedly one of the stormiest. With the exception of a few Con-

gresses in days now long since happily passed, more bitter words have never been uttered or more riotous scenes enacted in any Congress of the United States than in this one." It developed, as already noted, confusion in party lines and revealed many signs of a new form of cleavage. This new cleavage, however, is not on any definite clear-cut issue. It must be described in somewhat indefinite and general terms such as are used by the *Kansas City Times*. "This division," that paper remarks, "absolutely clear on the Republican side and almost as definite on the Democratic side, separates the progressives from the reaction-



A PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT

—Bartholomew in Minneapolis Journal



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HIS TROUBLES LIE BEFORE HIM

On the assembling of the new Congress in extra session, April 4, Charles D. Hilles assumes the post of secretary to the president, succeeding Charles D. Norton. Mr. Hilles has been assistant secretary of the treasury.

aries, the friends and servants of the people from the friends and servants of the interests. On nearly every important measure coming to a vote in the three sessions of the Sixty-first Congress Democratic reactionaries united with Republican reactionaries, and progressives of both parties voted together."

THERE is a good deal of this sort of comment. "Plutocracy," said the Washington correspondent of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, on the day the Congress ended, "is weeping in Washington. The tears are for the passing of Bourbon control in the Senate of the United States." He continued: "With the final roll call to-day there walked out of the Senate doors for the last time such men as Aldrich, Burrows, Carter, Burkett, Depew, Dick, Flint, Hale, Kean, Piles, Scott and Warner. Scarcely within a lifetime has there been such an imposing roll call of the politically dead. The old guard which for fifteen years or more controlled the United States Senate with a grip impossible to break is now but a memory. Shorn of power, stripped of political influence, and bitter in spirit are the former masters.

And official, plutocratic Washington mourns." A well-known financial news service sent out from Washington a similar announcement of the end of the old régime and the beginning of a general political readjustment. "Talk is heard," so ran the dispatch, "of the formation of a new national political party to be composed of the best of the Republican and Democratic parties, and to have for its fundamental basis, not protection or free trade, the two principles that have held together the two great parties, but reciprocity, the real economic solution of the cost of living the world over. It is stated here that the call for an extra session of Congress sounded the death-knell of the old Republican party." The last fifty years, it may be remarked, have been full of "death-knells" sounding the end of one or other of the old parties. It takes a great many death-knells to bring about one death.

AS the life of the Sixty-first Congress was coexistent with the first half of Mr. Taft's presidential term, its record of achievements and failures is made the chief basis for praise or censure of his administration. On the political effects of the Payne-Aldrich bill we have already commented. In its defense is pointed out the change from a governmental deficit of fifty-eight million dollars to a surplus of more than thirty millions in two years. The creation of a tariff board is also pointed to by the friends of the administration, and tho the bill to make it a permanent commission with power to summon witnesses failed to pass, the board still exists and has an appropriation of \$250,000 to work with. Two new courts have been created by Congress in response to the President's recommendations—a court of customs appeals and a court of commerce. Important conservation bills have been enacted, including the one creating forest reserves in the Appalachian range and in the White Mountains. The postal savings bank system has been inaugurated. The fortification of the Panama Canal has been assured by an initial appropriation. The bill requiring publication of receipts and expenditures in congressional campaigns has become a law. Practical free trade with the Philippines has been established. A new treaty has been made with Japan, the acceptance of which the President himself regards as the most important work of the recent session. A corporation tax has been imposed and has just been passed upon favorably by the Supreme Court. Provision has been made for the revision of the judicial code.

In addition to these achievements secured through Congress, Mr. Taft's friends point to other achievements administrative in character. The check administered to the railroads in their effort to raise rates is one. The rapid construction of the Panama Canal, the conviction of the Sugar Trust officials, the (so far) successful prosecution of the Standard Oil trust and the tobacco trust, the opening of China to American capital, and the agreement affected by the Canadian commissioners and our own on reciprocal tariff rates,—all these things are credited to the Taft administration in the two years of its existence.

YET as the net political result of his two years in the White House, the President, it is noted by the not unfriendly Springfield *Republican*, "stands practically without a party and even without any certain factional support." His party organization is "completely broken," most of its leaders have just gone into compulsory retirement, and he is now compelled to turn to a Democratic Congress for carrying out his unenacted policies. But the *Republican* thinks that there is something fine and impressive in the President's figure as it towers above the wreck. It says:

"All is confusion and uncertainty, but above it all there arises the determined figure of President Taft immovable in his purpose to carry on the affairs of the government in entire disregard of party and bring into effect the reforms which have been demanded by the country. Here amidst the wreckage of the old political order is some-



SENATOR LORIMER

PAINTED BY HIMSELF

—C. R. Macauley in *New York World*

thing for us to tie to, and we shall be very much surprised if in the course he is now taking—if in the apparent loneliness of the position which he has been forced into—the President does not find more company and support than could have been his had his party remained united."

This extract fairly represents the prevailing sentiment of the "independent" press.

BUT so stanch a Republican paper as the *Boston Transcript*, while it admits the distracted condition of its party, the unpopularity of the administration and the failure of



THE RECEPTION TO SENATOR LORIMER

While in some places in Illinois bells were tolling and indignation meetings were held over Lorimer's victory in the U. S. Senate (by four votes), citizens of Chicago got up a big reception to escort him to his home. He has lived in Chicago since he was nine years old and his description last month, before the Senate, of his career as newsboy and political leader was a great human document.

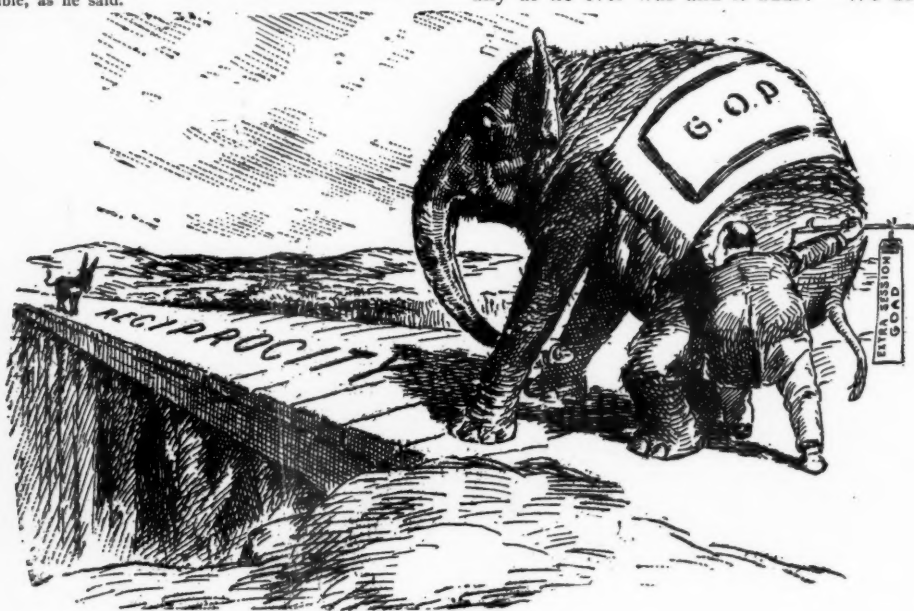


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ON THE WAY TO PRISON FOR FIFTEEN YEARS

"Abe" Ruef, the center of the most sensational developments in municipal corruption that American history records, is at last paying the penalty of his misdeeds. This picture was made of him on the way to the penitentiary. Before starting he had his mustache shaved off and his head shaved to save the prison authorities the trouble, as he said.

the President "to sense the restless and insurgentlike spirit of the country," believes that the reciprocity treaty "has done much to rehabilitate Mr. Taft in the affections of the country." He now, the *Transcript* thinks, is really becoming a popular President, and the treaty certainly makes him the next Republican candidate for President. Practically the same thing is said by the *New York Evening Mail*. It thinks he has been absurdly thin-skinned in the past and "a most indifferent politician"; but at the close of his second year he is "a far larger figure" in public estimation than he was at the end of his first year. "The man's honor, his courage, his grip on affairs, his determination to do the progressive things which in this country have long awaited fulfilment, his capacity and success in doing them, all argue for an administration that shall loom large in history." The *Salt Lake Herald* thinks that Taft has at last shown that he knows the political game and can play it with consummate tact, diplomacy and cleverness. The foregoing quotations are from Republican papers, but none of them of the "insurgent" type. Here is a Democratic paper, however, that is speaking in much the same fashion. While Mr. Taft's two years in office have been stormy, the *Florida Times-Union* thinks he is to-day as popular personally as he ever was and it adds: "We doubt



BALKING

—C. R. Macauley in *New York World*

whether any President since Washington has been as popular personally with the Southern people as Mr. Taft has been and is."

ON the other hand an impressive and sweeping criticism is made of Mr. Taft's administration in the editorial pages of the *Review of Reviews* for March. Dr. Albert Shaw, the editor, has been a close friend and adviser of Mr. Roosevelt for many years and his antagonism to President Taft at this juncture is for that reason likely to have special significance attached to it. The first point of the criticism is directed at the effort to "jam" the reciprocity treaty through Congress. The treaty itself is admitted to be a most creditable piece of work, Secretary Knox—not President Taft—being the one to whom credit is assigned by the *Review of Reviews*. Then it goes on to say:

"It does not follow, however, that this important agreement,—affecting tariff rates at many points and bearing a relationship to the whole fiscal and economic policy of the United States,—ought to have been jammed through Congress without opportunity for thoro discussion. There were strong and sincere members of the House of Representatives who favored the idea of reciprocity with Canada, yet who deeply resented the methods used by President Taft to force this measure to a vote, allowing no real debate, making use of the entire support of the Democratic half of the House, and securing the votes of less than half of the members of his own party."

THE history of the Payne-Aldrich bill is referred to by Dr. Shaw and the President's inaction while that bill was being debated is severely criticized. "Mr. Payne and Senator Aldrich," we are told, "would have been put in a position to make a much better Republican tariff if administration pressure, voicing disinterested public opinion, could have helped them to withstand the pressure of local and private interests. But such help was not extended and Mr. Payne did his best without it." This is the first time we have noted any effort to place upon the President's shoulders rather than upon Mr. Payne's or Mr. Aldrich's the responsibility for failure to resist the pressure of local and private interests in drafting the present tariff schedules. To the failure of the President to help is also attributed the fact that a tariff commission was not created in the extra session of Congress in 1909. Finally it was Mr. Taft's championship of the Payne-Aldrich tariff as a whole



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A LEADER OF THE COMING CONGRESS

Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama, is to be chairman of the ways and means committee of the next (Democratic) House of Representatives. It will fall to that committee to draft the bill to revise the tariff on Democratic lines. He is forty-nine years old, but it is safe to say he will be at least one year older for every month his committee spends in wrestling with that problem.

and his attempt to drive tariff-reform Senators out of the party as heretics that broke the Republican party down in the Congressional elections of 1910.



FINISHING THEIR SIXTY-FIRST GAME

—Godwin in Indianapolis Press



THE ROMANTICIST OF MEXICAN REVOLUTION

Gutierrez de Lara, one of the most conspicuous of the refugees from the republic to the south of us, did more to discredit the Diaz administration than any other living man. He it was who provided most of the material for the muck-raking which has recently filled American periodicals and which, according to Limantour, is responsible for Mexico's present troubles.

ANOTHER ardent supporter of Mr. Roosevelt turns upon Mr. Taft almost savagely. The Louisville *Evening Post* thinks there has rarely been in American history so lamentable a collapse of an administration as that shown by Mr. Taft's. It does not, however, hold the President solely responsible. The recklessness, bigotry and blindness of the reactionary Republican leaders have, it thinks, been most surprising. But the *Post* goes on to add:

"If one will review the legislative program laid down by Mr. Taft in his two messages and then compare these promises or suggestions with the long series of defeat, neglect and betrayal of legislative propositions, it must appear that the rehabilitation of the administration is a task of the gravest difficulty.

"There has been no connected, consecutive policy. There has been no evidence of political sagacity. There has been no capacity to deal with public men, with the representatives of the people. There has been no grasp upon administrative affairs. . . .

"The most extreme, antiquated, archaic principles of political economy embodied in the Payne-Aldrich law have been declared in one campaign to be the abiding faith of the national administration, and then the first principles of free trade in modified doses have been offered as a concession to an awakened and an indignant public opinion.

"Men ready to stand with the President for reciprocity have been driven from his support by ship subsidy. Men aiming to protect the Senate from Lorimer and Lorimerism have been staggered by a letter from the President's secretary that embodies the worst features of a Lorimer campaign."

JUST how the tariff will fare in the extra session of Congress is, of course, a matter of speculation at this time. The Canadian reciprocity treaty and the tariff commission bill remain hanging in the air. The reciprocity treaty is urgent; the other is not, since the tariff board remains in existence anyhow with limited powers, but an ample appropriation. The tariff commission is not mentioned in the call for an extra session and presumably, therefore, will not be urged by the President. It would unquestionably involve a fight. While it passed the house at the recent session by a vote of 136 to 93, only 33 Democrats (including Champ Clark) supported it, and when the bill came back from the Senate with several not vital amendments Democratic opposition prevented another vote and the bill was not finally disposed of. With but a minority of the Democrats favoring it, with the "standpat" Republicans hostile or indifferent to it, and with the President not urging it, the only chance the bill has in the extra session lies in the possibility that the "insurgent" Republicans, who are zealous for it, may force its consideration as the price of their co-operation in other legislation. The man who bets on the permanent tariff commission in the extra session should have very long odds.

AS FOR the reciprocity treaty, the case is entirely different. The man who bets against that should have long odds. The President will presumably force action by all the means in his power. The Democrats in the recent session of the lower house supported it almost to a man. The Republicans divided, only 77 supporting the President, while 88 opposed him. In the Senate it did not come to a vote. There is no reason to doubt that the House, with its large Democratic ma-

jority in the new session, will pass the bill again. In the Senate much depends on the degree of hostility the "insurgents" show. But it is significant that their opposition is based on the fact that the bill does not go far enough. They wish free trade with Canada on things the farmer buys as well as on those he sells; and Senator Carter—professing to speak for the administration—explicitly declared on the floor of the Senate that no objection would be made to additions being made which remove our tariff on various products such as flour and meat and farm machinery coming from Canada to this country, provided the additions do not necessitate additional reciprocal action on Canada's part also. With the President, the insurgents and the Democrats thus seemingly close together, and with the ranks of the "stand pat" Republicans greatly thinned out in both houses of Congress, the reciprocity treaty seems to have a clear road before it. Whether the Democrats will try, in addition, to start a little tariff revision on their own account, by way of taking up the woollen and cotton schedules, is still on the knees of the gods. But it is to be noted that a number of the most influential Democratic journals are advising that the party "go slow" in taking up any further revision at this time. They advise delay until reports can be had from the tariff board.

* * *

IN LARGE and black and thrilling headlines the newspapers of March 8 informed a startled country that orders had been issued for the concentration of 20,000 of our regular soldiers on the borders of Mexico. On March 9 the despatches contained the information that practically the whole number were already moving from the various army posts scattered throughout the country. On March 14 came the news that nearly the entire number had arrived at their destined stations in southern California, in Texas and in Guantanamo. This, "the most sensational military movement in our history without warning or explanation," as the New York *Evening Post* called it, was first explained by the war department as for the mere purpose of conducting "military maneuvers," and the suddenness of the order was explained as a test of the readiness of our army to respond to an emergency call. "The little volume containing the new regulations," said General Carter as he left Washington to take field command, "was printed only a



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THE BUSINESS MANAGER OF MODERN MEXICO

José Yves Limantour, finance minister in the administration of Porfirio Díaz, has just returned from a long trip to the old world in time to warn Americans against a policy of intervention in his native land.

short time ago and there has been no opportunity since for putting them to a test. We are going to do it. That is all there is to it." He smiled as he said it. The reporters smiled when they wrote it. The world smiled when it read it. For this is not the usual time of year for maneuvers. The army appropriations are nearly exhausted and the new appropriations do not become available until July. Moreover the soldiers as they started south were equipped with ball cartridges.



THEIR HAPPY HOUR

On the deck of the "Prairie," about to depart for Cuba, far from home and mother and the vine-clad cottage, the sorrowful marine braces up on pork and beans, tries to forget the perils of a Mexican invasion, and seems to be fairly successful in his effort.

IT TOOK just twenty-four hours for the President to perceive that this child's tale would not be accepted by anyone at its face value. On his way to Atlanta, therefore, he inspired an associated press despatch to this effect: "The United States has deter-

mined that the revolution, in the republic to the south must end. The American troops have been sent to form a solid military wall along the Rio Grande to stop filibustering and to see that there is no further smuggling of arms and men across the international bound-



A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY

This is a squad of the first soldiers to reach the rendezvous in Texas. One of the first duties is to study the maps so that they can be sure to know which is Texas and which is Mexico when they see it!



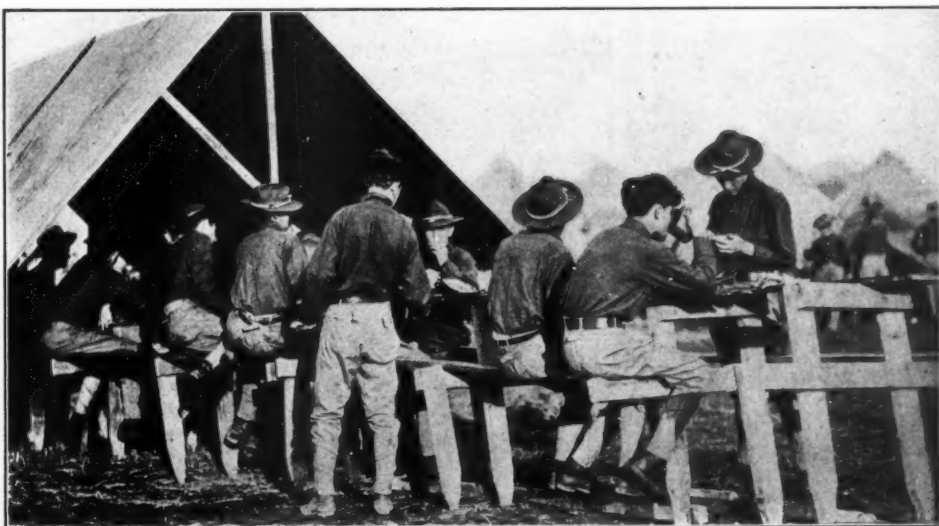
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READY FOR A FIGHT OR A FROLIC

This is a scene in the League Island Navy Yard, Philadelphia, a few hours after the order was received for a concentration of troops and warships on the Mexican border. The orders to the Navy were the most sensational part of the event and were afterward changed. The ships are not to go into the Gulf of Mexico.

dary." This sudden move, we are assured further in this same official despatch, "was the result either of unofficial representations of foreign governments regarding the situation in Mexico, or the intimation that several of the European powers were sounding each other as to the desirability of making repre-

sentations to the United States at an early date." This may be accepted apparently as the official explanation. The maneuvers will be carried out, but they are only an incident. Even with this additional explanation, there was far from being what one would call universal satisfaction. With the troops already



AFTER THE BATTLE IS OVER

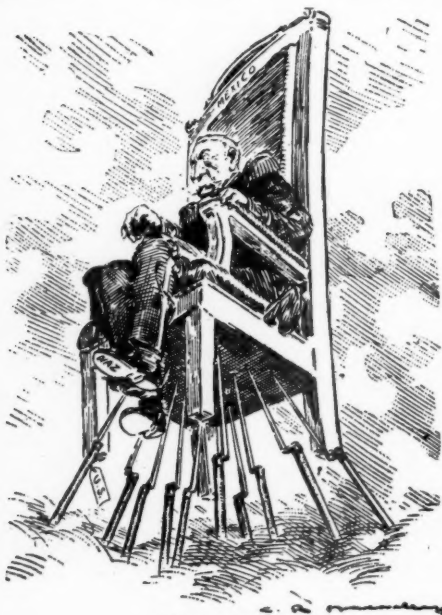
The battle in this case was a sham one, but the dinner is no sham and neither is the appetite with which it is being attacked.



ACTIVE AGAIN!

—Brewerton in *Atlanta Journal*

in Texas and with the marines on board the warships that are also to take part in the maneuvers, the larger part of our entire army now in this country was included in this anti-filibustering expedition. It did not seem reasonable to the newspapers. Consequently



MANEUVERS?

—C. R. Macaulay in *New York World*

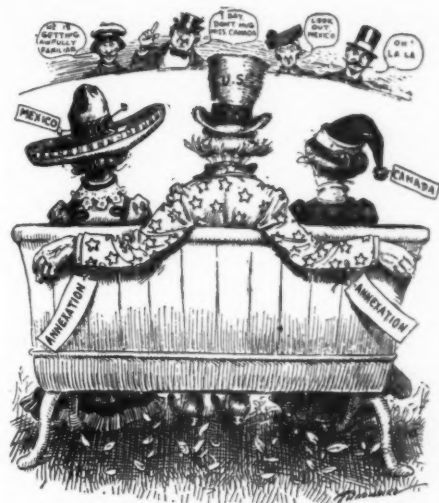
they began to guess. One guess was that President Diaz was dying or dead, and the fact had been skilfully concealed. Another guess was that Mexico had made a secret treaty with Japan, giving her Magdalena Bay, in Lower California, for a naval base. A third guess was that Great Britain had made representations to us that were in the nature of a demand that we afford protection to the capital her subjects have invested in Mexico. There were other guesses equally ingenious and lacking nothing but evidence to support them.

ONE very plausible account came into view, not from any of our own officials, but from the Mexican vice-consul in New York, Señor Esteva. According to this authority the entire movement of our troops is due to the repeated protests made to our government by Mexican officials. At least one-half the men following Madero, the leader of the most important of the insurrection movements, are American citizens, according to Señor Esteva. Moreover, every pound of ammunition, every gun, nearly every horse and much of the provisions in possession of the insurgents have come from the United States. As early as January 1, our state department was notified of these facts by the Mexican government, and President Taft promptly sent more soldiers to the border to enforce the neutrality laws. Not a month passed until the Mexican authorities officially informed President Taft that conditions were again as bad as ever, from their point of view. The President again responded, sending this time an additional force of 6,000 soldiers. In about three weeks another official complaint came to the President that Madero was still getting men, ammunition and supplies without trouble from American territory. Two weeks later, as soon as Congress had adjourned, came the startling order for 20,000 of our soldiers to pack up their haversacks. "We have reason to believe," says the Mexican vice-consul, "that President Taft and his advisers argued that, as a large number of troops had to be sent, it would be wise to get some good out of the undertaking in the way of field practice for the army. For that reason—and it explains and dovetails with every step so far taken by either nation—the government decided to send 20,000 troops instead of 10,000, which is probably the actual number necessary to enforce the neutrality laws. I take it that while 10,000 of the troops

are scattered along the border the remaining 10,000 will be engaged in maneuvers, as President Taft has repeatedly assured our government they would be." This seems to be the accepted view of the Mexican government. "But why," asks the unbelieving *Cologne Gazette*, "is a naval demonstration taking place in the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific?" The naval program has since been changed. The warships will not go to the Gulf of Mexico.

THE insurrection in Mexico is divided into three parts, not related to each other. That in Chihuahua and Sonora, led by Madero, a man of means, began early in November. Later an uprising of the Yaquis was reported in Yucatan. Later still came the movement in Lower California by another independent body of men, mostly Americans, and, if despatches are to be trusted, mostly fugitives from justice. For five months the disorder has been spreading and the Mexican government's efforts to quell it have been singularly inadequate, only small bodies of troops being sent into Chihuahua and Sonora, the main army remaining massed near the Mexican capital. "We have scarcely touched our resources as yet," said Señor Creel last month, Mexico's minister of foreign relations; "with the money, guns and men at our command, we can easily put in the field 50,000 men." Still the disorder has been allowed to continue, and, instead of putting an adequate force in the field, the Mexican government has kept her soldiers near the capital and expended her energies in the way of repeated protests at Washington, a fact that lends some color to the claim made in despatches to American dailies from Mexico City that 90 per cent. of the population even in that district are in sympathy with the insurrection.

WHATEVER may be the real inwardness of Mexican affairs, the sensation created by our military demonstration did not seem to extend to Wall Street. The market "refused to be upset." Mexican securities rose slightly the next day, declined slightly the day after, recovered the advance again the third day. As for American stocks, they were singularly inert. Within three days after the newspapers began carrying their big headlines talking of possible intervention and consequent war, the volume of business in the New York Stock Exchange shrank to the smallest of the year. This, despite the fact



THE VIEW FROM THE FRONT IS MISLEADING

Uncle is not embracing either lady.

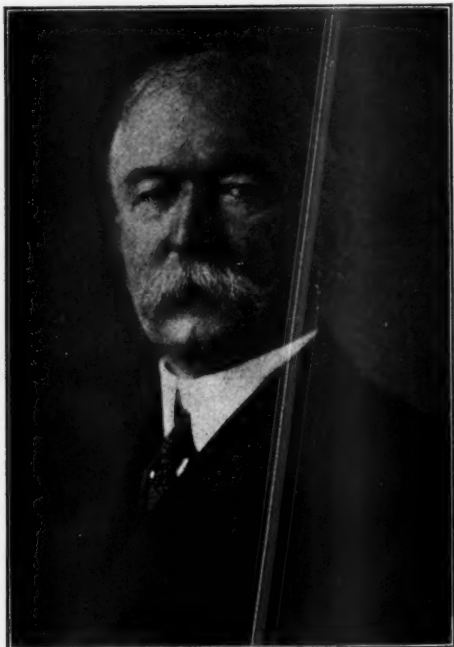
—Thorndike in *Baltimore American*

that about one and one-half billion dollars of American money are invested in Mexican properties, according to an estimate of the Bureau of American Republics. According to our ambassador in Mexico, Henry Lane Wilson, there are about 75,000 Americans in that country, "each one a sort of human island surrounded by Mexicans who work for him,



ON TO TEXAS!

—Triggs in *New York Press*



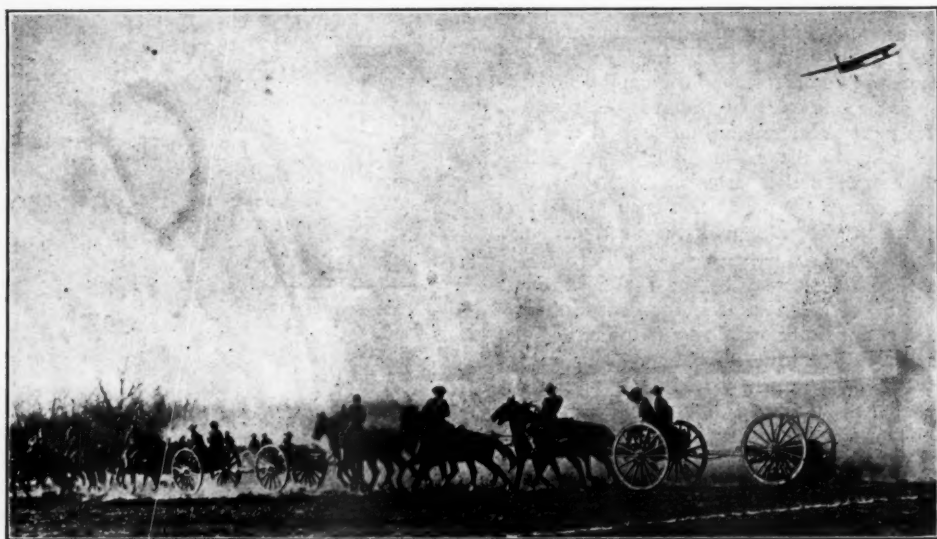
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IN CHARGE OF THE ARMY OF DEMONSTRATION

Major-General William H. Carter will have under his command, in Texas, three brigades of infantry, a brigade of field artillery, a brigade of cavalry, and a considerable number of auxiliary troops from the signal, medical, and engineer corps.

while he furnishes the capital with which the work is done." According to reports, the insurgents are careful so far not to molest the industries thus financed.

WITH the mobilization of United States naval and military forces along the frontier and coast lines of Mexico there proceeded a concentration of European interest upon the purposes and personalities of three men. Porfirio Diaz, the aged ruler of the distracted republic, was easily first. Scarcely less conspicuous, however, as a theme for speculation abroad, was the leader of the revolt which has brought the Mexican crisis to its head, "Provisional President" Madero. Finally, the outside world interested itself in that brilliant finance minister whose rapid trip from the old world to the new proved an exciting topic to European dailies—José Yves Limantour. As for President Taft, he seemed to have become, in the light of Berlin, Paris and London press comment, a pawn in a game. Europe soon satisfied itself that the American ruler was the man to be guided by the circumstances of the case rather than the man to guide them or even to seek to guide them. President Taft had not the least idea, according to the *Paris Temps*, whether intervention in Mexico would or would not follow the mobilization of American forces along



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THE NEWEST THING IN ARMY MANEUVERS

Several aeroplanes are being used to help the army in patrolling the Mexican border. Here is one of the 'planes chasing the Third U. S. Field Artillery. This is one of many photographs made for the Government to be studied later on by the General Staff at Washington.

the Rio Grande. It seems to the French daily as if intervention in some form, brought about possibly in a way soothing to the susceptibilities of Diaz, has been rendered inevitable. Indeed, Paris dailies infer that a definite statement of American intentions in Mexico has already been forwarded from our Department of State to the Quai d'Orsay, to the Wilhelmstrasse and to Downing Street. "Intervention" may not be the word used in the Washington despatches, says our contemporary, but it was the thing in view.

EUROPE had satisfied itself that the United States was actually intervening in Mexico long before twenty thousand American troops had gathered along the Rio Grande. The question to ask, noted the *Paris Matin*, must relate to President Diaz. "Is Mexico strong enough to demand an explanation from Washington and to insist upon an answer?" No European nation would tolerate a mobilization of troops upon its frontier by a government over the boundary line. There would be a counter movement on the other side. The world may rest assured, says the *Paris daily*, that Diaz or the men about him either got a satisfactory explanation or were put off with evasions. In any event the mobilization is proof to the world of the existence of some fundamental weakness in the Mexican govern-



PLANNING FOR THE "MANEUVERS"

To the persuasive powers of General Leonard Wood and his influence with President Taft is attributed the big demonstration of U. S. troops near Mexico.

ment "of which Washington is either taking advantage or giving warning." The same impression is reflected in most European press comment. Berlin dailies of the uninspired



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THE STONEWALL JACKSON OF THE CIVIL WAR IN MEXICO

General Blanco—who stands on the step with a package in his left hand and a huge native hat on his head—has for the few months conducted raids for the supply of his troops right into the towns held by federals. He has built up his troops by regular sieges and he has successfully faced the government forces in one or two

type go so far as to say bluntly that Washington is taking advantage of Mexico's weakness with a view to conquest. Clerical French dailies suspect pretty much the same thing.

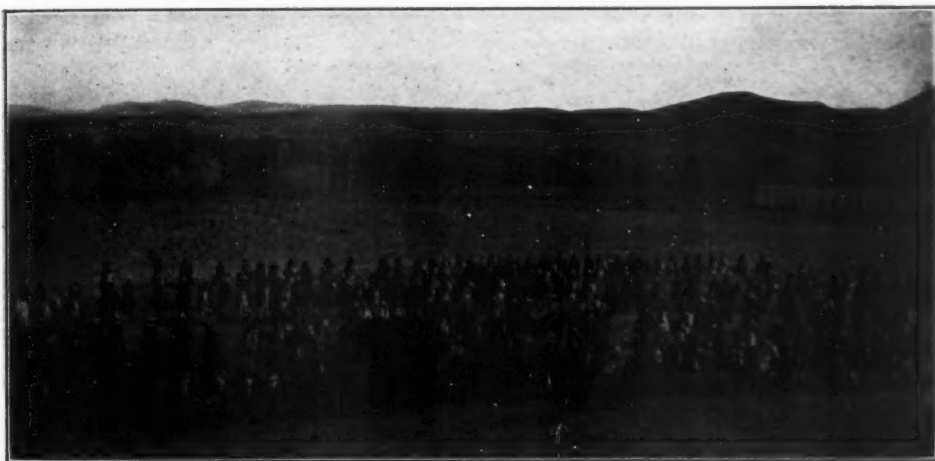
DIAZ and not Taft was the factor of which Europe made most. Stories that the ruler of Mexico is stricken were so rife abroad last month as to explain why, in the words of the *London Mail*, "the old man was trotted out and placed on exhibition to prove how frisky he is." It was indeed a busy month for Porfirio Diaz. He posed for several photographers in a jaunty Derby hat and actually gave interviews to correspondents of newspapers in the United States, altho what he said was indefinite and non-committal—"blasts on the old horn of optimism," to use the *Matin's* phrase. All the assurances that he is active, healthy and in full possession of his faculties seem to make little impression in Europe. Despatches from the members of the diplomatic corps in the city of Mexico, forwarded to the chancelleries, give by no means hopeful accounts of the health of Diaz in the past year. Paris papers print stories of his growing infirmity during the past twelve months. He may be fairly well just now, the *Matin* concedes, but there is excellent reason for the belief that he has ceased to be the real ruler of Mexico. "Diaz is a figurehead, a wonderful figurehead, in truth, but a figurehead."

MADERO, the provisional president to whom the insurrectionists refer as the rightful ruler of Mexico, was last heard of in northern Mexico not far from the Rio Grande. It is impossible to acquit the men about Diaz of gross blundering in their attitude to Madero's movement within the last six weeks, says the correspondent of the *Débats*. Again and again has official Mexico proclaimed to the world that the rebellion is an insignificant and irresponsible raid. "Soldiers go from the capital to suppress it. One federal general after another is cooped up or driven back or held at bay. If the revolt is so insignificant how weak must be the government that cannot put it down!" The explanation that the guerilla character of the war makes its suppression difficult is pronounced "too flimsy." Madero, as Europe studies his achievement, is seen to be at the head of a rising strong enough to sustain him in the field, influential enough to finance him to the extent of arms, ammunition and supplies, and respectable enough to command the support of the best

elements locally. London dailies have worked their way to the inference that there exists in Mexico now a movement which Diaz can not put down.

SO MANY influential Mexicans are compromised by the movement of which Madero is the figurehead, says the correspondent of the *Temps*, that the success of Diaz and his continuance in power are rendered improbable from that circumstance alone. Many officials who held high office under the Diaz system were involved in the recent outbreak in Yucatan. All over Mexico one finds, we read in the *London News*, former agents of the federal system who feel aggrieved at having been used by Diaz and then cast aside. In all the northern states are elements which merely await the turn of events before deciding upon which side to cast their influence. Diaz would have it appear that the men of light and leading in the land are with him. There may be revolt among the Yaquis in Yucatan and among the ignorant peons everywhere, but the propertied classes and the men of affairs believe in Diaz and wish to sustain him. That view is scarcely borne out by dispatches in London dailies. Investigators who have toured the land and talked with prominent people in confidential terms report far more discontent with Diaz than the outside world suspects. He and the men about him are "too rich," to quote one anonymous Mexican.

IT WOULD be much better for the prestige of Porfirio Diaz in Europe and indeed in America, concedes one of his oldest and firmest friends in the foreign press, the *London Times*, if the men about him indulged in less rhetoric regarding the freedom of Mexico. Mexico is not a free country, says the *English daily*, and the fact will have to be faced. "It would be idle to deny that the republic is Diaz and Diaz an autocrat," to quote our contemporary's exact words. One hundred years have come and gone, it reminds us, since Hidalgo, the priest of the little town of Dolores, set the church bell ringing and, having thus gathered his people together, raised the grito or cry of liberty, for the first time in the history of Mexico. Yet is Mexico in possession of anything of the substance of liberty under Diaz? Our British contemporary fears the crowning test of the labors of Diaz is now to come. Somewhat to the same effect runs the comment of the *Norddeutsche Zeitung* (Berlin),



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REBEL CAVALRY IN NORTHERN MEXICO

These forces are under the command of General Blanco, one of the most daring of the insurrectos, who is said to have displayed military capacity of an order much higher than any yet shown by a government commander.

altho its tone is more enthusiastic and it sets less store by the word liberty. It declares that Diaz has been the maker of modern Mexico, that his work has been a success and that "he must not be judged by academic standards."

WHEN Señor Limantour set foot upon American soil the other day he had returned from a financial pilgrimage that had detained him in Europe for many weeks. This interval had been spent in the money centers of the old world because the financial genius of the Diaz administration was intent upon a refunding operation. The spread of the revolt, however, had led to some exploitation of the capacity of Señor Limantour as diplomatist and press agent. From time to time he despatched to the dailies in Paris and London official communications making light of the insurrection. For a time these messages and assurances carried weight with the dailies abroad. As week followed week, bringing with it first a defeat of Mexican troops by the rebels and next an assurance from Señor Limantour that the incident had been misunderstood or exaggerated, the faith of the foreign dailies in the accuracy of the finance minister's impressions waned. The faith of Señor Limantour, however, did not wane. As soon as he landed on our shores he repeated his conviction that the revolt in Mexico amounts to nothing. He added a rider to the effect that the mobilization of our troops on the frontier has no special meaning.

JAPAN as a factor in the Mexican muddle did not become conspicuous until about three weeks ago. It was then affirmed, upon the basis of a story circulated first in Hong Kong and later in Paris, that Tokio had been conditionally promised facilities for coaling stations on Mexican soil. This report was denied in the *Nichi Nichi*. A variation of this tale in the French press makes it appear that a revolutionary Mexican government might have been set up in Lower California from which the Tokyo foreign office could extract territorial concessions. Japanese negotiations with Mexico have figured in cable despatches, however, for more than a year. Several months since, before there was the least prospect of the development of the existing crisis, Prime Minister Katsura denied officially in Tokyo that his ministry had made a treaty with a Central American power on the subject of a naval base. It would be unlike Diaz, as the *Temps* points out, to alienate the soil of his country to the European. He has always displayed marked jealousy of foreign territorial ambitions. He would have to be hard pressed indeed, our French authority thinks, before such a contingency became possible.

IN THE city of Mexico itself there seems to exist among the advisers of Diaz a fierce factional difference. That is the impression in Paris, where the press has had the advantage of intimate contact with men high in the councils of the maker of modern Mexico. The

factions are raging over two bones of contention. One side is of opinion that the time has now arrived for concessions to what in this country would be called the people. Diaz has shown a tendency of late to trust only such advisers as are favored by the members of his immediate circle. This clique wishes a continuation of the autocratic ideal. Matters were made more complicated by the progress of the revolt in the north. The administration in the capital adopted the policy of crushing it at a blow. The more liberal faction urged a policy of slow starvation with judicious negotiation. Tact in dealing with captured rebels could have saved the situation. Instead of that Diaz shot and imprisoned somewhat indiscriminately, making many enemies for his system among the influential local inhabitants. This explanation of a growing feeling in northern Mexico emerges plainly from the accounts of the present revolt which find their way into the Paris dailies. Diaz is supposed in London to have set his face firmly against the policy of liberalism which his progressive advisers wanted him to adopt. The General, however, is not strong enough at his time of life to take the initiative in fighting the new ideas and there is not among his supporters of the autocratic school a single character strong enough to put down the rebellion. Matters are consequently drifting, if the *London Times* be correctly informed. Meanwhile American interests had suffered not only in a purely commercial sense, but from the standpoint of diplomacy. President Taft is assumed to be acting from inside information with energy calculated to anticipate the concert of Europe.

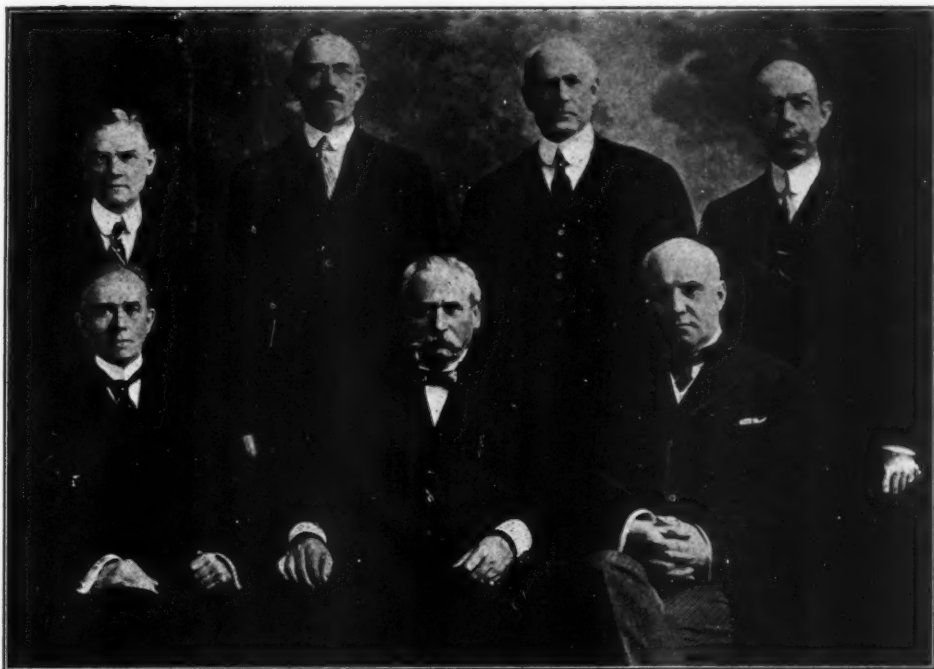
JUDGMENT regarding the affairs of Mexico must be suspended, it seems from the *London Times*, owing to lack of information. Few persons understand how rigorous is the censorship in Mexico or how ample are the official facilities for suppressing such news despatches as happen to displease the authorities. Modern Mexico is known to the outside world mainly through volumes officially inspired. Correspondents of foreign dailies have few or no facilities for ascertaining facts that do not reflect the governmental point of view. This does not imply that the truth would tell against the authorities. It explains, however, the paucity of details regarding events on the Mexican side of the line. Even so well equipped and so competent a journalist as the correspondent of the *London Times* has complained of the difficulty in transmitting news

from Mexico after it has been laboriously gathered. The Mexican government is partly responsible, says the *Paris Matin*, if the existing revolt has led to wild rumors of a tottering autocracy. The United States government itself has been unable to keep fully posted regarding the events of the past two months. It is certain, infers the *Paris Matin*, that something quite serious came to the knowledge of the official world in Washington. "Otherwise there would have been no mobilization. But what was the provocation?" No foreign daily can guess.

* * *

THE American railroad still survives! Last month came the decision on the proposed increase of rates. For three years the railway officials have been telling us how necessary such an increase is if the roads are to meet the demands of the future and maintain their credit. For several months railway attorneys literally by the score have been pleading before the interstate commerce commission and documentary evidence literally by the cord has been at times seen in the stuffy little room on F street, in Washington, where the later hearings were held. The eloquence of the attorneys was in vain. The corded evidence was futile. The decision was a positive denial to the four hundred and fifty roads involved of the coveted privilege of increasing rates at this time. The blow fell unexpectedly, for the railway men up to the very last expected some concessions. But the impending ruin did not come to pass. For a day or two stocks fell off a little in Wall street and in London. Then the market steadied again.

WITHIN forty-eight hours after the decision that was to ruin the credit of the railways was published, announcement was made by Kuhn Loeb & Company of the sale of \$50,000,000 of Central Pacific four per cent. bonds to a French banking syndicate. A day or two later, Speyer & Company offered \$10,000,000 of St. Paul and Kansas City four and a half per cent. bonds in the London market and the issue was "largely oversubscribed," going to a half per cent. premium a few hours later! On the same day J. P. Morgan & Company sold without difficulty, in New York, a \$12,500,000 block of six per cent. collateral gold notes of the Erie railroad. One week after the decision was rendered, we find *Financial America* (New York), remark-



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THEY SAID NO TO THE RAILWAYS

The decision of the new interstate commerce commission that the railway lines of the country are not entitled to increase their freight rates is one of momentous historical interest. The gentleman in front in the middle is the chairman of the commission, Judson C. Clement. At his left is Lane, at his right Prouty. Those standing are (from left to right) Clark, Meyer, Harlan and McChord.

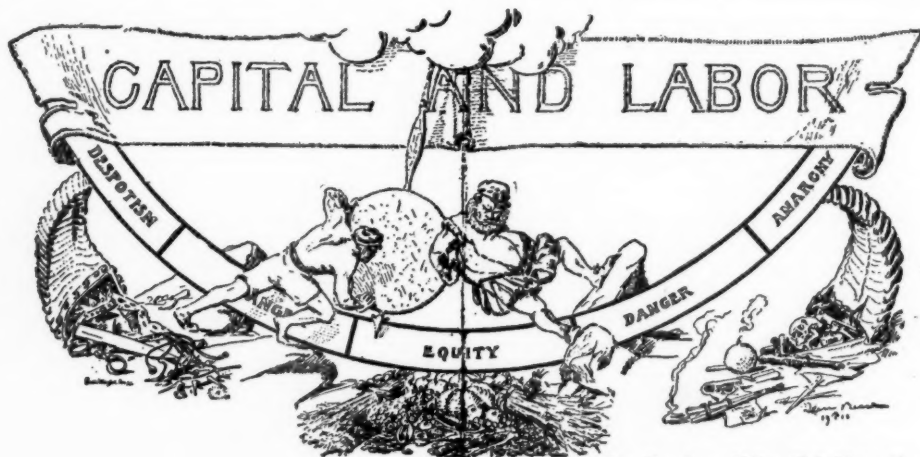
ing: "Nothing has happened to mar or diminish, in any particular, the prospects of the railroads. Those who had become obsessed with the idea that the commission's refusal to sanction advance rates would disrupt and paralyze business, smash security prices, destroy railroad credit, arrest investment, and cripple for an indefinite period, if not for all time, the country's transportation systems, have not the slightest reason to continue further a prey to such obscurity." Even the temporary break in the stock market the same journal declares to have been "due to an effort at manipulation." Yet for months previously the predictions of what would follow such a decision had been so somber and so numerous that Commissioner Lane, in rendering one of the two decisions, felt called upon to comment, saying: "Throughout this record it appears that a literary campaign has been conducted by the use of railroad money with the manifest purpose of establishing at home and abroad the impression that the effect of railroad regulation in the United States is injurious to the American railroad."

AT ALMOST the same time that the commission was refusing to allow the railroads to raise their rates, something else of perhaps equal importance happened. Thirteen decisions were handed down by the Supreme Court of the United States and eighteen orders were issued. The decisions were in regard to various acts of the interstate commerce commission in the past few years in the regulation of the railroads. "Not for years," said the Associated Press despatches from Washington, "have so many far-reaching principles of interstate commerce been fixed by the Supreme Court of the United States as were established in its decisions to-day." These decisions upheld nearly all the important regulative acts of the commission in the last few years. A few days later representatives of the roads both east and west met in conference and decided not to contest the rate decision in the courts, but to comply at once with the request of the commission to restore rates to the former basis. The fight was by this time all taken out of them.

BETWEEN Congress and the interstate commerce commission and the Supreme Court, governmental regulation of the railways of the country has at last become a fixed fact. The real purpose of the roads in seeking advance rates was, according to the commission, "not so much to secure approval of these specific rates as to discover the mind of the commission with respect to the policy which the carriers might in future pursue, and to secure, if possible, commitment on its [the commission's] part as to a nation-wide policy which would give the carriers a loose rein." If that was the purpose of the roads, says *Financial America*, "they know now that instead of a free rein they are likely to operate under a check and curb." In other words a long and tremendously important contest has within the last few weeks come to an end. The status of the railroads has at last been decided and accepted. The result marks the close of an old industrial era, in which the railroad corporations seemed to dominate over state legislatures, to defy federal control and to laugh at public sentiment. "The public be damned" stage of railroad history has ended. "The day of gigantic exploitation," says the *New York World* jubilantly, "is over, and railroads will have to be run as railroads, not as banks and stock-jobbers. For twenty-five years the men in control of American railroads have resisted every attempt at railroad regulation in the public interest. At last the country has the upper hand and will keep it. If the railroad presidents wish to destroy their own credit in order to flout the United States Government, the Government will still survive."

TO GIVE them the credit that is their due, the railway officials have been taking their medicine like men. So far from repeating their doleful predictions, they have begun to see so many silver linings to the cloud that the cloud itself seems to be disappearing from their view. It is true that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul began to lay off men to the extent of seven or eight hundred as a result—according to its vice-president—of the commission's ruling. The Pennsylvania railroad also began its usual spring retrenchments three weeks earlier than usual; but a canvass in the steel mills of Pittsburg not only has failed to show any cancellations of railway orders, but, on the contrary, has showed additional orders received within a week after the commission announced its decision. The silver lining to the cloud is contained in the commission's own report and is pointed out clearly in a pamphlet reviewing the whole controversy by Frank W. Noxon, secretary of the Railway Business Association. The most important part of the decision, he remarks, relates to its bearing on the question of railroad credit. In three respects he finds the decision very reassuring.

IN THE first place that decision, instead of tying up the rates for two years to come by an order, "requests the roads to withdraw the suspended schedules, thus continuing the old rates in effect without order and leaving the door open to try again next month, next week or to-morrow." In the second place, the commission says explicitly that when the roads can really show that their credit demands an increase they shall be allowed to



—Dan Beard on Aldine Club Menu Card

make it. Says the commission: "If the time does come when through changed conditions it may be shown that their fears are realized, or approaching realization, and from a survey of the whole field of operations there is evidence of a movement which makes against the security and lasting value of legitimate investment and an adequate return upon the value of these properties, this Commission will not hesitate to give its sanction to increases." In the third place, the commission gives a roseate picture of the prosperity of the railways.

IT APPEARS from this statement that the year 1910 was the most prosperous one in the history of American railroads. Between 1896 and 1910, so the statement runs, the percentage of railway stocks that paid dividends increased from 29.83 to 67.2 and the average rate of dividend increased from 5.62 per cent. to 7.47. The total amount paid in dividends ten years ago (1900) was \$139,598,000. In 1910 it was \$405,000,000, nearly three times as great. As to the borrowing capacity of the railroads under the rates that have been prevailing, the commission also points out that that also has been steadily improving. In the ten years from 1899 to 1909 they floated mortgages aggregating \$4,250,000,000. While their mileage increased but 36 per cent. the money they were able to borrow on mortgages increased 77 per cent., and while the average interest paid in 1899 was 4.55 per cent., that paid in 1909 was but 3.90 per cent. The commission clearly recognizes that the railroads must be carefully safeguarded against deterioration either in equipment or credit. It simply denies that an increase of rates has been shown to be necessary at this time to prevent such deterioration. "There is nothing," says Stuyvesant Fish, formerly president of the Illinois Central, "surprising or alarming in the decision of the railway rate cases."

THAT this cheerful view of the result is the general view of the railroad officials may not be said. The New York Central, for instance, has promptly reduced its dividend rate from six per cent. back to five per cent., where it was a year ago, and President Brown gives as the reason the decision of the commission. President Baer, of the Reading, while he does not think his own road will be much affected, is of the opinion that the revenues of the great trunk lines will be seriously diminished. Roswell Miller, chairman of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, thinks



BUMPED

—C. R. Macauley in New York World

the burden that the roads and commercial interests as well will have to bear will not be light. But President Yoakum, of the Frisco lines, thinks the importance of the whole matter has been much overestimated, by reason of the "midnight injunction" issued last fall against the increase of rates and the public sensation caused by it. The new rates would, he says, have caused an increase in railroad revenues of about \$27,000,000, or less than one per cent. of the total earnings of the railroads of the country. President Lovett, of the Harriman lines, while he looks for "a fleeting depression," is confident that the roads will in a short time be none the worse for the decision. "The rapidity," remarks the New York Tribune, "with which cheerfulness has made its reappearance in railroad circles is remarkable." The Philadelphia Inquirer says that from the beginning of federal regulation a beneficial process of readjustment has gone on despite the alarm of the roads and their cry at each step that they would be ruined. "They have not been ruined," says The Inquirer; "they have been helped. Rebates practically have gone. Old methods largely have been abandoned. Gradually a better system has taken the place of the go-as-you-please policy that formerly dominated all roads. Under the sway of the commission very much has been accomplished, and at every point the railroads have been benefited in spite of themselves."

AFTER two years of storm and stress, Richard A. Ballinger steps down and out. This is the first break in President Taft's cabinet and it has taken several attempts to resign by Mr. Ballinger to effect it. Mr. Ballinger became the first storm center of the administration and has been the most potent single agent in creating a division between the friends of Mr. Roosevelt and the friends of Mr. Taft and in arousing the distrust of the insurgents for the Taft administration. "He was badly placed in the cabinet at exactly the wrong time," remarks the *Springfield Republican*. The conservation sentiment had reached a condition of "hysteria." Mr. Ballinger had already, as commissioner of the general land office and, later, as private attorney for claimants in land cases, offended those most afflicted with this conservation "hysteria." At once, when he took his seat as secretary of the interior, he began undoing work which had been done in Mr. Roosevelt's administration without the explicit warrant of law. It was, no doubt, in the *Republican's* opinion, work properly to be undone, "but it did not have to be undone within a day of Mr. Ballinger's assumption of the office and without any explanation."

THE fight that ensued resulted in the dismissal of Glavis and Pinchot, in strained relations between the President and the ex-President and in a Congressional investigation that has not yet been acted upon by Congress. The committee of investigation in its majority report declared that "neither any fact proved nor all facts put together exhibit Mr. Ballinger as being anything but a competent and honorable gentleman, honestly and faithfully performing the duties of his high office, with an eye single to the public interest." All the Republican members of the committee but one—an "insurgent" Congressman—sustained this finding. All the Democrats and one Republican found Mr. Ballinger not corrupt, but unfaithful to the public interests in the administration of his office. The investigation, therefore, failed to settle anything in the public mind. It is possible that impeachment proceedings would have been instituted in the coming session of Congress. The resolution of impeachment had already been framed, so it is said, when Mr. Ballinger's resignation was announced. "The issue was to be kept before the people and the sore open"—so the *New York Sun* puts it—"dur-

ing the life of the next Congress and the administration of Mr. Taft." The resignation, the *New York World* claims, "is to be accepted as another result of the election of a Democratic House of Representatives last November." Mr. Ballinger's own statement is: "My health and financial interests have already suffered to the extent that I can no longer sustain the burden." The fees which Mr. Ballinger is said to have paid out of his own pocket to one lawyer in the Congressional investigation "went well into five figures."

NEVER before has President Taft shown such indignation and used such emphatic language in a public document as in his letter accepting Mr. Ballinger's resignation. "I do not hesitate to say," so runs one of the sentences, "that you have been the object of one of the most unscrupulous conspiracies for the defamation of character that history can show." This is but a beginning. The President proceeds in what the *Louisville Evening Post* considers "an unfortunate ebullition of wrath," and the *New York Evening Mail* considers "perhaps the manliest, bravest and most glowing tribute that an outgoing cabinet officer ever received from the chief executive." Says the President, still speaking of Mr. Ballinger's accusers:

"With the hypocritical pretense that they did not accuse you of corruption in order to avoid the necessity that even the worst criminal is entitled to, to wit, that of a definitely formulated charge of some misconduct, they showered you with suspicion, and by the most pettifogging methods, exploited to the public matters which had no relevancy to an issue of either corruption or efficiency in office, but which, paraded before an hysterical body of headline readers, served to blacken your character and to obscure the proper issue of your honesty and effectiveness as a public servant.

"The result has been a cruel tragedy. You and yours have lost health and have been burdened financially. The conspirators, who have not hesitated in their pursuit of you to resort to the meanest of methods, including the corruption of your most confidential assistant, plume themselves, like the Pharisees of old, as the only pure members of society, actuated by the spirit of self-sacrifice for their fellowmen. Every fiber of my nature rebels against such hypocrisy and nerves me to fight such a combination and such methods to the bitter end, lest success in this instance may form a demoralizing precedent."

The fight, the President goes on to add, was in reality directed against himself as "the ultimate object of attack," and it would be



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THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

The gentleman on the left is Walter L. Fisher, who succeeds the gentleman on the right, Richard A. Ballinger. Mr. Fisher's appointment has been a joyful surprise to Mr. Pinchot and his friends. While he has not figured in the attacks on Mr. Ballinger, he is one of the radical conservationists, and has always been an eager combatant in the cause of municipal reform.

selfish of him to ask Mr. Ballinger to remain in office any longer "with the prospect of further efforts" against him.

BUT if the President's language is thus bitter in the extreme toward Mr. Ballinger's foes, his action in appointing Walter L. Fisher, of Chicago, as Mr. Ballinger's successor is a gratifying surprise to Mr. Pinchot, Mr. Brandeis, and the other conservationists. Mr. Fisher was the first president of the Conservation League, of which Mr. Pinchot is now president. His appointment is regarded as another of the steps by which the administration has been swinging around to the "insurgent" point of view. Says the *Springfield Republican*, commenting on it:

"The swing-around from the administration attitude of that fateful western trip of 1909 is now nearly or quite complete. That former facing of the President may and probably was misunderstood, but there can be no misunderstanding of what it is now. The Taft administration has at last broken away from all appearance of being allied with the reactionary forces formerly in the Republican leadership, and those forces themselves are scattered and broken as the result of the late elections. If President Taft at first failed to realize the strength and depth of the popular revolt from the old political and economic order, it will now have to be said that his realization is complete and that he is accordingly shaping his course."

But the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* thinks the President has again foozled his stroke. Eulogy of Ballinger was all right, but "it was unnecessary and foolhardy from a political standpoint to branch from eulogy to diatribe." It adds: "Mere ordinary political sagacity should prevent a man from needlessly antagonizing those upon whom he must depend in some degree for political preferment. President Taft is much less a leader of the progressive faction of his party now than he was before his letters to Ballinger were made public. He has thrown away a support that was but tardily coming to his standard."

* * *

EVERY member of the House of Commons seemed to be in his seat when Prime Minister Asquith declared — frankly last month his purpose to set about the creation of an Irish parliament with an executive responsible to it. Any doubts in the British journalistic mind that this means complete Home Rule were set at rest by John Redmond's delighted acceptance of the pledge. So great was the political sensation that the burning issue of the Lords ceased to heat any rhetoric. The House listened with the utmost attention to the revelations of Mr. Asquith. "Many times during the sitting," to quote the *London Times*, "the



RECIPROCITY

THE MOOSE: "That's all right, my dear fellow. I knew it was only your chaff when you talked of swallowing me; and of course I too never seriously thought of swallowing you."
—London *Punch*

chamber was filled with the surge and swell of long rolling cheers." The appearance of the House, remarks this unsympathetic observer—for to the London *Times* Home Rule spells ruin for Britain—pointed unmistakably to an occasion of exceptional interest. The strangers' galleries were thronged. Every seat in the peers' gallery was occupied. The Prime Minister was in exceptionally fine trim. He is pronounced by the hostile London *Mail* the finest tactician in the House of Commons to-day, not even excepting Mr. Balfour, and he finished his speech with that prestige heightened and confirmed. "Everybody," declared Mr. Asquith, amid the dead silence succeeding a stormy outburst of applause, "who voted in the general election at the beginning of the year voted with the full knowledge that if and when we of the Liberal party succeeded, our first task would be to carry out the policy of full self-government for Ireland." This, comments the London *Post*, is the most momentous declaration made by a British Prime Minister in our time.

WHAT is full self-government for Ireland? The question was hurled at the Prime Minister by that pillar of British con-

servatism, Lord H. Cecil, who rose in the House of Commons that his interruption of a sensational speech might prove the more effective. "The noble lord," retorted Mr. Asquith, not in the least disconcerted, "puts a number of conundrums to me. He professes academic and Socratic ignorance. I will reply to the noble lord with a very ancient and classic maxim: *solvitur ambulando*." When the laughter had subsided, Lord H. Cecil was heard again. "Does the right honorable gentleman mean by *ambulando*," he asked, "walking through the lobbies?" "I mean," replied Mr. Asquith, "walking by the light of common sense in the domain of reality." He elaborated. A satisfactory solution of this standing problem can be arrived at only by creating in Ireland an Irish parliament and an Irish executive responsible to that parliament, dealing with purely Irish affairs and subject always to the condition that Gladstone laid down: "The indefeasible supremacy of the British parliament must be maintained." That, said Mr. Asquith, is the Liberal policy. The charge has been made that the supremacy of the Parliament in England can never be vindicated against the will of a Parliament in Ireland.

"IT IS very obscure." In those terms was Mr. Asquith's Home Rule speech interrupted a second time by Lord H. Cecil, who belongs to one of the greatest and wealthiest families in England and who is a pillar of the Anglican church as well as a hero of the Conservative party. Mr. Asquith retorted that he could see no obscurity. The Home Rule he means to put into force has been tried over and over again, he said, in every part of the British empire. It was the kind of Home Rule which Canada now enjoys, the kind of Home Rule lately conferred upon South Africa. When these words had been uttered, the great treason, to use the words of the conservative *London Post*, had been confessed. At any rate, when these words had been uttered the leader of the Home Rule agitation in Ireland, John Redmond—still leader in spite of the opposition of William O'Brien—arose and accepted them as final payment of Ireland's debt. His attitude excited wonder. The Conservative dailies had not looked for harmony like this between the Prime Minister and the Home Rule ally. "Is that a final settlement?" asked an opposition member wonderingly. There were murmurs of surprise when Mr. Redmond said it was.

THE GREAT was the excitement in the Commons when it became evident that the Prime Minister and John Redmond were acting together in behalf of the Home Rule bill so soon to be introduced. Mr. Redmond was glad to be asked, he declared, whether this was to be a final settlement. "I ask to be judged by what I declare now," he fairly shouted amid a hubbub, "and what I declare now is what was declared by Mr. Parnell and every man in authority who has spoken for Ireland since the year 1886. I say that the Home Rule defined by the Prime Minister is a Home Rule which I honestly believe will be a final settlement." The din was now terrible. It was but an anticipation of the pandemonium that precipitated itself in the whole British press. Comment was conditioned strictly by party lines. Ministerial dailies like the *London News* and the *London Chronicle* were convinced that the Prime Minister was revealing himself as the greatest British statesman of the age. Opposition organs like the *London Post*, the *London Times* and the *London Telegraph* agreed that the Prime Minister was betraying the empire, that he meant to hand Protestant Ulster over to the despotism of the Pope, that Britain was in dire peril.

FURIOUS as was the din when Home Rule was thus presented to Ireland by the Prime Minister, the night that witnessed the introduction into the House of Commons of the bill to end the veto of the House of Lords on parliamentary legislation proved noisier still. "At no recent period in our history," to quote the *London Westminster Gazette*, Liberal to the core, "has a minister been made the subject of a demonstration such as greeted Mr. Asquith when he rose to introduce the parliament bill. Liberal, labor and Irish members vied with one another to see who could cheer the loudest." The details of Mr. Asquith's scheme to end the war between Commons and Lords turned out simple enough. The upper chamber is to be disabled by law from amending or rejecting a money bill, certified as such by the Speaker of the Commons. The duration of a parliament is shortened to five years. It is now seven. Finally a bill—other than a money bill—passed in three successive sessions of the Commons and three times rejected by the Lords may be sent direct to the King for the royal assent. Safeguards against too hasty legislation take the form of devices for brief delay in particular instances.

AS MR. ASQUITH explains his bill to end the Lord's veto, it proposes to give statutory definition and protection to the constitutional doctrine that the House of Commons is supreme in finance. The practice called "tacking," or adding to one bill irrelevant amendments to affect the object of another, is prohibited. Further, the new bill modifies the "absolute" veto of the Lords into a "suspensory" veto, with provisions for the lapse of at least two years and of three sessions, not necessarily in the same parliament. "Mr. Asquith is the greatest master of brevity" as well as of lucidity of speech in the House of Commons," says his admirer, *The Westminster Gazette*. "He contrived in the space of forty-four minutes to sketch in all the phases of the present controversy, to follow the history of the constitutional question and to explain the bill." He went minutely into the position of the Lords. Having traced the relations of the upper chamber with the Commons in regard to finance, he proceeded to argue that the Lords had constitutionally no power over the government. Even a direct censure upon the ministry by the Lords was without effect. It meant nothing. Hence the plan to deal with the Lords does not really modify the constitution of the realm.

A REFERENDUM was the suggestion brought forward by the leader of the opposition, Arthur James Balfour, in combating the schemes formulated by Prime Minister Asquith. He would refer the reform of the House of Lords to a general vote of the nation. He would settle the Home Rule controversy with a referendum. "The referendum has this enormous advantage that it does isolate one problem from other complex questions. It does not say: Shall this or that body of men hold office? but: Do you approve of this or that way of dealing with a particular question?" Thus, to quote the opposition *London Standard*, did Mr. Balfour "make short work of Mr. Asquith's boast about the will of the people," inspiring confidence in his Conservative and Unionist supporters as he proceeded. How differently is the same matter put by the ministerial *Westminster Gazette*? "The scene in the House was almost painful while Mr. Balfour talked at some length in praise of his referendum scheme. Not a syllable of encouragement came from his supporters." He sat down conscious of defeat, says the *Liberal daily*, but the Conservative organ insists that when he had finished "all England was with him."

FINE scorn for the referendum idea was conveyed in the retort of Prime Minister Asquith to the leader of the opposition. By adopting the referendum, said Mr. Asquith, Britain would take leave of representative government. "It would undermine and overthrow the whole structure of representative government, reduce general elections to a sham parade and bring the House of Commons down to the level of a talking club." But the opposition has suddenly resolved, according to the *London News*, to confront Mr. Asquith with the referendum. "Why should not Mr. Asquith," to quote the *London Spectator*, "promise on behalf of the government that the Home Rule bill, before it comes into operation, shall be submitted to a poll of the people?" It makes light of the argument that Mr. Asquith is so committed to opposition to the referendum that he can not admit the suggestion. The Prime Minister, it says, was most careful to point out that he is not irrevocably opposed to the notion of a poll of the people on any and every possible occasion. His objection to the referendum goes no further than a refusal to make it a normal part of Britain's constitutional machinery.

THE two great measures just introduced into the Commons by Mr. Asquith will not be allowed to pass, insists the opposition *London Telegraph*, until after one of the most memorable struggles ever fought out between parties. "Let Mr. Asquith boast his Nationalist and Socialist battalions. Let this government gag as it will and attempt as the conflict proceeds to stifle debate on the most far-reaching and destructive measure of organic change ever submitted to parliament." In due time the opposition will move the submission of the controversy to a vote of the people. Mr. Asquith will never, we read, have the courage to refuse. Anyhow, the referendum has become the official, formal opposition policy. The inspired *London Standard* declares that. It speaks with authority as one of the party organs. As yet, the Liberal press of England, with an occasional exception, either evades the suggestion of a referendum or, like the *London News*, pronounces it superfluous, because the nation spoke clearly enough at the recent general election. "The parliament bill is to become law," says the organ just named, "and its passage into law is as independent of Mr. Balfour's will or desires as is the movement of the tides. The parliament bill has been ratified by the nation and it embodies their demands." Therefore it will pass the Commons. If the Lords refuse their assent, the King will be asked to name enough new peers to overwhelm the largest conceivable majority on the Conservative side. "What," asks the Conservative *London Mail*, "if the King should refuse to obey the Prime Minister's commands?"

* * *

PIUS X. has apprized the sovereigns and heads of states generally that for some months to come he must refuse to receive them at the Vatican if they come to Rome as official guests of the Quirinal in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of the eternal city as capital of united Italy. This action on the part of his Holiness, reported on the authority of the *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels), is a source of intense irritation to King Victor Emmanuel, especially as the Pope will make no distinction between those rulers who are Roman Catholics and those who are not. One effect of this Vatican policy has been a series of misunderstandings and controversies with reference to Emperor William's alleged intention to have an audience of his Holiness.

Stories to the effect that the Berlin foreign office is negotiating with the papal secretary of state, Cardinal Merry del Val, for an understanding that may enable the German sovereign to visit both Pope and King in Rome have been officially denied. It is even stated in the *Kölnische Zeitung* that any decision with reference to Emperor William's participation in the coming Italian celebration "must depend solely upon considerations in which the relations between Germany and Italy would be paramount, the Vatican would have absolutely nothing to do with the matter." For some reason, this semi-official statement is disputed in those Berlin dailies which oppose the clerical party in the *Reichstag*. The negotiations alleged to be taking place have also inspired sensitiveness in Italian ministerial papers like the Rome *Tribuna*. A spirited controversy between the Vatican and the Italian government is predicted by European organs. "Never," says the Paris *Matin*, "have their relations been so strained."

A CONCERTED plot to keep foreign visitors away from Rome during the coming festival is alleged in Italian dailies of the anti-clerical stamp to be now in full swing at the Vatican. The story is denied by the Vatican's official organ, the *Osservatore Romano*, which explains that his Holiness simply refuses to participate in an event characterized by his predecessor as criminal and which in any event was a usurpation. Clerical dailies in France are said to be spreading doleful reports respecting the prevalence of cholera in Italy for the sole purpose of frightening away visitors. This is denied by the clerical Paris *Gaulois*, which declares that, along with its contemporaries, it has simply reproduced the ordinary press despatches on the subject. So exercised did the Italian minister of foreign affairs, the Marquis di San Giuliano, become on this subject that he issued last month a circular to all the consuls and diplomatists of Italy in foreign countries, calling attention to the campaign against the celebration "through misrepresentations in the foreign press." In the Vatican there is no less agitation over the subject, which is held responsible for the Pope's recent influenza.

THE indisposition which sent his Holiness so suddenly to bed last month is attributed in the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* not to the fresh conflict with the Quirinal, acute as that has become, but to alleged disagree-

ments between Cardinal Merry del Val and his predecessor in the secretaryship of state at the Vatican, Cardinal Rampolla. Since his failure to attain the papal tiara at the last conclave, Cardinal Rampolla has held a dignified but somewhat obscure archdeaconate. Occasionally he is consulted by his Holiness in matters of unusual delicacy connected with the policy of the church in France. On the last of these occasions Cardinal Rampolla, if we may accept the current gossip, characterized a contemplated papal document as most inopportune. Cardinal Merry del Val took issue with the ecclesiastic who wielded such power under Leo XIII. and has become such a cipher under Pius X. Cardinal Rampolla, we read, "relieved his overburdened heart in such a manner as to bring on a sharp verbal and personal dispute." Expressions like "ruin of the church" and "pseudodiplomatist" were applied to Merry del Val, to the amazement of the Pope, to whom the matter was "most mystifying."

HIS HOLINESS seems to have learned for the first time last month that Cardinal Merry del Val is held responsible by the whole world for the ecclesiastical diplomacy of the present pontificate. Pius X. resolved instantly, we read in the *Indépendance*



NOTHING DOING

PAPAL NUNCIO: "Won't you administer the Pope's oath against modernism?"
 RUSSIAN BUREAUCRAT: "We never administer oaths for that purpose—we administer the knout."
 —Berlin *Kladderadatsch*

Belge, a well informed but anticlerical daily in Brussels, to correct a misapprehension "so unjust to his secretary of state and so false to history." For the past three weeks, therefore, the clerical organs of Europe, especially the *Difesa* (Venice) and the *Germania* (Berlin), have been affirming that Pius X. is practically his own foreign minister. Cardinal Merry del Val is but an instrument, obeying, "as his duty is," the instructions coming to him from the head of the church. The anticlerical world delights in spreading misinformation to the effect that the Vatican diplomacy is guided by Cardinal Merry del Val, observes the German daily. The idea is absurd. Even so anticlerical a paper as the *Indépendance Belge* inclines to the view that Cardinal Merry del Val has been misunderstood by the world. He has been all along, it now conjectures, a mere subordinate or clerk in the Vatican chancellery, doing just as he was told and nothing more.

SO VERY egregious is the misconception regarding the influence of Cardinal Merry del Val at the Vatican, according to the best informed European dailies, that he has been held responsible for acts which he actually opposed. Thus the present tense situation with Germany, growing out of a recent encyclical, was brought about by phrases which Pius X. insisted upon using against the sufficiently respectful remonstrance of the papal secretary of state. The only intimates of the sovereign pontiff are understood to be the secretaries he brought with him from Venice. These priests share his repasts and form, we are asked by the *Indépendance Belge* to believe, a sort of kitchen cabinet. Yet it is the Pope himself who comes to all the great decisions. "It was Pius X. himself who brought on the conflict with France, who strained relations with Spain, whose campaign in Germany has precipitated the wildest uproar in the universities and seminaries, whose decree on marriages is setting Ireland by the ears, whose refusal to make terms with the Portuguese led to the triumph of anticlericalism there, whose denunciations of modernism are the sensation of the age." Cardinal Merry del Val suggested none of these things.

CONFLICT between the Prussian government and the Vatican over the exaction of the anti-modernist oath from the Roman Catholic clergy grew so acute several weeks ago that Emperor William resolved to con-

sult the Pope in person. This idea, assumed to be a means of avoiding further complications, promoted a whole series of new ones. The Emperor had overlooked the Pope's intention with respect to visitors in Rome for the celebrations of the fiftieth anniversary of modern Italy's capital. Should the Emperor actually appear in Rome, says the *Rome Tribuna*, Pius X. will take offense. If the Emperor fails to appear in Rome, the Quirinal will take offense. German dailies anticipate some diplomatic concession on both sides, but the negotiations have been complicated by some remarks attributed to the Prussian envoy at the Vatican. This diplomatist gave a luncheon in honor of some German bishops stopping in Rome and then made them a speech. Religious peace in the fatherland, he said, is endangered by the present policy of the Vatican. These were not his exact words—versions of these vary—but they seem to have been his exact sentiments. The effect was explosive.

IF THE relations between the Vatican and the German Empire are harmonious, the credit belongs entirely to the Emperor, according to a version of the words of the Prussian envoy at the papal court which appears in the *Berlin Tageblatt*. The action of the Vatican is causing extreme exasperation to German Protestants, added this candid friend. He was referring to the modernist controversy and to the tactics of the Vatican in conducting the campaign against this series of heresies. That campaign has brought all relations between the Vatican and Berlin to the forefront of political discussion not only in Germany but in western Europe. The burning issue is presented by the anti-modernist oath exacted by the Pope from all teachers and preachers of the Roman Catholic faith. Prussia required the exemption of the professors of Roman Catholic theology at Prussian universities, who are Prussian officials, on the ground that the oath deprived them of their independence as teachers. The Vatican was supposed to have conceded the point. It transpired later that the Pope's whole attitude on the subject had been misunderstood. He went so far as to say in a letter to the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne that only cowards would not take this oath.

THE anti-modernist oath, by means of which the Pope has just sprung a new Vatican sensation upon the world, was framed,

we read in the Berlin *Vorwärts*, in order to leave no loophole for compromise with conscience. "I submit myself," to quote its salient clauses, "with all required reverence to and concur with all my soul in all the condemnations, declarations and prescriptions contained in the encyclical *Pascendi* [the heaviest gun in the Pope's anti-modernist campaign] and in the decree *Lamentabili*, especially in regard to what is called the history of dogma. I also condemn the error of those who maintain that the belief held by the church may be at variance with history and that the Catholic dogmas as understood to-day have no similarity with the authentic beginnings of the Christian religion. I condemn and repudiate also the opinion of those who believe that the personality of the Christian critic can be divided into two parts and distinguish the believer from the historian. Finally, I avow that I am absolutely free from the error of those modernists who maintain that there is nothing godly in the sacred tradition or, what is still worse, regard the godly in it in a pantheistic sense, so that all that remains is the pure and naked fact, observable similarly in other historical occurrences, that men carried on through later times by their work, their skill and their talent, the school begun by Christ and His Apostles." Such is the series of phrases which has led to the profound upheaval of the month in Germany and which forebodes, thinks the *Indépendance Belge*, a revival all over the civilized world of religious feuds as bitter as the one just precipitated in Ireland by yet another of the papal decrees.

IRELAND was furnishing all this time as involved a theme to the Vatican as the modernist controversy in Germany or the dispute relative to the appearance this summer of rulers in the eternal city. The House of Commons rang with religious controversy relative to the Pope just as the Prussian diet resounded with the din over the letter his Holiness had sent to the Archbishop of Cologne, just as the deputies in the chamber at Rome uttered denunciations of what they deem a clerical conspiracy to extinguish the glamor of the coming festival in honor of Italian unity. In Ireland the crisis was brought about by the state of the law on marriage as affected by the decree *Ne temere*. The concrete instance was that of a Mrs. McCann, who last month was dragged from obscurity into international renown. Mrs. McCann, to summarize interminable London

newspaper columns on the subject of her case, is a member of the Presbyterian church and a dweller in Ireland. Her husband is a Roman Catholic. Their marriage was celebrated according to the ritual of the Presbyterian church. The ecclesiastical rules of the Roman Catholic church do not admit the validity of such mixed marriages as that of Mrs. McCann unless the ceremony has been duly performed by a priest. Within a comparatively recent period, the Pope found it necessary to define the attitude of the church relative to mixed marriages through the medium of a decree which is at present strictly applied in Ireland. Mrs. McCann stated in her version of her case that she was visited by a priest at her home in Ireland and warned that she was not a married woman at all and that her children—there are two—are illegitimate.

WHAT gave the case of Mrs. McCann its sensational character to the House of Commons, which debated it last month furiously, setting an example which the newspapers were not slow to follow, was her desertion by her husband after he had taken away her two children. Mrs. McCann was unable to trace either her husband or the children, whereupon she applied to the civil authorities and went so far as to address a memorial to the Lord Lieutenant. His Excellency finally sent Mrs. McCann word that "there is nothing to warrant his intervention or the interference of the police." As chief secretary for Ireland, Augustine Birrell reversed the policy of the Lord Lieutenant. Mrs. McCann received the aid of the civil authorities in her efforts to ascertain what had become of her children. Moreover, when the subject was taken up in the House of Lords, Lord Edmund Talbot, speaking as a Roman Catholic, asserted that the "ecclesiastical authorities of his church had no share in the gross and brutal conduct of the father." The perils of Home Rule are strikingly emphasized to such dailies as the *London Post* by the McCann episode which, for some weeks, seemed likely to bring on a religious war in Ireland. The *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, on the other side of the controversy, says the clergy went no further in the McCann case than a declaration, based upon the Pope's decree, to the effect that Mr. McCann, being a Roman Catholic, had not received the sacrament of marriage validly. His wife was asked to consent to a ceremony by a priest, in

deference to her husband's faith. This she refused. That closed the incident so far as the church was concerned.

HIS HOLINESS is said to have followed the upheaval of the past few weeks in Ireland, with additional distress, from the circumstance that there have been complications regarding the representation of the Vatican at the coronation. The Pope wishes that representation to be both brilliant and conspicuous, owing to the gracious attitude of George V. to the coronation oath. His Majesty was most eager to remove from his royal declaration any phrase calculated to wound the feelings of his Roman Catholic subjects. In acknowledgment of this kindly consideration, the Vatican arranged to be represented in London next June by a legate, a suite of monsignori and various British members of the papal nobility. At once ultra-Protestant sentiment felt outraged. There will certainly be anti-papal demonstrations in the streets, according to the *Indépendance Belge*, if present plans be not modified on this point. The complication synchronizes with a violent outbreak of anti-Home Rule sentiment in the Unionist press of England, which, ever since the pandemonium over Mrs. McCann, has been reiterating that Home Rule is Home Rule. Presbyterian ministers in Ireland have publicly thanked God for the McCann case as proving at this time how completely the Pope would dominate Ireland under a Parliament meeting in Dublin. The episode makes it quite impossible, according to the Dublin *Irish Times*, for the Pope to be represented at the coronation of a Protestant King, a remark which has precipitated a fresh controversy over the whole subject of religion as that term is understood in London, Rome and Dublin.

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ONE more ultimatum went from the foreign office in St. Petersburg to the Prince Regent in Peking last month. The Chinese ruler transmitted the message to the Wai-wu-pu while a Russian force was drawing nearer and nearer the frontier. His Highness had spent a most unpleasant hour with the Czar's minister at the court of Peking, and while European newspaper versions of the interview are based upon conjecture, it is not denied that war was talked of on both sides in terms quite unpromising. So slowly and so quietly did the crisis arise that the world has still to realize,

comments the Paris *Débats*, that Russia and China, are at this moment on the verge of war. It seems to be a frontier crisis—China occupying what she deems her own territory and Russia advancing troops through a region alleged to be within the Czar's dominions. Diplomatic correspondence defines the issues less nicely. Thus China, having for weeks past conducted spirited correspondence with Russia, does not admit the grounds of complaint concerning her alleged interference in the frontier districts. China does admit the extra-territorial rights claimed by Russia. She admits the Russian demand regarding Russian subjects in Mongolia and the territory behind the great wall so far as their exemption from indirect taxation is concerned. She denies that Russia need establish her consuls in the disputed region as yet and she repudiates charges that Russian consuls have been ill treated. China also admits Russia's right to acquire lands and buildings in certain frontier regions. In those terms does the Prince Regent in Peking repudiate the St. Petersburg insinuation that he tramples upon Russia's treaty rights. Europe is excited by the heat of the dispute.

A POLICY of aggression against China concerted between Tokyo and St. Petersburg is held responsible in some European dailies for the intensity of the situation that developed last month. China, for all that, is accused of so flagrant a violation of her treaty obligations with all powers that Russia finds herself an object of sympathy to such influential journals as the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, the London *Post* and the Paris *Temps*. It is observed by the daily last named that Russia has often been encouraged by the cabinet of Berlin to pursue an active policy in the east and that for the last thirty years every intimacy between Russia and Germany has been followed by St. Petersburg's "initiatives" in Asia. The French daily asks itself whether this resumption of Russian activities in Peking can portend some obscure pact between William II. and Nicholas II. The theory impresses continental dailies outside France as fantastic. There is good reason for hostility between Russia and China, says the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*, always well informed, in the Peking policy of colonial extension, which was bound sooner or later to involve territorial disputes on the frontier. The situation is more serious than Peking or St. Petersburg likes the world to suspect.

RUSSIA has shown great moderation in all her negotiations with China in the last two months, says the *London Post*, an organ of British imperialism. That is one reason why the plague now rages in the far east. The Scourge, we read in our contemporary, is rapidly spreading in all the districts in Manchuria bordering on the eastern Chinese railway. The suggestion has been repeatedly made that Russia take steps to combat it outside the railway region. St. Petersburg has rejected the suggestion on the ground that such action must necessarily inspire distrust among the Chinese. Russia hesitates to take any measures that might imply territorial usurpation. This attitude, comments the *London Post*, is obviously in marked contrast with that of the Czar's government before the late war in the far East. Yet no less marked is China's attitude to Russia in the past few weeks of the present crisis. "Whereas Russia has taken pains to emphasize her pacific intentions towards China, the Chinese have repeatedly taken pains to display their enmity to Russians and their distrust of Russia." The causes of this Peking attitude are in part Russia's loss of prestige through defeat, in part an awakening of national feeling in China, and in part a desire to reassert the Chinese national authority in regions in which its previous weakness has led to aggression.

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WHEN the chamber of deputies reconvened in Paris after the brief recess consequent upon the retirement of Aristide Briand from the post of Premier, there was universal curiosity regarding the official explanation that might be made of the presence of Theophile Delcassé in the new cabinet. The head of the new government, Senator Monis, had been cast into obscurity, to use the *Figaro's* phrase, by the political giant embraced in this fresh grouping of the political forces. Delcassé must have been included in the Monis ministry, according to very general European newspaper opinion, as the consequence of some desperate resolve to defy Berlin. The Germans, explained the *London News*, would be sure to take offense. Berlin had insisted five years ago that this provocative Delcassé must relinquish the post of minister of foreign affairs which he then held with great glory to himself and to the intense satisfaction of the British. This phase of the political situation at Paris engrossed foreign



GENERAL PEST

The most efficient foe of the Russian invasion
—Vienna *Flo*

dailies for some days until it occurred to some of the dailies that the Monis ministry was a reconstitution of the famous "block" or combination of republican groups that had put through the separation of church and state. That fact afforded what the *Indépendance Belge*, and anticlerical organ in Brussels, styles the true clue to the Monis combination. The uncompromizing anticlericalism of several years ago was once more to prevail at Paris. Briand was not sufficiently hostile to the monks and nuns. Monis was their inveterate foe. The war upon which Paris was bent would break out soon, indeed, but not against Germany. It would be against the Pope.

BY the time Premier Monis, speaking to crowded benches, had outlined his policy, official Paris felt certain that things would be made unpleasant for the Vatican before any provocation was given to Berlin. To be sure, many German dailies affected to behold in the reappearance of Delcassé the promise of just such discord between the Wilhelmstrasse and the Quai d'Orsay as rendered the

period of office of former Chancellor von Bülow so sensational. However, as the *Berlin Kreuz-Zeitung*, a paper officially inspired, hastened to point out, the wily Delcassé had not been given his old portfolio as foreign minister. He is now simply at the head of the navy—what they call in France minister of marine. The new Prime Minister, observes the *Berlin Vorwärts*, a Socialist sheet, is far more eager to pick a quarrel with the church than he could possibly be to bring on a war with Germany. That view was accepted as sound by all the clerical dailies in Paris, especially the *Gaulois*, which prophesied "yet more carnivals of blasphemy" with "atheists dancing upon the bleeding body of our Lord" and the ministers of faith martyred for their refusal to become apostates.

CLERICAL of that extremely anti-Semitic type who air their views through such papers as the *Oeuvre* saw in the substitution of Monis for Briand a revival of the Jewish influence which they hold responsible for separation of church and state, for the conflicts with monks and nuns and for the course of the Dreyfuss affair. No sooner had they become apprized of the resignation of Briand than they organized a series of demonstrations. The most conspicuous of these occurred at the Théâtre Français, where Bernstein's new play "Après Moi" concerns itself with a husband about to commit suicide as the only reparation he can make his wife—only to find in the very act that this wife is unfaithful. The success of the piece had drawn an immense audience on the night when cries of "Down with the Jews!" wrecked the first act. Pigeons were set flying. Horns were tooted. Manifestants had even locked themselves inside a private box, the door of which had to be broken down. Twenty arrests were made, including that of Leon Daudet. Challenges to fight duels were freely sent and accepted. It was even alleged that the grandmother of the new Premier was a Jewess.

THOSE political factions in France which so constantly strive for the restoration of the monarchical form of government in the land saw in the Bernstein episode an opportunity to manifest on their own account. They organized a descent upon the theater in force, but by the end of the third act they had been overpowered by the police.

Outside the building the disorders were more serious. Someone had circulated a story that Bernstein had fled to Brussels before the completion of his period of military service in France—"a device," we read in the *Oeuvre*, "to which these rascally Jews are too prone." This time the manifestants were bent upon having the play taken off the boards altogether. They filled the thoroughfares surrounding the theater. The police assembled in overwhelming number and drove the crowd in every direction, but the hubbub was so tremendous that a detachment of the republican guard was called out to suppress what had assumed the proportions of a riot. The duels with Bernstein did not take place, altho many challenges were sent. There has since developed a fierce controversy between various organs anent Jews, religion, politics and art.

IT was necessary to "manifest" against the play which a Jew has just brought out, we read in the *Oeuvre*, in order to bring home to the French people the extent to which their country and their religion have been "strangled" by the Israelites. The new ministry is a "syndicate controlled by the Jews." The new phase of anticlericalism for which Monis stands, is "a stock-jobbing operation of Jew bankers." There is but one purpose in view, we read further—"the paralysis of the forces of faith, which comprize the great obstacle to the promotion of the vast international Israelitish conspiracy for the control of western Europe." All over France there was a tendency, it would seem, for the revival along these lines of the anti-Semitic spirit, altho the manifestations were in no case more than sporadic outbreaks such as were witnessed in the Paris theater. It is deemed significant, however, that clerical organs of the temper of the *Gaulois* seemed determined to insist upon the pro-Semitic character which they attribute to the Monis ministry. This may, suspects the *London News*, greatly embarrass the anticlerical policy for which Monis stands. What concerns Europe is the appearance of Theophile Delcassé in the ministry. The German dailies are somewhat astonished at the prominence thus given one of the greatest foes of Berlin policy. The cautious and moderate *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin) ventures to think that Premier Monis was not well advised in bringing back to ministerial responsibility one who in the past nearly compromised the peace of Europe.

Persons in the Foreground

THE WEEPING OF ATLEE POMERENE

IN AN evil hour Atlee Pomerene wept. It was an hour when the nation's calcium light was turned full upon him and the reporters, cynical and sardonic as usual, were gazing intently to see what the bearer of this strange name might be like. Actors all know the importance of a good entrance. Atlee Pomerene entered upon the national stage weeping. He was asleep at a local hotel when the news that he was to be the next United States Senator from the State of Ohio reached him. "Awaking with the news of his victory," so runs the report, "his eyes were clouded with tears." As one opponent after another rushed forward to congratulate him, "the tears rushed to his sight." Hastening, with his admirers, to the caucus, he stood up to make a speech of thanks, and "tears coursed down his cheeks." This was enough. The newspapers by this time had his tag ready. Those tears will be trickling over all the "copy" made about Senator Pomerene for years to come. The Philadelphia *Telegraph*, which ought to be admiring any man for whom Tom L. Johnson has stood as sponsor, fears that Atlee Pomerene will not do: "He seems to be impressed with the idea that he must live up to his name, which is unquestionably the most emotional patronymic that has yet succeeded in reaching high estate. When in doubt Atlee Pomerene weeps, and then as soon as he gets his second wind he weeps some more." "Atlee Pomerene," says the New York *Sun*, "is distinctly emotional. There is much testimony of flowing ducts." So the comment runs.

Well, it will not hurt him any if he is made of the right kind of stuff, and the people of Canton, Ohio, where he lives, are very sure that he is. He will have a chance to show it soon, for he takes his seat in the extra session, replacing Senator Dick. He is the first Ohio Democrat to enter the Senate for many years and as such is considered "an object of national interest." He has rushed into prominence with the speed of a Halley's comet. In 1908, as one paper remarks, "to most people in his own State his was a name that suggested only some fragrant and luscious tropical fruit." When the wires first began to flash his name throughout the land one fa-

cetious Washington correspondent insisted that it must be the name of a new kind of facial cream, or a new hair-tonic, or a berry just invented by Burbank. Another writer is sure that the alluring quaintness and euphony of the name had much to do with his selection, and that "one Democrat after another succumbed to the temptation to call out 'Atlee Pomerene' in a clear, high voice."

But it will not do to linger too long upon Mr. Pomerene's weepful disposition and poetical name. He has other characteristics. For one thing he is said to be something of a fighter. "He's no mollicoddle," says the Canton correspondent of the New York *World*, "in any sense of the word. He is, on the other hand, a fighter fast and furious when aroused. He is a skilled debater and orator of force and eloquence."

It was Tom L. Johnson who discovered him. Pomerene presided over a Democratic mass meeting in Canton at which Johnson spoke in his campaign for the governorship. Johnson found out that the young-looking attorney—he is only forty-seven now and looks younger than that—had views of the progressive or radical sort, a clean record and a capacity for making friends. He pushed him. Governor Harris appointed him a member of the State Tax Commission, and two years ago Johnson energetically backed Pomerene as a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination in opposition to Harmon. Johnson sulked when Harmon won, but Pomerene so gracefully accepted his defeat that he was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor and, of course, elected.

This year it was Harmon's influence that at the last decided the Senatorial election in Pomerene's favor. Whether the latter is to be called a Johnson man or a Harmon man is now something of a question. He can hardly be both—at least next year, when the presidential nominees are to be chosen.

Atlee Pomerene's annals are at the beginning the short and simple annals of the poor. He was son of a country doctor, one of a large family. He worked on a farm in summer and went to the Berlin public school in winter. Later he prepared for college at the Vermilion Institute in Hayesville, tutoring to pay his way. He and his brother Da Costa

went together to Princeton and, Da Costa being partially blind, Atlee read the text-books to him, and together they went through the course, graduating in 1884. Da Costa achieved considerable reputation as a Presbyterian preacher until he was killed, a few years ago, in an accident. Atlee turned to the law, took a course in the Cincinnati Law School, and went to Canton to practice. He became prosecuting attorney ten years later, having in the meantime married a Canton girl, a near neighbor of the McKinleys. And that seems to be about all his story until Tom Johnson "discovered" him. On this worthy but not conspicuous career the writer of the "Who's Who" articles in the *Saturday Evening Post* soliloquizes as follows:

"You all know Atlee. There are a couple of him at every county-seat in the United States: the earnest, impassioned young lawyer who has won his spurs by being district attorney or something. He makes the Fourth of July address or the oration on Decoration Day, rising, as Kin Hubbard says, in his well-worn Prince Albert coat and shining like a trained seal in the sunlight; mixing in politics and the lodge and other festivities of the place, and finally becoming a delegate to a state convention, when he goes to the capital. He is allowed to second the nomination of the sterling patriot they have chosen to carry the standard of his party for State engineer and surveyor."

He looks, so this writer assures us, like a professor of philosophy and talks like an elocution teacher. "He never appears in public without his long-skirted coat and his black tie, and he possesses the solemnest mien to be

found in Ohio. His conversation consists of words of appropriate length carefully enunciated, and his opinions are in entire consonance with those of the best people." In which remarks you will detect a tendency to sneer. But never mind that. These Washington correspondents are such a blasé lot.

Senator Pomerene is described as exceedingly domestic, tho the family consists of none but himself and his wife. He has all the domestic virtues. He drinks not, smokes not, swears not, and stays not out late of nights. The old maid who said that she didn't see why she needed a husband because she had a chimney that smoked, a parrot that swore and a cat that stayed out late at night could not have had Atlee Pomerene in mind. "He is a well-to-do, middle-class, professional man of the small city type," so the special correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* tells us, who then proceeds to give us his views of the new Senator's personality: "Not even his enemies deny him the credit of absolute honesty and the courage of his convictions. Once convinced that he is right, Pomerene is most uncompromising. In appearance and personality he is pleasing. His features are strong and his jaw sets firm. A forehead high by nature has grown higher as his hair has left it. Pomerene gives the impression of a man considerably younger than he is." Moreover he does not play golf or tennis, does not boat and does not ride, has in fact no athletic forms of recreation. The one game he seems devoted to is the fascinating game of politics. And when he wins in that he weeps tears of joy over all the landscape.

THE ENGAGING WAYS OF GEORGE WALBRIDGE PERKINS

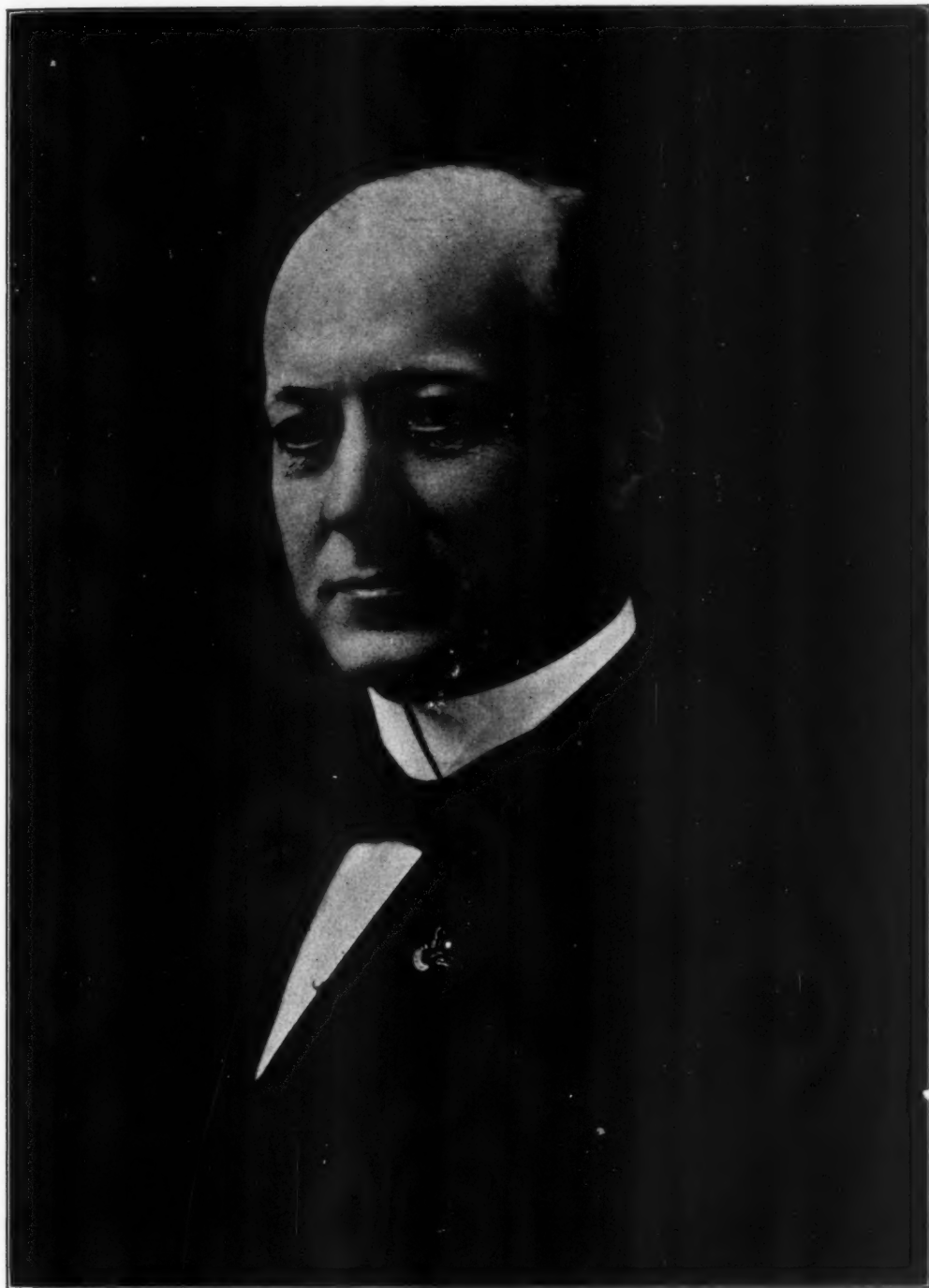
CAN any good thing come out of Nazareth? The answer to that question is writ very large in the history of the world. And now a similar question confronts us: Can any real altruist come out of Wall street? As an answer to that question let your eyes rest upon the lineaments of Mr. George W. Perkins, until recently a partner of J. Pierpont Morgan.

On the first day of this year Mr. Perkins severed his connection with the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., after ten years of service there, and issued an explanation which ran in part as follows:

"I am withdrawing from the firm for the purpose, as the firm's announcement states, of devoting more time to corporation work and work of a public nature in which I am deeply interested.

"In continuing my relations with the industrial and other business organizations with which I am connected I hope to find further opportunities for extending the principles of profit sharing and other benefit plans in which I have long been interested, and which experience shows offer a practical solution of some of the difficulties existing between capital and labor."

Benjamin Kidd, in his "Social Evolution," lays great stress upon the importance of the



"ATLEE POMERENE IS DISTINCTLY EMOTIONAL"

The new Senator from Ohio has a name that suggests to one editor some new luscious tropical fruit and to another a new hair-tonic; but we are assured that, despite his poetic cognomen and his sensitive nature, he is no mollycoddle, but a good fighter and a "stayer" when a principle is at stake. He is the first Democrat Ohio has sent to the United States Senate in many years.

stock of altruism which the world has been so rapidly accumulating. Since he wrote that interesting book Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie have turned their backs upon business and have been devoting themselves to altruistic purposes. Many other rich men have been pouring their millions into various philanthropic channels. Eminent corporation attorneys like Elihu Root and Philander C. Knox have abandoned the service of private corporations for the service of the public. And now that Wall street itself has begun to furnish us with evangelists, anything may be looked for.

If we hark back to the year 1905, we will find Mr. Perkins the target of much public scorn and the inspiration of the muck-raker's most fervid eloquence. He was a star witness in the malodorous insurance investigations, which drove some insurance presidents to death and others into permanent retirement, which made the reputation of Charles Evan Hughes and which started a new school of magazine literature. "How they snapped and snarled at him," says James Creelman, "in those bitter weeks when the tearing of a successful American to pieces made the mob roar with delight!" He was indicted by the Grand Jury and for a time it looked as tho he had been caught in a serious technical violation of law. But the courts cleared him of crime and to-day we find him at the age of forty-eight with wealth, influence, large experience, devoting himself to "the humanizing of large corporations."

Well, he comes by the evangelistic spirit honestly. His father was a co-worker, in Chicago, of Dwight L. Moody. He organized mission Sunday schools and Y. M. C. associations. He founded a Sunday school in a box car for the benefit of railway men and it developed a big thing. He opened soup-houses for the poor and engaged in many other forms of philanthropic work. But the most famous thing he did, one might say, was to write a letter to his son when the latter, at the age of fifteen, entered the service of the New York Life Insurance Company at a salary of \$25.00 a month. That letter the son insisted on reading to the committee that investigated the insurance business, declaring that the letter had been "the charter of his life." It was a perfectly good letter, but oh! what a ripple of glee it sent out over the land because of the incongruous circumstances under which it was produced. Mr. Dooley was especially affected and recorded the affair, at

the time, in his own inimitable way in *Collier's* as follows:

Misther Hughes—"George, tell us why 'tis nicissry to commit perjury in th' life insurance business."

Gabby George—"Thank ye f'r th' question. It's a pint I wud like to bring out. Thank ye, Misther Hughes, f'r th' opportunity iv answerin'. In reply I wud say I love me father. . . . I have in me hand a letter frim th' ol' guy written in th' year eighteen sivinty-five. Gentlemen, I have carrid this sacred epistle nex' to me heart f'r thirty years excipt whin I lent it out to wan iv th' boys who wanted to land a tough customer. . . . An' there, gentlemen, in this sainted missive, stained with me father's tears an' me own thumb-marks, is me answer to ye'er question. Gentlemen, me life is an open book."

There was a delectable sequel to this incident some time afterward. Mr. Perkins went abroad to negotiate a large loan in Russia. The revolution broke out and he escaped to Norway. The next day Norway separated from Sweden and set up its own king. The day after that Mr. Perkins went to Berlin, arriving there at almost the same time with King Alfonso of Spain. In a jocular mood he wired one of his partners in J. P. Morgan & Company as follows:

"Have changed government in Russia, separated Norway from Sweden and welcomed King of Spain to Germany. Am leaving for France to-night. If there is anything you think needs attention there, cable me at Paris."

Two hours later he got this reply:

"Show them father's letter!"

Young Perkins, once installed in the insurance business and equipped with his father's letter enjoining him to be honest, truthful and faithful in his duties, began to climb in a way to make Jack's beanstalk look like a slow-growing slip of a walnut tree. Here is the way his salary went up: 1879, office boy, at salary of \$300 a year; 1880, clerk, at salary of \$1,200; 1886, cashier, at \$1,500; 1887, solicitor, at \$3,600; 1888, agency director, at \$15,000; 1893, third vice-president, at \$20,000; 1899, second vice-president, at \$30,000; 1901, second vice-president, at \$75,000. That was as high as he went in the insurance business. But when the insurance storm broke loose he was both vice-president of the company (at a reduced salary) and a partner of Morgan's as well. And, of course, he had gone incidentally into any number of other companies as officer or director—banks, trust companies, rail-



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"HIS SMILE ALONE IS WORTH \$250,000."

George W. Perkins opened the year by withdrawing from partnership with J. Pierpont Morgan in order to devote himself to the gospel of co-operation in the form of profit-sharing. The publicity of big business is one of the principal articles in his industrial creed.

way companies, and big industrial corporations. Most of these incidental positions he still retains for the purpose, as he explains, of more readily thereby realizing his hopes in regard to profit-sharing.

The engaging ways of Mr. Perkins have had as much as his organizing ability to do with his success. When an *Evening Post* reporter started to write him up several years ago, he asked a number of Wall street bankers for their opinions. The first one said: "He is somewhat strange in this district; he is a man you cotton to; he has an engaging way." The next man said, "Perkins's smile alone is worth \$250,000." The next man said that scarcely a down-town banker would fail to speak a good word for Perkins "because of his geniality." Andrew Carnegie is quoted as saying: "This young man actually sweetened sordid business dealings by the amiability of his manners." Add to this amiability a tireless energy and an unflagging enthusiasm for his work and you can understand why he became "the best insurance agent there ever was." Those who saw him in his earlier days, when he was an insurance manager in Chicago, says Mr. Creelman, "say that he seemed never to rest, that nothing could daunt him, that business was like a religion to him, that he had the spirit of a fanatic."

He still gives one the impression of youthful jauntiness, tho the ordeal of five years ago plowed wrinkles in his face and gave him a tensivity of manner that showed the effects of nervous strain. That has worn off somewhat since, but the furrows in his forehead and the crow's feet around the eyes remain and the hair begins to speak of snowfalls. Here is a personal description given by Mr. Creelman in *Pearson's* three years ago that still holds good:

"The straight wide forehead that thrusts out above Mr. Perkins's large brown eyes is full to the temples and very high. It is the forehead of a man who can gather facts and make use of them with great rapidity. The power to observe details and the ability to reason them out to a conclusion are developed and balanced to an extraordinary degree in that steep brow. You mark the wide, well-curved jaws, the strong, round chin; the small, fine ears; the short, straight nose, wide at the nostrils; the smooth, round cheeks; the crisp brown hair, of almost feminine delicacy; the suggestion of imagination in the great wide-set eyes—but your glance always returns to that tremendously compact and aggressive forehead, the portent of energy, ambition and intelligence."

We are further told that "Mr. Perkins neither smokes nor drinks. When he proposed to omit wine from one of the banquets of the New York Life agents he was laughed at; but he persisted, and the feast was such a success that thereafter wine was left out of similar functions, "and the former habit of turning business into a series of convivial orgies became unpopular with the agents."

The views to which Mr. Perkins has now devoted his energies and his wonderful organizing ability are of particular interest in these days of industrial transition. Speaking before the Quill Club in New York City a few weeks ago he uttered the following sentence: "Efficiency now stands not only for the saving of waste, but also for a lively regard for public opinion, and, above all, for honest, open and square dealing." Then he paused and smiled and remarked: "When I came to this point in dictating my speech my stenographer added, 'And Teddy did it!' I did not object." When men conducted business by themselves or with a partner or two, he went on to add, business was apt to be a selfish affair. When the corporations were small, business was still selfish and the interests narrow. Now, with the organization of vast interstate and international corporations, "men must realize that in the future capital and its representatives have duties to the public as a whole and must fulfill them." That, then, is one article in his industrial creed that modern business cannot afford to be indifferent to public opinion and public duties.

Another article in his creed is the desirability of publicity. The larger the development of our corporations, the less possible it becomes to do business by secretive methods, and the more open and above-board it must become to be successful. There are but three courses open: (1) Government supervision, (2) Government ownership, (3) State Socialism. Conditions are such that "we must have large corporations supervised under a strong hand. The trend of recent events shows that we are moving rapidly and in the right direction."

Still another article in his creed is that co-operation must take the place of competition, and that this co-operation must exist not only between big corporations and the public, but between big corporations and their employees. This is "the only method of attaining efficiency, and the nation that first realizes this will lead in the world's commerce." There must be proper division of profits between cap-

italists, managers and employees, and this is not a mere matter of a raise of wages, which is often nothing but a bribe to keep the laborer from demanding his real share in the profits. "We must co-operate all along the line, and to co-operate between labor and capital there must be a show-down—publicity of corporate accounts to show just how much capital is really making. This, far from being a danger, is the only safe policy to pursue. The day of getting away with improper profits is gone; the day of getting along with proper profits remains. The solution of the whole matter lies in the real and honest sharing of profits which alone can work justice to all concerned and bring about increased efficiency in the country's business."

He has been an active force in working these views into the plans of organization of the United States Steel Corporation and the International Harvester Company; and the big

Consolidated Gas Company of New York, of which George Cortelyou is president, is understood to be considering something of the same sort. With such prestige to start on, it is evident that Mr. Perkins, whatever view one may hold of some of his past deeds as a financier, must be counted on as an important constructive force in the days to come. It is also evident that President McKinley's fears have not been realized. When considering the offer to become a partner of Mr. Morgan, Mr. Perkins laid the matter before McKinley. "Don't go to Wall street, Mr. Perkins," pleaded the President. "Don't let them break your heart down there. Stay where you are. They will take the humanity out of you in Wall street." It looks as tho Mr. Perkins has not only retained his humanity, but is ambitious to inject some of it into Wall street as well. If anybody can do it, he can.

THE CANADIAN HERO OF RECIPROCITY

IN ALL the years that have elapsed since William Stevens Fielding relinquished the post of Prime Minister in Nova Scotia to assume that of Minister of Finance in the Cabinet of Sir Wilfred Laurier, he has won no such renown as the reciprocity negotiations suddenly brought him. The word tariff in the Dominion is almost synonymous with that of Fielding, so thoroughly has the Canadian statesman made it his own. He has conducted tariff negotiations for the Dominion not only with the mother country, but with well-nigh all the great powers. His name is as familiar to students of schedules in Berlin as, not so long ago, that of our own William McKinley was in the English town of Sheffield. He has been called "Canada's commercial traveler," and certainly no agent ever wandered into more remote regions of the earth on behalf of his principal's trade. It has been said of Mr. Fielding that he can analyze Germany's trade with South America more searchingly than any authority at the Wilhelmstrasse, and that he predicted in many of his speeches on the other side of the line exactly what the schedules in our last tariff bill would yield. He it was who had the surtax put upon the products of Germany in retaliation for German legislation adverse to Canada and he it was again who dealt with the economic crisis brought

about by what is called "dumping." In short, Mr. Fielding is the statesman who fights the tariff battles for Canada and the man whom Dominion opposition organs hold responsible for the result of the negotiations which have had such a profound influence upon the history of the Taft administration.

As the father of four young ladies, as the holder of the most important portfolio in the Cabinet after the Prime Minister, and as the ablest diplomat exercising Canada's anomalous treaty-making power, Mr. Fielding has long been conspicuous in the social life of Ottawa. His wife belongs to a distinguished New Brunswick family and he is himself the son of a prominent Nova Scotian. The Minister is a typical representative of the aristocracy—using the word in its best sense—which has come at last to a position of absolute sovereignty in the Dominion. For all that, there are Canadians who complain that he is a rank outsider, that he comes from outside the Dominion and is not at heart loyal to it. The Tory aristocracy affects to look with a certain disdain upon a man who has never shared its aspirations and who, upon more than one occasion, has flouted its political ideals. Time was when Fielding seemed committed to a policy of separatism. For twenty years he worked in more or less obloquy as a Halifax journalist, abandoning an editorial chair to

take up public life. His success was brilliant, but it represents many a fierce fight with the old order of things in Canada.

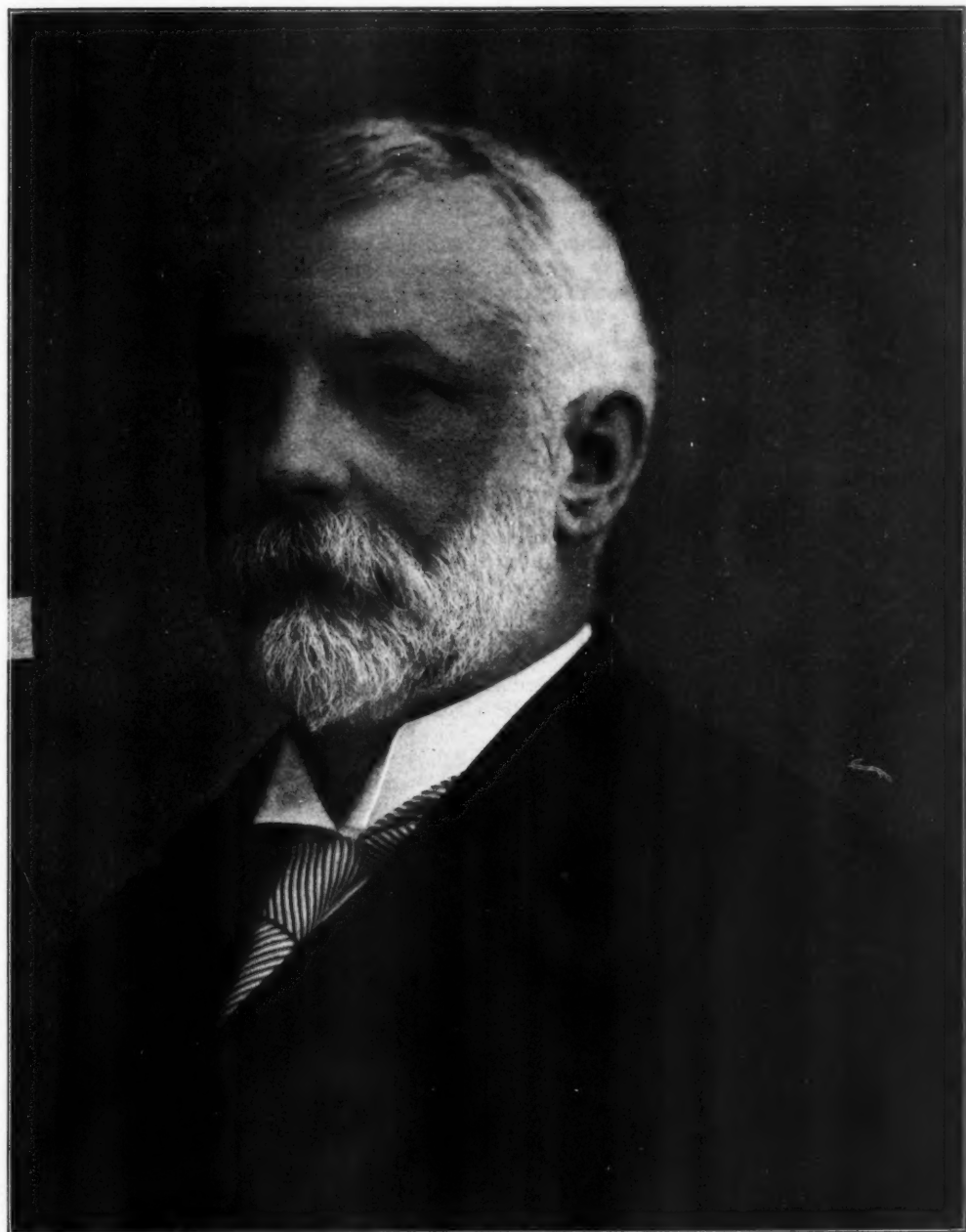
It has long been a practice in opposition organs throughout the Dominion to sneer at "Will" Fielding as a man whose capacity to safeguard the finances of his country went with a shining incapacity to take care of his own. He finds himself after a long career in public life a poor man, albeit one of the most popular. The fact was demonstrated finely, the *Toronto Globe* reminds its readers, when the Minister of Finance was publicly presented with a purse of over a hundred thousand dollars by a body of his admirers. The gift was not merely a recognition of his brilliant services to the Dominion, but an atonement for the dilemma of poverty confronting a man in old age with a large family to support. It was characteristic of Mr. Fielding to accept the testimonial only after a personal assurance from the donors that the fund had not been raised by any appeal or contribution from "any contractor, official or other person doing or expecting or likely to do business with the government." Mr. Fielding himself insisted, adds our authority, that "the donors should all remain unknown to him as such and therefore to one another and the public." It was a unique event in Canada.

William Stevens Fielding based his career entirely upon a gift for words. That is the impression of the *Toronto Globe*, which would have the fact interpreted in no sinister sense. He seems to use the English language with a peculiarly convincing lucidity. His ancestry is pure Anglo-Saxon, altho by birth he is a Nova Scotian. His parents intended him for the law, a profession indicated, as the doctors say, by his fluency. Nature had endowed him with a singularly musical voice and when quite a lad he sang in the church choir so entrancingly that all the girls in Halifax loved him for that gift alone. So runs the local tradition. He wrote verse in those far off times, but he never collected any of these effusions in book form. His short stories on Canadian themes were familiar at one time, it is said, to newspaper readers in the Dominion. Everybody thought then that "Willie" would go into literature, for which vocation his gifts were decided. It was not to be. Before he was thirty the clever Nova Scotian found himself a husband and father, poor and obscure. The only ready source of income was his pen, which he employed in discussing politics.

For many a weary year it was the destiny of Fielding to toil in obscurity upon the local papers. As a journalist he made the personal acquaintance of all the great men in his province. He had the local history of Nova Scotia at his fingers' ends. He knew who was rich and who was poor, who had married into the best families and who had served a term in jail for one reason or another. In no long time the personal magnetism which is his greatest asset had made him the conciliator of all foes and the envoy between all factions. He is endowed, if we may trust the *Montreal Herald*, with a natural diplomacy that would put the arts of a Machiavelli to shame. No business seems too difficult for him to carry to a happy issue, provided only that it bring him no earthly profit. Mr. Fielding is somewhat like Micawber in being able to do brilliantly a task that can by no possibility put money into his own purse. Aliens have come destitute into Halifax and, aided by Will, everybody's guide, they have accumulated wealth; but he remains at the foot of the ladder of fortune. His most solid asset, except the fund raised for him not so long ago, is an interest in a biscuit factory.

The keen sense of humor which has so far carried Mr. Fielding through the crises of his career suggested itself in his very appearance to the *London Mail* when he was last in London. It sketches a pleasing pen portrait of him as a man of sturdy build and finely cut features, with a good round head, well covered with crisp gray hair and a beard trimmed to something of a point. The light of the countenance is in the eyes, which seem to our contemporary to be ever twinkling with good humor—"an unconquerable and irresistible good humor." He displays all the mental gifts which go with such a type of character—readiness, perfect command of temper, good nature, a certain dash of wit, facility and promptitude in repartee. During the animated debates which have been so marked a feature of parliamentary life at Ottawa since Sir Wilfred Laurier became Prime Minister, these qualities of Mr. Fielding's have been put to a very severe strain. In every controversy he has proved so fine a diplomatist that the critics of his course complain that he prefers a deal to a fight. He is supple, it is said, where he should be firm, tactful where he should display a more nobly militant trait.

Opposition organs in the Dominion have charged again and again that William Stevens Fielding is "a poor Canadian." It is alleged



CANADA'S COMMERCIAL TRAVELER

The Right Honorable William Stevens Fielding has for many years been the globe-trotter of the Dominion—the man who visits the foreigner in the interest of the custom house. His latest tour was to our own country, with the usual result, a reciprocity deal.

against him that he thinks more of Nova Scotia than he does of the federation. It is even alleged that he has "a separatist spirit" and that in his unregenerate days he attacked the ideal of a united Canada. These insinuations, it is conceded now in the fiercest opposition organs, did the brilliant minister of finance an injustice. He might not be very loquacious upon the theme of a great daughter nation of Britain, but he held the ideal and he has striven to attain it. But he has never approved of that spirit of criticism of all things American—using the term as it is understood on this side of the line—which actuates many Canadian Tories.

The weight of office has pressed heavily and of late altogether oppressively upon one who, like Mr. Fielding, has borne his full share of its responsibilities. There were rumors lately that his health was seriously impaired, but these reports proved happily without foundation. He makes frequent visits to the springs and resorts of this country and of Europe, his naturally good constitution enabling him to recuperate speedily from the ills he experiences. He has traveled much in Europe, especially on the continent, where by a kind of paradox he is much better known, except in France, than is his chief. The Germans have long been familiar with the career and the attainments of the Canadian Minister of Finance. His reputation as one of the ablest diplomatists of the age is vouched for by the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*. The negotiations conducted by Mr. Fielding with the Wilhelmstrasse made him a familiar figure to the great official world centering there. "His is not a complex nature," to quote the German daily, "but it is highly sympathetic. He can win in a negotiation without leaving a trail of enmity behind." This was said after his famous bargain with the Germans for tariff favors.

Naturally the opposition Canadian organs can see little of all these virtues. Nothing would be easier than the compilation of a catalog of the defects they attribute to Mr. Fielding. He is not, we read in some Ottawa dailies, a born orator. Practice does not perfect and scarcely improves his style and his set speeches are inadequate and clumsy. His culture is indeed conceded to be wider and more varied than those who do not know him intimately might suspect—this much is granted. On the other hand he does not bring to the solution of the varied problems presented to him as Minister of Finance a large stock of knowledge. Yet the fiercest of the organs sup-

porting the opposition admit that too much should not be made of Mr. Fielding's shortcomings. He is gifted with powers of quick insight into affairs. His native shrewdness never fails to carry him straight into the heart and center of questions. He takes no narrow views of men and things. He has a knowledge of Europe and of the United States rare in any politician and rarest of all among Canadian politicians. Finally, he is modest.

Mr. Fielding's gifts, then, if not of the dazzling order and gaining nothing from self-assertion or the advertisement of sycophants, have a sterling quality that is appreciated by his party in the Dominion. He is nimble in the cut and thrust of debate without making himself odious to an opponent. He is never rash in statement for the mere sake of being brilliant. Personally he is amiable, with no trace of what is called the insolence of office, inclining rather to an excess of the qualities termed urbane. "Benevolence and good nature beam from his fine face with its fringe of gray hair. He is never piqued or out of temper. Abuse leaves him absolutely unconcerned." He has always been unterrified, we read in the *Toronto Globe*, by figures. No quantity of statistics can disturb his serene faith in the policies he deems best for Canada, and never is he so much master of himself as when dilating upon the misconceptions which his political opponents derive from figures. He knows all about the tariffs of all the great powers, his ability to illustrate the workings of a schedule by some example of its actual working at the custom house being little less than miraculous.

The brilliant Canadian Minister of Finance has reached the age of sixty-two without attaching himself to a fad or a hobby. Apart from travel, he has no special recreation. Neither is he the slave of work. His remarkable aptitude for the assimilation of figures and schedules is the result less of an inborn tendency than of long experience. The remarkable literary gifts he displayed in his youth have gone unexploited apart from their revelation in his state papers.

He has wandered freely about the United States, which he knows well. This perhaps explains his personal appearance, which is very much like that of a New York financier, even to the jaunty swing in his gait and a tendency to shake hands promiscuously. Americans who have met Mr. Fielding think he possesses many traits of the late Mr. J. G. Blaine.

THE NEW FRENCH PREMIER

COLDNESS of temperament, an unimaginative common sense and a striking lack of Gallic passion are the qualities which, Paris journals would have the world believe, won for Antoine Emmanuel Ernest Monis last month his unexpected eminence as the new Premier of the third French republic. For many a year he has sat in some obscurity in the Senate, a pale, plump, plebeian figure of a man, destitute of the fire of the political leader, but equipped with a set of the most uncompromising republican and radical principles. Altho a lawyer and a man of some property, he has acquired prestige among the Socialists themselves by his suspicion of the rich. Not that he rails against them or clamors for popular rights. He is a plodder and not a climber, explains the Paris *Gaulois*. He has never sought to "arrive," for the simple reason that he has never felt the "sting of ambition." "He has the plebeian instinct, but not the revolutionary instinct." As a lawyer he has built up a paying practice, as a cultivator of the soil he has made his vineyard pay; but as a politician he has remained obscure. He attained the supreme position in the ministry not by a brilliant stroke, but by a slow and patient waiting which the French daily takes for a form of genius. Monis has learned what is meant by working quietly for success and by waiting for it patiently. He is a man of much sense and of little or no originality, while of capacity for leadership he is totally destitute. Neither mercurial nor clever nor witty nor elegant, he is an anomaly in French politics to all.

Much study of the ornaments of the French bar and infinite pains in forming himself upon the models they set him have rendered Monis, says the Paris *Figaro*, a composite of many men and many manners. He is less himself than he is the being whom, for the time, he wishes to resemble. At any period since he entered the Senate of the French republic there has been applicable to him the description which the Viscount de CORMENIN has left of that great parliamentarian and orator and lawyer, Odillon BARRET. The new Premier, like his illustrious model, we read, studies little and reads little. He meditates. "He has a beautiful and meditative countenance. His vast and well developed forehead announces the power of his intellect. His voice is full and sonorous and his expression

singularly grave. In dress he is somewhat finical, which does not detract from his aspect. His attitude is dignified without being theatrical, and his gesticulation is full of noble simplicity. When speaking he animates, intones, kindles, colors his expression, which is cold and dull when he is mute." His talk, like that of the statesman he suggests, is solid and learned, always guided by an enlightened morality.

Monis, during the long period of his service as a senator, strove to realize the Catoian ideal in a modern radical sense. It has been said of him by severe critics, observes the *Figaro*, that he has no religion, that he is an atheist. It would be more accurate to affirm, our contemporary insists, that Monis makes radicalism a religion of a new and fanatical kind. He hates the pomps of the traditional faith of France and he cultivates for that reason a stern and antique simplicity of attire and of life. He is ascetic in diet and he suggests the severity of the ascetic in his daily routine. Whatever be the time of year, he is out of his bed by sunrise. When his coffee is brought him with the newspapers and the rolls, he sits pencil in hand marking all items that may serve the purposes of debate in the Senate. Next he digests blue-books or official reports, for he is famed for his capacity to assimilate this type of mental stimulant. He is famous for the accuracy and felicity of his citations from the census reports and the law books. He has an illustrative fact for every emergency and he can use it with crushing effect, for he brings it in at just the right time.

Having prepared himself for his day's work by some hours of study before and after his simple breakfast, Senator Monis, impeccably clad in his long old-fashioned frock coat and smiling beneath a soft, wide brimmed hat, sallies forth through the streets of Paris. He is a venerable and yet, we read, a cheerful figure. The weight of his sixty-five years sits lightly upon him. He carries no cane. He seems to know no one outside the members of that Senate of which he has so long been an honored guide. But among his colleagues, he is hailed as the intimate friend of each and of all. He has what our contemporary describes as "the genius for intimacy." Monis is a sort of father confessor. "Never does one go to him with a secret weighing upon the conscience without deriving from



Courtesy the New York World

THE MAN OF THE MINUTE IN PARIS

So brief is to be the ministry of this new Premier, Monsieur Monis, that the *Figaro* declines to style him a man of the hour, but "a flash in a kaleidoscope."

his temperament some precious consolation." His motto is the word discretion. He knows everything about everybody, yet not once in his long public career has he been accused of betraying a confidence or of revealing what might damage the prospects or the career of an intimate. It is characteristic of his personality that one is either a stranger to Monis or one of his dearest and most intimate friends.

The political successes of Monis have been ascribed to these personal traits which remind the Parisians of the great French advocate and legislator whom the new Premier suggests—Odillon Barrot. Monis has been accused of being the near imitator of this great figure in the politics of the past. Monis would seem, in fact, to be a universal imitator. There are in him, we read, two, three, four men, just as there were in Dupin, himself great as an author, a lawyer, a magistrate, an orator and a maker of fine phrases. Poor Monis, to cite the *Figaro*, is an imitator where Dupin was genuine, but this is slander, according to the more friendly estimate of the *Matin*. "As advocate his manner is lively, sarcastic, rough, jerking, able but without method, forcible but without grace."

These are the faults attributed to Dupin, an ornament of the bar in time past and since Monis forms himself upon others, he must reproduce the faults as well as the virtues of his models. But the spirit of Monis, we read too, is merely that of the humble pupil. He studies the careers of the ornaments of his profession just as Napoleon studied the campaigns of Caesar and of Hannibal—for the sake of the lessons they teach.

So the critics of the new Premier find him ransacking Justinian, after the manner of Dupin, "to find apothegms" or ransacking history to amass citations, "and the ancient authors to extract quaint sayings"—mixing up the whole with some small witticisms of his own invention to make it palatable to the French Senate without shocking the sense of decorum of that august body. Upon such stale trickeries of imitation is his reputation both as orator and as statesman based, if we may trust the *Paris Figaro*. To this anti-ministerial and anti-radical sheet, Premier Monis is a mere ape of others, engaged as he is in reading the careers and the speeches of the French orators of the past for the sole purpose of filching their ideas and palming them off as his own. His library is filled with books on the orators of France, which Monis studies religiously like an actor getting up a part. But the radical dailies will have it otherwise. Monis is a great mind, stored with the spoils of time and rich with intellectual treasure. He has made the history of the great revolutions his own. He knows why they failed and he will avoid the blunders of the time gone by.

Monis has a voice and a manner that go well with the suggestion that there is something of the actor in him. Years and years ago, when he was quite a young man, going with his parents to the church he now never visits, there was some idea that he might go upon the stage. He was the boy wonder of his village. He could gesticulate with the grace of Coquelin the elder, we read in the *Paris Temps*, and he has not lost that matchless facility. In the Senate of the third republic they cultivate a gravity of mien and a restraint of manner that would be the ruin of a political leader in the chamber of deputies. But so finished is Monis in his gesture that he can bring tears to the eye, if we dare believe the writer in the *Temps*, "through the wizardry of his right arm and index finger." These he points in the direction of heaven in tense moments and stands still and statuesque

for a minute "in an attitude typically Gallic."

It is complained of Monis that he is the lawyer rather than the legislator. His fame was built originally upon his success as a practitioner in the courts at Bordeaux, where he is a familiar figure. His tendency to obesity induces the Premier to walk whenever that be possible and with some idea to the reduction of his tissue he prefers to go about with a bundle under his arm. In one of these perambulations he had the ill luck to be mistaken by a detective for some fugitive from justice. He was stopped on the main street of Bordeaux and questioned haughtily by the minion of the law. The detective was fresh from Paris and did not know that the man he had accosted was a familiar figure in the streets of the town. He took Monis to the nearest police station, deaf to the Senator's explanations. On the way a wondering crowd of persons formed at sight of the distinguished Senator under arrest. All knew Monis and all inferred that the Paris detective knew him too. Hence, Monis must have been detected in some crime. The Senator was at once identified at the station and released. He assured the crestfallen detective that he regarded the incident as a fine compliment and a most delicate tribute to his personal charm. "The swindler for whom you mistook me," he explained, "has won the love of six women, all of whom he robbed, it is true, but all of whom he charmed. To think that at my age I can resemble in appearance such a Don Juan!"

The vacations of Premier Monis are passed in something like patriarchal splendor upon his rural estate in the south of France, where he is a cultivator of vines. He has paid much attention to agriculture and some years ago he was considered somewhat visionary in his plans for the improvement of French vintages. Time has vindicated his judgment, however, and he has received testimonials from the wine growers to the effect that he is a recognized expert. This led to some cartooning of the Premier as a god of wine, which he was represented as drinking in vast quantities. As a matter of fact, Premier Monis is one of the most abstemious of men. He seldom drinks any alcoholic beverage and he rarely goes to a public dinner.

Monis has been described as the ideal type of plodder. One cannot ascribe to him, we read in the Paris *Débats*, a single trait which is his own. All that he does well he has learned from assiduous contemplation of

others or through careful imitation. His powers are hence a result of some sublime mimicry, and like that sometime ornament of French public life whom he is supposed to make one of his many models—the famed Dupin—Monis has but "a vulgar and easily contented ambition." He has no longing to go down to posterity. His anti-clericalism has no passion in it, none of the fire of one burning with hatred of the priests after the manner of one of his predecessors in his present office, Emile Combes. Monis is no fanatic. He is too rationalized. Where Combes would denounce the church of Rome, Monis would make it an object of ridicule. He carries none of his anti-clericalism into private life. The village priest is one of his personal friends.

In his old age, Premier Monis finds very little in the way of a fortune to reward his long years of labor. He is said in the *Figaro* to be worth perhaps two hundred thousand francs—a very small competence. He has the frugality of the professional man from the provinces, riding in cabs very little and faring abstemiously. His one extravagance is frock coats which he affects in light grays. The round and heavy head is surmounted during the sessions of the Senate by an aureole of white hair, grown scant at the top. On the street Monis wears a gray high hat. He carries his head bent and now and then he walks into some pedestrian as if about to butt him. The Senator at once apologizes and occasionally offers his card. His manners are by no means effusive, but he can be jovial upon occasion. In the Senate he is noted for the extreme care with which he avoids the slang expressions of the hour. His vocabulary, even in ordinary conversation, includes words and phrases that date from the old revolutionary period. His written pleadings are models of French phraseology and his speeches never descend to the level of colloquialism, yet are always lucid and clear.

The new French Premier is summed up succinctly in the Paris *Gaulois* as old-fashioned, "what would be called in England a gentleman of the old school." His simple and inelegant mode of life in an unfashionable neighborhood of the capital is quite old-fashioned. His appearance suggests the bourgeois of 1848 and his ideas are all taken from the literature of that time. His clothes promote the illusion that he has stepped out of a comedy of French manners by the younger Dumas.

Science and Discovery

REVIVAL OF THE FANTASTIC IN METEOROLOGY

FOR one reason or another, complains that distinguished meteorologist Harvey M. Watts, whose studies of the Gulf Stream have given him such prominence, the world of educated men seems to have gone weather-mad." There has been a revival of the fantastic in meteorology worthy, this authority fears, of the middle ages. "The man in the street as well as the talker in the morning train who does not know a meteorological hawk from a handsaw, has his opinion about what is called the unusual, the unprecedented, the abnormal weather, tho he does not use such polite terms in his damning classification." Within the last two years the disposition of the average man to seek for causes—ever a fascinating pursuit, says Mr. Watts, in which for centuries the unoffending moon has played the leading part of suspect—has led to his connecting every terrestrial and celestial event with the so-called peculiarity of the weather.

Now the extraordinary fact is, insists Mr. Watts, that while the most ridiculous theories are complacently accepted in circles intelligent in every other respect, meteorologists the world over were never in such general agreement as to general causes. It is especially unfortunate, therefore, that while the science of meteorology is assuming somewhat the exactness and surety of the sister sciences, the general public should with avidity take up the very latest "moonshine from cucumber" suggestion and accept it as gospel truth. Says Mr. Watts in the *London Mail*:

"Just now, for instance, people in France and in England are becoming excited over the explanation given out as positively new, original and startling by Camille Flammarion and his followers that the weather of Western Europe is brewed in the United States, and that the recent cold and wet spells in France and England are a direct result of the prevalence of hot waves on the North American Continent. All this has been set out with much pomp and circumstance of cabling back and forth to America, with the publication of much newspaper comment, foreign and English, which would seem to indicate that the new theory was a contribution of weight which called out for a suspension of judgment on account of its great and momentous novelty.

"Now, sometimes even scientific patience ceases to be a virtue, tho the admirable British restraint of the Meteorological Office enables it to survive another flurry of flighty science without even taking time to explain the explanation. Since, however, so many people are taking the latest Flammarion theory seriously, it seems to me that it is time to say that, whatever was seemingly novel in it, that is, the eastward drift of weather, is not new at all, while the further development of this supposed novel theory into an exact and reciprocal relationship between the hot waves of the United States and the cold, wet summer of the European Continent, is simply mistating a condition well understood by any American or European meteorologist of any standing."

The truth about the weather situation, as outlined by this brilliant meteorologist, should reassure any Frenchman or Englishman who fears "an American invasion other than that of dollars," and it is this:

"1: It is eternally true that all the weather movements in the Northern Hemisphere north of the Tropics come from West to East; 2: That in the North Atlantic Basin specifically the hot waves in the United States and the wet weather in France are the result of the very same predisposing cause. This predisposing cause, which in the United States manifests itself in the form of a hot wave and in these latitudes in the form of the prevailing moisture-laden oceanic winds, is the very familiar tropical high pressure area, or, as it is called in the terminology of the meteorologists, the Atlantic anticyclone. The hot wave in the United States, therefore, does not cause directly or indirectly a contrasting state of weather in Western Europe, since it is itself an effect of the general condition, but the abnormal weather there and here—hot and moist, and cold and wet—is simply due to the persistence of high pressures in the subtropical belts of the Gulf States and the Mid-Atlantic.

"So long as these pressures continue high in the Gulf States and over the Atlantic from the Bay of Charleston to Spain, so long will there be set up over the United States the deadly south-to-north aerial circulation which is always the factor and feature of the American hot wave. And so long as these high pressures tend to become 'fixed,' as the phrase goes, to the South of England and central over the Azores with more

or less excessive seasonal pressures, so long will this belt of high pressure—the Atlantic anticyclone—cause westerly winds over Western Europe with all the consequences noted this year and last, as the moisture-laden winds reach regions favorable for condensation.

"Moreover, when, as so often happens, these Atlantic high pressures, which are great aerial vortices with downward and outward motion, show little oscillation in their center . . . they also tend to hold up the more brisk easterly movement of the great traveling eddies (cyclones and anticyclones) and prevent those variations in weather changes which give variety and relief from a too long reign of either wet weather or of hot waves."

Now, one of the most fascinating chapters in meteorology is that which reveals the globe as surrounded by an envelope of air, everywhere acting and reacting, so that there is no part of the globe which is not in direct relation with other portions. In the northern hemisphere more particularly, there is nothing so absorbing as the study of the great circum-polar swirl from west to east from Asia to the Pacific and from the Pacific to the North American continent, from the North American continent to the Atlantic and from the Atlantic to Europe, and so on around. The changes in the path of this great swirl, the variations in the aerial flow lines, are what bring about these variations in climate and in weather from year to year which seem so inexplicable. Moreover, the changes in the path and the character of this swirl, whether sluggish or more rapid or more northerly or more southerly, are determined entirely by the varying pressures of the great subtropical rings of high pressure. All this is true of the south temperate zone and of the tropical interdependence; for instance, of Australia and India and the South African seas and the Arabian seas, as Douglas Archibald and other British meteorologists have pointed out.

"What meteorologists of to-day are therefore engaged in clearing up is not the connection between the weather all round the globe (since this is revealed every day in the synoptic charts of the whole Northern Hemisphere prepared by the United States Weather Bureau and in this country's weekly charts as well as in the German and French publications), but in finding out the cause of these yearly variations of pressure, which are of such importance to the great civilized nations that live in the Northern Hemisphere, and whose crops and business are affected by the extremes which are possible in any given years, as we all know to our grief. And it is to such problems that men like Lockyer and the

United States specialists under Willis L. Moore have devoted and are devoting their attention.

"Unfortunately, so far as the public is concerned, the question as regards the weather from the North Atlantic is much confused with erroneous popular theories and ignorant folk beliefs, and particularly with one delusion that the familiar and altogether too famous Gulf Stream is the cause of every weather change, and it is because of this confusion, despite the facts available to any student, that the last suggestion of Flammarion is apt to confirm popular error and make a needless mystery of European weather changes.

"Even to-day in England and America, and especially among those who travel on the high seas, there is nothing that is referred to with such complacent acceptance as the idea that the Gulf Stream, per se, gives England its climate, as well as doing a thousand and one wonderful things in America and the open Atlantic. The careful work of Professor H. N. Dickson, of Oxford, of other weather specialists, and of all modern physicists, is of no avail against this opinion, and it will seem heresy to most to say that the Gulf Stream in itself has no more effect on the climate of England than the weather vane of St. Clement Danes; nor indeed have the hot waves in the United States any such immediate and pacific effect as has just been suggested in France. England will continue to have a climate at times of the 'unvexed Bermoothes,' and the United States its hot waves so long as the Atlantic high pressures maintain their positions which they have had for thousands and thousands of years."

The actually new thing in meteorology, concludes this student of the subject, is the fact that world-wide conditions are being rounded up every day by means of cable, land lines and wireless telegraphy and that we are on the eve of a great international development of forecasting which will be of inestimable value to such countries as Britain and France, which lie in this great eastward swirl of the north temperate zone circulation. The newest fact of all is that the variations in this swirl are not due to local conditions in the United States and elsewhere, but to variations in the subtropical pressures. These variations again, as Lockyer has pointed out, are not due to local conditions on the earth itself, but to yearly and long-range changes in the solar radiation. In thus giving his views on a topic of commanding interest and importance, Mr. Harvey M. Watts speaks with the authority of one who has devoted years of study to the subject of meteorology. His theory of "the Gulf Stream myth," as remarked already, has attracted wide attention.

THE LATEST EXPERIMENTS WITH RADIUM AS A CURE FOR CANCER

A DEMONSTRATION of the effects of radium on cancer proved the feature of the proceedings of the British Medical Association at a recent meeting in London, where the distinguished Doctor Louis Wickham of Paris—one of the world's highest authorities on radium therapy—dealt with the subject exhaustively. The curative influence of radium upon cancer has been hotly disputed, but in the light of Doctor Wickham's revelation the medical profession must revise all its ideas on the subject, according to medical press comment abroad. The points chiefly engaging expert attention just now are thus set forth in the London *Lancet*:

Can radium really cure any form of cancer?

If so, how does its curative influence actually affect the tissues concerned?

Can radium cure large cancers and internal cancers?

The first query has been answered in the affirmative by some experts, but there are still numbers of medical men who find great difficulty in believing that a tiny particle of radium can really destroy so deadly and firmly rooted a disease as cancer. Nevertheless, those professional men who heard Doctor Louis Wickham's lecture and who saw the beautiful specimens and photographs he exhibited can no longer doubt, says the London *Medical Journal*, that under certain favorable conditions radium can most certainly cure cancer. The chief necessary conditions are that the growth be accessible and that it shall be small and localized. The larger the growth the more limited will be the beneficial effects of the applications of radium. Hence every effort should be directed to detect such growths in the earliest stages possible. To quote from the columns of our contemporary:

"Under these circumstances, it naturally follows that the best results that have been obtained by the radium treatment in cancer have been where the disease has attacked exposed parts, such as the skin of the face and hands; also cancer of the tongue, which is, of course, readily accessible. Cancer of such parts can be detected from its very earliest stages, and owing to the facility with which radium can be applied to them gives the best chance of a cure by its effects.

"To understand how radium destroys cancerous growths it is first of all necessary to have some idea of the constitution of such tumors. When examined under a microscope of high magnifying

power, cancers in general are found to consist of myriads of tiny 'cells,' more or less globular in shape, which are in an active state of multiplication; and it is the remarkable rapidity of multiplication which characterizes these 'cells' that leads to the formation of a 'growth' or 'tumor.' No drug we know of has the slightest effect on active cancer cells, and nothing short of actually burning them up with a red-hot cautery or strong chemicals was known to destroy them until the X-rays were discovered; besides the X-rays and caustics, radium is the only other substance we possess that has the property of being able to destroy cancer cells.

"This it appears to do in part by stimulating the healthy tissues in which a cancer is growing to such an extent that they are able to gain the upper hand; when radium is applied to a cancer the normal 'cells' seem to become imbued with new life, and the invading cancer-cells no longer have it all their own way. At the same time the radio-active influence has a directly destructive effect on the latter."

This is by no means theory only, but an actual happening, the results of which can be seen readily in such specimens as were shown by Doctor Louis Wickham at the gathering of medical men in London. The expert showed specimens of several cancers as they appeared before and after the radium treatment. In the specimens (microscopic) taken before the treatment had commenced, the active and malignant cancer cells were seen in thousands. A very different sight met the eye when the "after treatment" specimens were examined. Here the cancer was very clearly shown to have been itself destroyed, and although a few cancer cells were still to be seen they were evidently surrounded by strong, healthy fibrous tissue, which seemed to be in the very act of assisting at their destruction. One set of specimens showed the most terrible form of cancer known (a sarcoma) which had been partially destroyed by the same process.

"Thus, there is no doubt that radium has a destructive influence over cancer, partly by stimulating the normal tissues as just explained and partly by some direct radio-active effect on the cancer-cells themselves. Certainly the specimens brought before the Medical Congress afford most conclusive objective evidence of its powers in this respect.

"Large cancers have to be treated by getting the radium applications to the center of the growths as far as possible, for unless this is done the treatment is only able to destroy the outer layers."

THE FIELD FOR INVENTORS IN THE DESIGN OF AEROPLANES

THAT even the most celebrated types of aeroplane exhibit no adherence to settled principles must be apparent to anyone who has followed the art up to the present time, affirms the *London Times*, for the general outlines of the machine, its framework and controlling devices, differ not only between the work of different men, but with every successive machine turned out by a leading manufacturer. The last five years have seen alterations in design, perhaps imperceptible if compared from month to month, but very conspicuous to anyone who compares side by side drawings of the same type of aeroplane by the same maker made during this interval of time. The Voisin of a few years ago, with its cellular compartments, bears a clumsy resemblance to the machine from the same makers to-day. The Farman has undergone important dimensional changes which materially add to its efficiency and strength. Other machines differ so much as to be even designated by numbers in the order in which they leave the works. In such a rapidly changing progression of ideas any attempt to crystallize the present tendencies must be

put aside and only conjectures can be made as to the future.

There are, however, our contemporary says, certain lessons which the experience of a few years has taught and which would not be disregarded by the most daring innovator. Take, for instance, the curvature of the wings formed by two coverings, one above and the other below the ribs, which are fastened to the main transverse spars. All makers are now agreed upon the necessity of an easy curvature without abrupt changes of salient points. An eminent steam turbine designer was once asked how he obtained the best curve for the blades, and his answer was that, having settled the width of the blade and the deflection, he joined the two ends by a curve which was as pretty and as graceful as he could draw. As the aeroplane action is similar to that of the steam turbine in that both are required to develop a pressure by deflecting a current of fluid, the reason for the unanimous agreement of the makers in this particular is apparent. But this was not always so. It required much experiment to show the efficiency of the graceful curve and the inefficiency of a tangent



Photo by Brown Brothers

HOW AVIATION IS STUDIED TO-DAY

This is a class in the art of flying, receiving instruction in the details of motor management from an instructor experienced in flight. The scene is the city of New York which is rapidly becoming the center of aviation practice and precept in this country.

plane for the purpose. Now that it has been settled within limits, one important feature leading towards efficiency and uniformity is put beyond the reach of dispute.

In other respects affecting the efficiency of the aeroplane—by which is meant the weight-lifting capacity per unit of wing area at a given speed—great divergence of opinion still exists and in none more so than in the ratio of wing breadth (measured along the line of flight) to the length of wing:

"The long slender wings of the Antoinette machine and the short but wider ones of the Blériot show that the ratio for *maximum* sustaining efficiency is still the subject of discordant views; yet it is a most important feature deserving special investigation, since aerodynamic and structural considerations enter into it in a remarkable manner. The weight of the spars and stiffening arrangement increases enormously with the length of wing, but at the same time the width of wing cannot be increased indefinitely without introducing useless and ineffective wing area, because the back part of the wing ceases to have a useful lifting effect when the breadth is increased beyond a certain point. As the most effective result is attained when every part of the wing is exerting its full effect and is properly supported by a system having *minimum* weight, the ratio of the sides of the rectangle for a given area is a vital point in design. The difficulty of adequately staying long wings with a limited weight for the bracing will prevent the monoplane from becoming a weight-carrying machine of the future, and the biplane already shows its superiority in this respect, for the weight of the bracing required for passenger-carrying aeroplanes to stiffen the two planes is considerably less per unit of effective supporting surface than if the same area of wing were concentrated in a single plane. Several lamentable accidents have occurred with the monoplanes from the neglect of this point, for a sudden air-pressure thrown on the wings during an abrupt alteration in the angle of attack has proved too much for the tension wires or their connections, thereby exposing the main spars to fracture. The wing of an aeroplane is virtually a cantilever supporting an air-pressure which, during a straight flight, is at least equal to half the weight of the entire machine and cargo, and may be far in excess of this during evolutions."

If any prophecy regarding the tendency of design for weight carrying were safe, says this authority, it would be that the multiplane will be chosen for the purpose, all machines having two, three or even more superposed planes being included in that category. There is no reason, however, why the monoplane for one or two passengers, or their equivalent in



THE LATEST MONOPLANE TYPE

Anderson on his "Demoiselle" presents an appearance quite unlike that of Blériot in the famous machine that crossed the channel. The bird-like shape is less pronounced in this later design.

freight or fuel, should not be made perfectly safe from collapse while in the air. The steel ribbons used on the Blériot monoplane form an exceedingly efficient stay and besides being very strong for their section, they offer slight resistance to the air, and the ingenious connections develop almost the full strength of the cross section. The acute angles at which these stays are necessarily attached to the wings give rise to severe strain upon them, but this method of staying enables the main spars to be comparatively light.

Increasing attention is paid now by designers and inventors to the connections which play such an important part in the assemblage of the wings, chassis and fuselage.

"As no chain is stronger than its weakest link, the result of a bad connection is to impair the strength of the members that are united. A hole bored through a spar for the purpose of attaching a guy wire may be a source of weakness, and the strength of the members is measured only by the material left round the hole. For this reason the minor connections are of supreme importance, and more than one bad accident has happened through fracture at the joints. The method of binding the attachment for the guy wires has much to recommend it, and in this respect aeroplane constructors can borrow useful ideas from the sailor. Aluminium

and pressed steel sockets of all shapes and sizes assist the constructor in making connections, but so far as weight relative to strength is concerned there is no advantage in the former, and, with the possible exception of certain parts of the motor and brackets for supporting the fuel and oil tanks, the use of aluminium is a fancy rather than an advantage and may soon be discarded altogether. The fuselage of ash or hickory braced with piano wire, and in some cases covered with woven fabric, which is alleged to diminish air resistance, has now become the most approved method of construction. The pliancy of such a framework is nothing short of astonishing, combining as it does great strength and extreme lightness. No system of steel tubing with welded joints can compare with it for suppleness, while bamboo, though possessing pliability and toughness, has the disadvantage that joints cannot be made with it so neatly as with wooden strips cut to fit."

It is not surprising that one of the most desirable fields for the inventor and patentee should be the chassis of the aeroplane, for it is required to perform its function at the most crucial times of flight—starting and landing:

"It has to bear the entire weight of the machine jolting over rough ground on the preliminary run, and has not only to withstand the rough usage of perhaps an enforced landing on rough ground, but has to support mechanism for performing the function of a brake on a road vehicle or railway train. An enormous amount of energy has to be absorbed at the moment when the machine, descending perhaps at a gradient of one in three or four, strikes the earth at a speed which is never much less than 30 miles an hour; and moreover, the weight has to be pared down to a *minimum*, for the details of the chassis are dead weight, and contribute nothing to the working of the machine when in flight. The most frequent of the minor accidents, especially in cross-country flying, are connected with the chassis. The buckling of a wheel, or the straining and fracturing of the framework that carries this terrestrial attachment when alighting, are so common as often to prevent the aviator from resuming his journey when otherwise his machine would be ready to take the air. To enable the machine to run over rough ground each wheel has to be independent in the sense that it can rise over an obstacle without tilting the machine to the danger of the wing tips. Blériot and others have adopted a castor-like arrangement, so that the planes of the wheels follow the course of the machine and thus avoid the inevitable crumpling which would result from a side strain. The combination of two wheels close together on a rigid axle, as used on the Farman and Avis biplane, possesses the merit of distributing the shock over two wheels; the attachment of the axle at the center of the chassis is flexible, and one cannot but be struck by the

effective way in which this chassis travels over rough ground while the machine glides forward on an even keel until it gracefully rises and puts the wheels out of action. As for the relative value of rubber thongs and buffers and helical steel springs for absorbing the energy in alighting, there is no conclusive evidence to be drawn from experience. There is but little saving in weight by the use of rubber, which moreover is open to the objection that it is difficult to make a sound connection, though to some extent this has been overcome by the use of rubber rings stretched over pins, side motion being prevented by guides."

Summing up, our expert authority is inclined to believe that the great inventions of the twentieth century will have to do with the aeroplane. For its future is a mere matter of invention relative to detail. The grand general principle has been worked out and made clear. The genius who devises the practical means of making the principle workable will win not only an immortality like that of the inventor of the cotton gin or of the sewing machine, but a fortune as great as has been made out of the reaper or the telephone.

Moisant, we read in the *Scientific American*, is convinced from his experience in the air that the greatest improvement of the future will come in the direction of increased speed, high speed being a better preserver of equilibrium than flexible wing tips, shifting weights, or even the gyroscope. Increased speed will be gained in the two directions of reducing head resistance and increasing engine power. He has been doing some practical work in the former direction in France where, last autumn, he built an aeroplane entirely of metal, with which he claims to have made in two trial flights a higher speed than he could get out of his wood-and-fabric Blériot monoplane of the same horse-power. This machine appears to have been built along the same general lines as those suggested for the racing monoplane. On one of the trial flights with this machine Moisant fell from a height of 90 feet. He assures us that his metal machine received only a fraction of the damage which would have resulted from a similar fall in his Blériot monoplane. "We had not exchanged a dozen words with John B. Moisant before it seemed natural that, on his fourth flight through the air, he should have struck out from Paris to London over a stretch of country which he had never previously traversed, even upon the land. His dynamic personality made it natural for him to say, 'Flying is an easy matter.'"

A BRITISH POSTAL EXPERT ON THE UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE

ON ITS practical side and regarded as an instrumentality for the distribution of mail matter, the United States postal service seems to that well-known foreign expert Major W. A. J. O'Meara—a high official in the British Post Office and a trained postal expert of long experience—to be the very best in the world. Altho the postal problem in the United States is far more complex than it is in any country of western Europe, Major O'Meara is of opinion that the task of distributing the mail matter of a population of ninety million people is achieved brilliantly and economically. The civilized nations of the world are all indebted to the United States Post Office for introducing devices of a mechanical kind which have been imitated successfully elsewhere. The large post offices at New York, Philadelphia and Chicago inspire great enthusiasm in the British expert, who pronounces them object lessons in the technic of mail-handling. Major O'Meara traveled through this country for the purpose of inspecting the post offices here with a view to ascertaining what ideas if any could

be picked up for adoption in his own country. He has returned to Great Britain full of enthusiasm on the subject of the United States Post Office Department. The machinery and the devices installed here have been referred to by him at some length in *The Post Office Electrical Engineers' Journal* (London). To quote from that publication:

"In view of the fact that American labor is so scarce and costly there seems to be a wide field for the employment of machinery in the postal establishments of that country, and certainly a very good start has been made in the extensive equipment provided in the Chicago post office. In that building proof is given of the many directions in which the engineer can be of as great assistance in solving problems in connection with the transport of mails over short distances as he has proved himself to be in solving difficult questions (some of great magnitude) relating to the haulage of live and dead freight in all parts of the world.

"In the basement of the Chicago post office there were two band conveyors placed at right angles to one another, by means of which full mail bags were transferred from shoots to a lift.



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A PNEUMATIC TUBE WITH MAIL MATTER IN TRANSIT

This scene from a photograph taken in the post office at New York illustrates wherein the American mails are handled with a celerity unknown abroad—at least such is the impression of a British expert in postal matters.

The bags were falling rapidly on the first of these traveling bands, and were therefore lying closely together; by the simple device of causing the second band to travel at a considerably greater velocity than the first one a sufficient distance was obtained between the bags to obviate jamming at the lift. The bags were raised vertically to the sorting-room, where they were delivered upon a platform. Probably nowhere in the world will there be found a sorting-room so completely equipped with conveying apparatus as the one in Chicago. To the walls of this room girders have been fixed along which a chain is caused to travel, having attached to it at regular intervals trucks carrying hooks and a control device. Adjustable inclined planes have been fastened to the girders at the loading positions, which can be raised so as to come to rest at definite and numbered positions on a graduated arc. Each of the numbers on the arc correspond to a 'station' in the sorting-room, so that when it is desired to transfer a mail-bag from one station to another, it is only necessary for the attendant to set the inclined plane at the number for which a bag may be destined and to suspend the bag from one of the hooks which may be approaching the set plane. Here the control device is operated and the release trigger set, so that as soon as the bag arrives at its destination the hook is automatically tripped and the bag is instantly released. This arrangement has the great advantage that it does not permanently occupy the floor space and another point in its favor is that the to-and-fro movements of the staff are reduced to an absolute minimum.

"Over the whole length of the facing tables light angle-iron structures have been provided, carrying large fixed troughs with movable flap bottoms. The troughs are divided transversely into a number of sections, and the flap bottom of each section can be released separately by means of levers when desired. Two tiers of iron tracks are fastened over the fixed troughs to the angle-iron structures, and at intervals pulleys are attached to the latter as guides for endless ropes. Wheeled trucks, which are divided into three compartments, can travel by means of these endless ropes along the iron tracks from one end of the facing tables to the other and back. Each compartment of the trucks is provided with movable flap bottoms, which can be released by means of adjustable triggers."

Speed is one of the requisites of the United States post office service that is never lost sight of. The American public is the most critical in the world in regard to postal matters, suspects our British authority, who marveled at the ease with which the government in Washington met all demands upon it for the quick distribution of letters and packages. However, when Major O'Meara saw the inventions and devices adopted in the large

offices throughout the United States, he felt less surprised. It is impossible to visit any large post office in America, he thinks, without being impressed by the evidence on every hand of official ingenuity. The post office has given every encouragement to inventors in and out of the service, altho in the rush of persons with ideas on the subject it is inevitable that some really valuable suggestion may be overlooked temporarily. Nevertheless, the machinery now existing and in operation is not surpassed, our authority declares, by that of any post office department in the world. A very striking instance is afforded by the use of pneumatic tubes:

"With regard to pneumatic tubes the first experimental installation, about half a mile in length, was laid in Philadelphia during 1893, whereas now some seventy miles of tubes are in service in the United States. In addition to Philadelphia, pneumatic tubes for mail service have been provided in New York, Boston, Brooklyn, Chicago, and St. Louis. The greater part of the systems provided in these cities consist of tubes having an internal diameter of eight inches, but in a few cases ten-inch and six-inch tubes have been installed. The carriers are propelled at constant velocity under varying pressures. Both air compressors and rotary blowers are in use, driven either by steam or electricity. Fifty-two motors of different sizes have already been provided, the units varying from 12.75 horse-power to 105 horse-power. The pneumatic tubes are the property of contracting companies, who provide the service to the postal department on the basis of a fixed annual mileage charge; the price paid for the service by the United States Postal Department has been at the rate of approximately £3,500 per annum per mile of tube in operation, at which price the cost per piece actually transmitted by the tube is computed to be less than one-twentieth of a penny. The contract provides for a speed of transmission of thirty miles per hour between any two postal stations. One of the advantages of pneumatic tubes is that in large cities local letters can be forwarded to the office of delivery in a continuous stream, and thus the interval between the posting of individual letters and their delivery can be greatly reduced."

A population alert and intelligent like that of the United States is far more difficult to serve in the postal field than is the population of a backward land where illiteracy is the rule; but in giving his net impression, the British postal expert remarks that, granting the basis for criticism in points of detail, the United States possesses a postal service that is a model of efficiency.

THE INVESTIGATION OF UNFELT EARTH-WAVES

EVER since sensitive earthquake instruments have been built, observes London *Nature*, it has been found that outside of earthquakes, which show characteristics in their records peculiar to themselves, there are other disturbances recorded. These are disturbances that record themselves by their continuity extending over hours, days and even weeks. They appear as small pulsations, the undisturbed line traced by the clock work machinery on the roll of an earthquake recording instrument being broken up into a finely serrated line, so that instead of being a straight line it looks like the edge of a fret-saw. The amplitude of the saw's teeth may gradually increase to the thirtieth part of an inch or even more and disappear again.

In general, the small vibrations thus recorded on the instruments are more prevalent during the winter than the summer and the name given to them is microseisms. The question naturally arises, according to our expert contemporary: What produces these vibrations? Are they due to a constant stress on the earth's crust which from time to time may be relieved by a sharper earthquake, a rupture along some line of geological weakness; or are they produced by changes in the weight and disposition of the earth's atmosphere? A report presented by Dr. Otto Klotz to the International Seismological Association leans to the belief that they are produced by changing barometric conditions. Such conditions as he indicates are not those due to differences in temperature or the temporary differences produced by the passage of transient cyclonic areas, but rather to the disposition of what have been called the permanent cyclonic or anticyclonic areas. Such areas usually exist over extended areas of the ocean. The "microseisms" produced by the creation or alteration of these areas represent vibrations in vast blocks of the earth's crust, covering tens of thousands of square miles. The nature of the vibrations produced is possibly dependent on or is modified by marked geological configuration and depth. Microseisms are hardly influenced at all by the passage of anticyclones; and once these vibratory movements have been set up they may continue for some time after the immediate cause of them has passed. However, the subject is altogether new and it would not do to base conclusions upon the data thus far accumulated, a fact

made very apparent from the remarks of the well-known student of seismology, Charles Davison, in a recent work:

"The first intimation of the coming of a great earthquake is a deep rumbling sound, resembling that of distant thunder or of an express train rushing through a tunnel. After a second or two a weak tremor is felt. Rapidly both sound and tremor increase in strength; the sound becomes rougher and more grating, and is interspersed with deep booming crashes louder than any thunder; the tremor merges into sharp vibrations or jerks, coming apparently from many different directions. Sometimes the movement seems to pause, or rather to lessen in strength, only to be succeeded by oscillations of as great or still greater violence. The period of intense movement may last for one or two minutes; and then gradually, but perhaps intermittently, the disturbance dies away.

"The vibrations that are felt and heard by human beings are only part, however, of those which are present during an earthquake. The existence of others may be manifested by such simple means as the trembling of the water-surface in a tumbler, or by the oscillations of a surveyor's level; the movement in the one case being too small in amplitude, and in the other too slow in period, to be perceptible to the unaided senses. So incessant are some of these tremors that observations with delicate instruments may be impeded. In determining the density of the earth at Birmingham, Prof. Poynting found it necessary to support his balance on solid cubes of india-rubber. The experiments of the Darwins at Cambridge and of Rebeur-Paschwitz at Potsdam on the lunar disturbance of gravity were frustrated by continual displacements of their pendulums comparable in magnitude with those which they sought to measure. At times, for days together, generally in the winter season, horizontal pendulums show that the ground is being traversed by a continued series of pulsations, each lasting about five or ten seconds. Dr. Knott mentions several causes to which they may be due. High winds blowing on distant mountains are probably a fruitful source of such disturbances; but the passage of cyclonic depressions, variations in the barometric gradient, even the breaking of sea-waves on a neighboring coast, may also be co-operating factors."

The investigations of unfelt earth-waves, adds this competent authority, tho they are the outcome of only a few years' work, have already yielded results of considerable interest; but it is their bearing on the nature of the earth's interior that gives them their chief significance.

THE MATHEMATICS OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE SEXES

ONE of the most subtle and interesting problems of life, according to the eminent statistician and student of heredity Professor R. J. Ewart, is the numerical relationship of sex and its influence upon the body politic. The women's rights movement is in essence a mathematical and statistical problem, according to him. There is not a general advance of woman, as some sociologists assert. There is a sudden manifestation of her power, a period of supremacy and then a decline of her status. The explanation is statistical mainly. True, it has always been something of a puzzle why the proportion of each kind, apparently with little or no underlying reason, is produced in the right numbers. The argument that if such were not the case the particular species would not survive does not reveal to us the methods by which this object has been achieved. That some mechanism must exist by means of which, within certain limits, the number of males and females born is regulated, is proved by the facts of history, where we have numerous examples of wars and other social upheavals where males have largely suffered, and yet within an apparently short period of time, as measured by such events, a balance has again been established. The sex equilibrium may be compared with that of a gyroscope, where the greater the disturbance of position the greater is the force tending to re-establish its natural stand while in motion. To quote from London *Nature*, in which these details are given:

"Nature in her methods never does anything exactly, but approaches an object by establishing lateral control, which guides her on her way, should any deviation occur. Thus she does not proceed along a straight line, but is continually oscillating to either side. Her progress may very well be likened to that of an inebriated person in search of his dwelling. All that can be said is that he has a tendency homewards.

"The facts regulating sex must be something of the same type, and are such that the greater the oscillation in any one direction the greater must be the restraining force invoked to curb or neutralize the movement. All such movements have an inertia, and consequently, like a pendulum, pass the middle line and establish a negative phase. The history of any race in its sex composition would show us that such oscillations have occurred throughout time, modified, no doubt, in their regular sequence by such fac-

tors as wars and famine. These oscillations of sex balance have brought with them certain changes and movements in the people themselves; an excess of males would naturally tend to produce war, either civil or foreign, whilst a superfluity of females is easily associated with upheavals in the domestic polity of the community. There is no doubt that, could we trace the history of the world, or any section of it, we should see that man simply reacts to certain variations which are inevitable sequences in the establishment of this balance. Are there at present any indications of the methods upon which, or factors by which, this state is maintained? As is usually found, 'truth is simple,' and so the workings of nature, when once discovered, are easily understood. The sex constitution of our population, upon which such mighty issues depend, appears to obtain its regulating force from a very simple factor, and apparently is correlated with age only."

At the present time the sex balance is as follows: At birth the ratio of males to females is about 1,030 to 1,000. At the fifth year, owing to deaths amongst the males, the balance is equal. From the fifth to the fifteenth year the mortality amongst the females is slightly higher than amongst the males, but from that time forward the females slightly and relatively increase. In some cases and at certain eras the preponderance of females tends to be decided after a certain age. If we take the male as a few years older than the female for the purpose of mating, then the balance is disturbed further still. The result of this is to produce in a community a section of women who cannot possibly perform that function for which they were fashioned physiologically. Their energies are naturally directed into other spheres, as evidence of which we see the revival of the movement for political recognition and even for a fundamental modification of the attitude of society towards sex relationships. The agitation is no new one even if we go back very considerably in the historical period and apparently is dependent for its strength and intensity on the position of the sex pendulum. If the present female oscillation has not yet reached its zenith, the agitation will continue. If the reverse is happening, as there is reason to believe to be the case, then the present movement, after certain bursts of rejuvenescence, should slowly subside, to be again revived at some future epoch in the history of the world.

The following table gives the relationship of the age of the mother to the sex of the child as established by a statistical investigation in northern European climates:

	Total number of births		Males born per 1000 females
	Males	Females	
All births up to 19th year..	29	44	659
" " 24th "	226	264	856
" " 29th "	437	455	960
" " 34th "	617	617	1000
" " 39th "	720	715	1007
All births	772	750	1030

If taken between the stated ages, the figures are as follows:

	Total number in each period		Males born per 1000 females in each period
	Males	Females	
Up to 19th year.....	29	44	659
From 20th to 24th year inclusive	197	220	895
From 25th to 29th year inclusive	211	191	1105
From 30th to 34th year inclusive	180	162	1111
34th year and over.....	155	133	1165

It is seen that, as a matter of fact, the tendency to produce females over males is present in young mothers. At more mature ages there is an excess of males:

"We can easily see how a self-regulating balance is established, depending upon this fact. In a state of society in which females are scarce they naturally, owing to demand, mate early in life, and tend thereby to reproduce an excess of their own kind (females), thus neutralizing the state which recently existed. On the other hand, should the males be in the minority, the females will mate at more mature ages, at any rate at ages of twenty-five and above as is at present, in which circumstance an excess of males is produced. We see, therefore, that the natural tendency at the present time is to neutralize the female excess. We may possibly look upon ourselves at the present moment as being at the zenith of a female oscillation, and as time progresses, helped probably by a saving of infantile life, a more numerical equality of sex will be established."

There have been so many instances in history which verify these assertions that they scarcely seem to our expert to warrant citations in support of them.

IMPOSSIBILITY OF THE TRANSMISSION OF LIFE FROM WORLD TO WORLD

BY PROVING that the ultra-violet ray destroys the spores of organic life, the eminent French physicist Becquerel—son of a famed physicist and grandson of yet another great scientist—has just exploded, "for all time," as the *Paris Cosmos* puts it, the theory that life was brought to this planet of ours from one of the other planets. It was as far back as 1871, to quote the words of our Paris contemporary, that Sir William Thompson advanced his celebrated hypothesis that life may in the first instance have reached the globe from meteoric sources.

The argument is perfectly simple and susceptible of the briefest statement. From the atmosphere of planets the pressure of light would carry off microscopic germs into interstellar space. There they wander until some of them may meet with other worlds, which in this way would receive the germs of life. Now it is known that if bacteria and humid spores are placed an inch or two from the quartz mercury lamp they are killed in a few seconds. What, then, would be the effect on microscopic germ life if exposed to the ultra-violet rays emitted by the stars? This was

the question which had to be answered one way or the other before a theory of the origin of life on this planet, fundamental in all discussion about science to-day, could be disposed of. The brilliant Becquerel undertook the investigation, first selecting spores and bacteria which tests had established as the most difficult to kill.

To reproduce the conditions as far as possible, they were sealed in vacuum tubes and plunged in liquid air. The first series of tests proved fatal to most of the spores. The survivors were then exposed to the ultra-violet rays for a period of six hours. To this experience they one and all succumbed. It was known that the conditions of dryness and extreme cold were favorable to the life of the spores. But their weak point has now been discovered and M. Becquerel concludes that the destroying action of the rays must be taken as universal. Interplanetary space being rich in the ultra-violet rays, it will be seen, observes our scientific contemporary, that Lord Kelvin's famous hypothesis seems to have received a shock from which it is possible it may not recover.

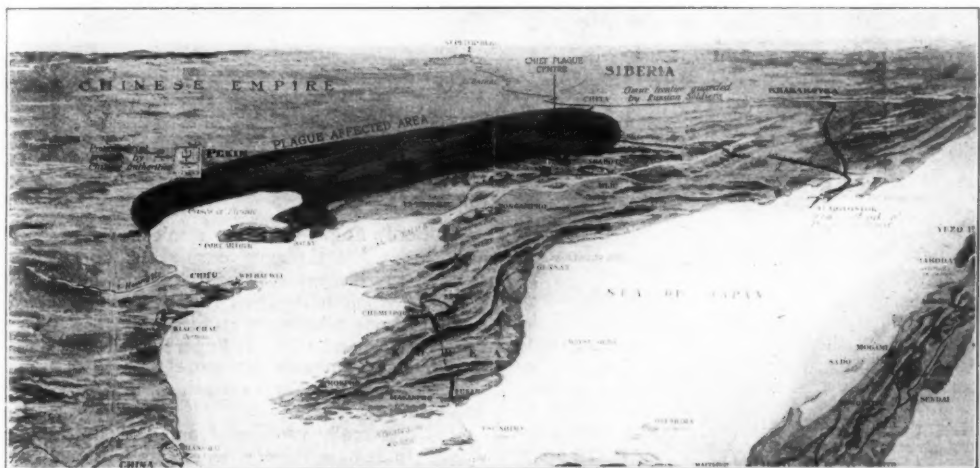
THE PLAGUE PANIC

DEFINITE announcement that the plague had invaded England was made last month in the *London Times*. The malady asserted itself among the rats in East Anglia and for a time seemed to be spreading itself rapidly over a wide area. Thus a dead rat infected with the bacillus of the disease was found a dozen miles from where the outbreak first asserted itself. In India the particular kind of flea which chiefly carries plague infection from rat to rat is called by the scientific name of *pulix cheopis*. That species seems to be infrequent in England and the United States, altho specimens have, we read in *London Nature*, been found on rats here and in Great Britain. For the time being the attention of experts is directed to ascertaining what other variety of rat parasite is the principal host of the plague bacillus. The *London Times* prints a communication from one authority to the effect that rabbits in all countries harbor a flea that conveys the bacillus of plague, but this has not been finally established. It is rather difficult to separate the subjects of plague and rats in the popular mind, observes *The British Medical Journal*. "The two have been rendered obscure by a kind of confusion due to the rat panic interjected into the plague panic." There is still some doubt whether the rat and the plague are invariably associated.

Some doubt exists as to whether the flea preying upon the black rat conveys the bacillus to man. But first of all we have to find out what is meant by the term plague.

Plague is in reality an acute infective disease, "an infectious fever," to quote the well-known writer on the subject, Doctor R. T. Hewlett, whose paper appears in *London Nature*. The symptoms in man develop within a few days of infection, according to this authority, whose conclusions and impressions differ somewhat from those of others. The signs of the presence of the malady include fever, headache, giddiness, weakness, with staggering gait, great prostration and delirium. In three fourths of the cases, the lymphatic glands in the groin, armpit and other regions are inflamed, infiltrated and much enlarged, constituting the "buboes." Hence the name "bubonic" plague. In the remaining cases the lungs may be primarily attacked—the "pneumatic" form—or a severe blood infection may develop—the "septicaemic" variety. In both of these buboes are absent or are a late development if the patient lives. Occasionally an eruption of postules or carbuncles appears on the skin. Further:

"The bubonic form is hardly infectious or even contagious, but the pneumonic variety is highly infectious, owing to the presence of large numbers of the infective agent, the plague bacillus, in



From the *London Sphere*

THE PRESENT OUTBREAK OF PNEUMONIC PLAGUE IN THE FAR EAST

The plague has already entered Russian Siberia, and several cases have occurred in Blagovestchensk, north of Harbin. Plunder and plague go hand in hand. In every afflicted city bands of workless coolies assemble and rob towns, and there are fears of a meat famine. The migration of Chinese into the Amur region is forbidden. China has already expended \$1,000,000 on relief and precautionary measures.

the expectoration from which it is readily disseminated in the air. In some instances the patients do not appear particularly ill, and are able to go about, though such cases are liable to sudden death from heart failure.

"The micro-organism of plague was discovered independently by Kitasato and by Yersin in 1894. It is a stumpy, rod-shaped organism or 'bacillus,' having rounded ends, and measuring as a rule about 1/8000 inch in length, and 1/16000 inch in breadth, but longer forms occur. In smears made at an early stage of the disease from the buboes, expectoration or blood respectively in the three varieties, the bacillus is present in enormous numbers, and if the films are stained with an aniline dye, such as fuchsia, it tends to stain deeply at the ends ('polar staining'), the center being hardly stained at all; this is a very characteristic appearance. In older lesions peculiar, large, rounded or ovoid 'involution' forms of the bacillus are met with. The organism can be readily cultivated in various media in the laboratory; it is non-motile, and does not spore, and is readily destroyed by heat (60° to 65° C. for ten to fifteen minutes), and by disinfectants. The plague bacillus is pathogenic for a number of animals, in addition to man—the rat, mouse, guinea-pig, rabbit, hare, ferret, cat, monkey, &c. In the United States the ground squirrels are attacked."

The agent by which the disease has been so widely disseminated is the rat, adds Doctor Hewlett. Infection from man to man is almost negligible, the rat fleas being the intermediary between rat and man and mechanically carrying the infection—the plague bacillus—from rat to rat and from rat to man. For combating the spread of plague the extermination of rats is therefore the first step to undertake. How this is to be done in the less civilized portions of the earth is a problem which that British student of the subject, Sir Ray Lankester, is tempted to give up in despair. He is of opinion that the so-called Cheops flea is the regular and established carrier of the plague bacillus in Asia and the Mediterranean. He writes in the *London Telegraph*:

"Other fleas will serve as the go-between of the rat (in which the disease called plague is really native) and man—should they be (as, for instance, are a certain Australian flea and another North American flea) "wandering" fleas ready to infest plague-stricken rats and healthy human beings, and to pass from one to the other. Happily, our own little human flea (*pulex irritans*) is more or less of a stay-at-home (though he is fond of the badger), and so is the big flea of North European rats. Bugs and lice, as also large blood-sucking flies, seem to carry in certain cases merely

the microbe which they happen to come across. But there are other more remarkable and definite arrangements between some of these insects and certain very deadly microbes, by which it is provided that a definite species of microbe is sucked up from a diseased animal or man by a definite species of insect, and in the digestive tract of that species of insect only will that microbe live, and not only thrive, but undergo therein a most peculiar second phase of existence, changing its shape and appearance and multiplying itself. In this second phase the microbes may (but this has only been seen in a very few kinds) become male and female and fuse with one another, just as the egg-cells and sperm-cells of higher animals fuse with one another. Then the fertilized female microbe breaks up into thousands of minute young, which effectually spread their kind when they pass out of the insect into the stab or pin-hole wound which it makes in a new victim, a man or large warm-blooded animal. These carriers are distinguished from mere casual carriers as 'host-carriers,' because they serve not merely as temporary transporting agents, but as homes or second hosts in which the parasite nourishes itself, grows, and multiplies."

Plague is still in some respects the most elusive and inexplicable of diseases, according to *The British Medical Journal*. "Why it should remain comparatively dormant for centuries and suddenly spread far and wide again, no one has attempted to explain." The present "pandemic" may be dated from 1894, when plague reached Canton and Hong Kong. Since then it has effected lodgments in fifty-one countries. It has devastated India and is now taking its heaviest toll in Manchuria. Its failure to establish itself in many lands is reassuring, but should not, our contemporary adds, convey a false sense of security. Plague was present in Manchuria ten years ago. It has never "struck hard" until this month. Possibly the reports within the next few weeks will indicate an amelioration—and perhaps not.

"Not only England, but the whole world, gradually forgot about plague during the nineteenth century. It disappeared from England and also from the whole of western Europe (with the exception of one subsequent outbreak at Marseilles) between 1666 and 1681. It lingered in Russia and the Balkan Peninsula for more than a century afterwards, but finally vanished from Constantinople in 1841.

"It never really vanished from Asia, but withdrew into remote regions, where its existence in an endemic form was either unknown or disregarded. It lurked in the Himalaya, in the mountains south of Mecca, in the swamps of Mesopotamia, in the uplands of Yunnan, and probably in parts of Turkestan and the Caucasus."

Religion and Ethics

ELLEN KEY'S STARTLING VIEWS ON LOVE AND MARRIAGE

FROM Berlin issues the voice of Ellen Key, a voice at once very radical and very pure. This gifted woman, whom Havelock Ellis has lately pronounced "one of the chief moral forces of our time," was born in Sweden. For twenty years she occupied the Chair of History of Civilization in Sweden at the Popular University of Stockholm. She has written and lectured constantly on social questions, and her best known books, including "The Century of the Child," have been translated into several European tongues. The first two volumes of her most extensive work, "Lines of Life," have just appeared for the first time in English in a book entitled "Love and Marriage."*

Ellen Key frankly regards the marriage institution as in a state of flux, and she seems to sum up in her book every phase of the marital unrest now abroad in the world. We are compelled to choose, she declares, between the idea of monogamous marriage, as divinely ordained, and the idea of marriage as an expression of the claims of human life. She herself accepts the latter alternative. "With ever-growing seriousness," she says, "the new conception of morality is affirmed: that the race does not exist for the sake of monogamy, but monogamy for the sake of the race; that mankind is therefore master of monogamy, to preserve or to abolish it." Ellen Key does not propose to abolish monogamy, but she favors changes in the marriage code so radical that, if indorsed by the conscience of mankind, they would change the whole face of society.

The main argument of "Love and Marriage" is a direct challenge to the Puritanism of the day. Ellen Key regards the sex-instinct as a good rather than as a dangerous force. She finds fault with Christianity for emphasizing the spirit at the expense of the flesh, and charges it with having failed to reconcile the legitimate cravings of the soul and the senses. Three current assumptions she attacks with vigor: first, that chastity is in itself necessarily a virtue; secondly, that

fidelity is the last word in marriage ethics; and, thirdly, that everything which separates a person from the partner in matrimony is evil and ought to be overcome. She pleads, above all, for the rights of love and of what she calls "life enhancement" for one's self and one's children. She gives her definition of the meaning of life and of happiness in these words: "As true as that all life is a development of force, so it is that happiness is an ever more complete use of one's powers, ever richer in promise for the future, in the direction of their greatest aptitude."

Any attempt to separate morality from sensuousness, Ellen Key affirms at the outset, will not accelerate development, but only retard it. "No obstructing of appetites, but only their release in other directions, can really purify them. Passions can be curbed only by means of stronger passions. In the same appetite and the same passion in which the danger lies, in the instinct of love itself, we have the true starting-point for its ennobling." With ascetic demands for purity, such as those propounded by Tolstoy, Ellen Key has no sympathy. To refer the young to abstinence as the true solution of the marriage problem is, she feels, "a crime against the young and against the race, a crime which makes the primitive force of nature, the fire of life, into a destructive element."

The ideal of unconditional fidelity in the marriage union is, to Ellen Key, almost as delusive as that of asceticism. "The desire of fidelity," she thinks, "can not, must not, and ought not to imply more than the will to be true to the deepest moods of one's own personality." In this connection she writes further:

"In other spheres than that of love, people admit this freely. Nobody considers it an unquestionable duty for a young man to find at once the view of life or the career in which he can continue for the rest of his life. What young people are rightly warned against is the wandering without method among different opinions or undertakings; for only that belief or that work which one seriously tries to live by and live for can really employ the powers of the personality and thus show its efficacy in enhancing them.

* LOVE AND MARRIAGE. By Ellen Key. Translated from the Swedish by Arthur G. Chater. With an introduction by Havelock Ellis. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Lifelong tenacity was demanded in those days when it was assumed that a single doctrine, a single set of circumstances, was entirely adequate for personal development for a whole lifetime. The crime of deviation was then logically punished by excommunication or by fines. But the profounder view which we have acquired in the matters of belief and occupation must also be extended to the third. We ought to perceive that unconditional fidelity to one person may be just as disastrous to the personality as unconditional continuance in a faith or an employment."

It is perfectly natural that love's longing for eternity should prompt lovers to vows of eternal fidelity; but is there not something almost Satanic, asks Ellen Key, in the motive that makes us seize upon this promise and base thereon a legal institution?

"Nothing is commoner, especially for the woman whose first experience of love is in marriage, than that she is in love with love and not her husband. Sometimes woman is betrayed by her senses, but more often by the morning dew of sensibility, which youth and love spread over even the driest of men's souls,—a dew which disappears with the morning.

"In other cases again, the husband is all she sees in him. But a young woman herself often goes through, during the years from twenty to twenty-five, so complete a transformation of feelings and ways of thought that after a few years of marriage she finds herself in the presence of a man who is a perfect stranger to her."

All this leads on to the argument that monogamy has become something of a fetish in our day, and that no simple formula, such as that decreeing the lifelong union of one man and one woman, can possibly cover the complex expressions of human love. What we need to learn, in Ellen Key's judgment, is that love has its own laws, and that marriage institutions thus far are but a faint approximation of them. When people have acquired more knowledge of psychology, she remarks, they will discover, with Edward Carpenter, that there is an astronomy in the world of emotion; that interdependence arises there also, in obedience to eternal laws—sympathies and antipathies which keep all the "heavenly bodies" at the right distance of proximity; that thus the path of love is as irresistibly guided as the orbit of a star, and is equally impossible to determine by any influences outside its own laws. "And without doubt," she says, "there will some day be discovered a telescope for this field also, which will at last reveal to the short-sighted the fixed stars, planets, nebulae and comets of erotic space, and will prove

that its constellations are ordered by a higher law than that of crude instinct." She continues:

"Great love, like a great artist, has its style. Whatever subject the latter may handle, whatever medium he may use, he gives to the canvas or the marble, the paper or the metal, the impress of his hand, and this reveals itself in the smallest thing he has created. So in every age and every country, every class and every time of life, great love is one and the same; its signs are unmistakable, tho the fortune it leads to and the individuals on whom it sets its mark may in one case be more important than in another.

"But this mighty emotion—which arouses one's whole being through another's and gives one's whole being rest in another's—this emotion seizes a man without asking whether he is bound or free. He who feels strongly and wholly enough need never wonder what it is he feels: it is the feeble emotion that is doubtful of itself. Nor does he who feels strongly enough ever ask himself whether he has a right to his feeling. He is so exalted by his love, that he knows he is thus exalting the life of mankind. It is the minor, partial passions that a person already bound feels with good reason to be 'criminal.' For him, on the other hand, who would call his great emotion a sinful infatuation, a shameless egoism, a bestial instinct, one who loves thus has nothing but a smile of pity. He knows that he would commit a sin in killing his love, just as he would in murdering his child. He knows that his love has once more made him good as in his childhood's prayers to God, and rich as one for whom the gates of paradise are opened anew."

If this argument seems to open the door to license, Ellen Key replies: "No great step in human progress has ever been made without incurring dangers of some kind." Ellen Key believes in humanity. She believes in the permanence and growth of moral feeling. Human nature, she avers, is credited with far too much simplicity and elasticity when we take it for granted that one experiment in life would succeed another if divorce were free. "To the serious, divorce will always be serious." She contends that the better sort of men and women in all classes already recognize that "every action which is less than ourselves degrades our personality," and that "to drift into relations where one has not the hundredth part of the consent of one's innermost ego, is not proving, but wasting one's personality." She commends the adage, "By its fruits love is known," and she thinks that public opinion is unwittingly right when it glorifies the daring of the lover who succeeds, but condemns that which fails.

Apart from the moral sense and, we might add, the common sense, of humanity, there is another all-important factor which operates to keep marriage stable—the question of the children. Ellen Key is very far from being one of those who in discussion of marital problems tend to depreciate or leave out of consideration the children. Her "Century of the Child" speaks for itself, and in "Love and Marriage" she devotes a great deal of space to questions of eugenics and child-culture. She preaches love as "a consciously formative art instead of a blind instinct of procreation." She says: "Freedom for love's selection, under conditions favorable to the race; limitation of the freedom, not of love, but of procreation, when the conditions are unfavorable to the race—this is the line of life. Love, like every other emotion, has its ebb and flow. Thus, even in the greatest souls it is not always at the same height. But the greater the soul that the wave of erotic emotion inundates, the more surely does this wave quiver at its highest with the longing of eternity. The child is the only true answer to this longing." Ellen Key condemns:

- All parentage without love;
- All irresponsible parentage;
- All parentage of immature or degenerate persons;
- All voluntary sterility of married people fitted for the mission of the race; and finally
- All such manifestations of sexual life as involve violence or seduction, and entail unwillingness or incapacity to fulfil the mission of the race.

Ellen Key rejects the idea of State care of children, but she thinks the time is coming when a mother will be able to apply to the State for a subsidy if she needs it. She also thinks that every woman who does domestic work ought to receive a salary. To quote verbatim:

"It is of great importance both in happy and unhappy marriages that the wife should retain control over her property and her earnings; that she should be self-supporting in so far as she can combine this with her duties as a mother, and that she should be maintained by the community during the first year of each child's life. . . .

"A woman ought to be able to claim this subsidy if she can prove:

- "That she is of full legal age;
- "That she has performed her equivalent of military service by undergoing a one year's training in the care of children and in hygiene, and—if possible—in nursing the sick;

"That she will, herself, care for the children or provide other efficient care;

"That she is without sufficient personal means or earnings to provide for her own and half of the children's support, or that she has given up work for the sake of looking after the children."

The question of the fate of children in case of a divorce is faced in the spirit of the following remark: "We must rise to the conditional judgment and leave behind the chessboard morality with its equal squares of right and wrong." Ellen Key thinks that where family dissension is serious and deep-rooted, a separation is better for children as well as for parents. Sometimes, she says, it happens that even exceptional natures have a greater burden than they can bear, and then it is not the living together, but the dying together of their parents that the children witness. She adds: "Neither religion nor the law, neither society nor the family, can decide what a marriage kills in a human being or what it may be the means of saving in him. Only he himself knows the one and feels the other."

The marriage system, Ellen Key says in concluding, came into being when the sovereignty of the individual was scarcely suspected, much less recognized; when souls were bound by the power of society, and when compulsion was society's only means of attaining its ends. Marriage was "the halter with which the racial instinct was tamed," or, in other words, the instinct of nature was ennobled by being brought into unity with social purpose. Now love has deepened, the human personality has been developed, and woman's powers have been liberated. It is time, Ellen Key contends, that the law was modified to meet these changes in the human spirit.

"On account of woman's present independent activity and self-determination outside marriage, the law must provide that the married woman shall retain her freedom of action by giving her full authority over her person and property.

"On account of the individual's dislike of being forced into religious forms that have no meaning for him, the legal form of marriage must be a civil one.

"On account of the individual's desire of personal choice in actions that are personally important, the continuance of marriage—as well as its inception—must depend upon either of the parties and divorce be thus free; and this all the more since the new idea of purity implies that compulsion in this direction is a humiliation.

"These are the claims the people of the present day make upon the form of marriage, if it is to express their personal will and further the growth of their personality."

CONFLICTS BETWEEN THE ORIENTAL CHURCHES AND NEW TURKEY

IN TURKEY the introduction of the constitution and the parliamentary system has brought with it the necessity of a readjustment of the legal relations of the old Christian churches to the State, and this has led to a series of sharp conflicts between the Patriarchs of these churches and the political authorities which promises to continue for years to come. Under the old régime the Turkish government was practically a religious autocracy based on the Sheriat, or Moslem code; and the control of the affairs of the Christian believers could not have been brought under this rule without their conversion to Mohammedanism. For this reason the Turkish Sultan established for non-Turks, such as the Rajahs, special organizations called the Millet, at the head of which stood, in harmony with the spiritual character of the whole Turkish system of government, the Patriarchs, or, in the case of the Jews, the Grand Rabbi. As early as 1453, immediately after the conquest of Constantinople, Mohammed the Conqueror founded the Ecumenical or Greek Patriarchate, which at that time exercised spiritual authority over the Greeks, the Bulgarians, the Servians, the Albanians, the Wallachians, the Ruthenians, the Croats, the Syrians and the Arabians. In 1461, to serve as a counterbalance, the Armenian Patriarchate was established; in 1830 the Catholic Armenians were given their own Patriarch, and similar special organizations were established for the Syrian Christians, Nestorians and Jacobites; and in 1870 the Bulgarians received their Exarch, generally regarded as heretical by the regular Greeks; and then came the Jewish Grand Rabbinate. The rights and privileges of the Patriarchates were confirmed for the last time in February, 1856.

By this arrangement, we learn from the *Chronik der Christlichen Welt* (Tübingen), the different Patriarchs not only controlled church and school, but had also important political and other secular powers, such as the decision in cases of troubles between the Christians of their Millet, the entire jurisdiction in matters pertaining to marriage and to inheritances, and the rights of notary publics in the transfer of property. In return, the Christians were naturally compelled to forego certain privileges enjoyed by the regular Turks.

Through the constitution of 1908 all these matters are now being changed. The Young Turkish party in authority is no longer willing to permit these States within the State, with special privileges and independent jurisdiction in important matters of a political nature. It has decided to restrict the Patriarchs and other heads of religious communions to purely spiritual and ecclesiastical functions. The Christians have now before the law the same political and other privileges as the Mohammedans, and, like the latter, can enter the army or become high government officials. There is now a fair-sized Christian contingent in the Turkish Parliament. The rulers of new Turkey are strongly in favor of centralization, and are trying vigorously to eliminate the special privileges of separate religions and national organizations, insisting that they are a danger to the unity of the Empire.

Quite naturally all this has led to numerous and serious conflicts. It is not easy to give up special privileges enjoyed perhaps for centuries. The first conflict came with the Armenian Patriarch, Turvan, who protested because the Moslems responsible for the massacre of Adana in April, 1909, had been treated too leniently, while Armenians who in self-defense had shot the attacking Turks had been severely punished. Turvan demanded a second trial. When the government refused to grant his request, he resigned. But later, when the government urged him to "resume his spiritual duties," and yielded in part to his demands, he consented to return to his post. In connection with this matter, the Turkish paper, *Sabot*, doubtless voicing the sentiment of the government, said:

"A full and complete application of the constitutional principle must change entirely the relation of the religious communions to the State; the former can henceforth have no special privileges or jurisdiction in worldly matters; their official heads must remain within the limitations of the constitutional principle."

The Turkish Minister of Justice, Nedjmedirix Bey, is making important changes in religious matters, and has frankly declared that the custom of Christians in referring purely secular matters to their Patriarchs is absolutely irreconcilable with the political principles now supreme in Turkey. The religious preroga-

tives of the Patriarchs he does not propose to touch.

That the government's new attitude is not merely theoretical, but is meant to be applied practically and consistently, is shown by the actions of the authorities in dealing with the Greek Ecumenical Patriarch Joachim of Constantinople. When the latter protested against arrangements of the government giving certain churches and schools in Macedonia over to the jurisdiction of the Exarch of the Bulgarians, and even arranged to call a national protest meeting, the authorities promptly stopped the movement by military force and imprisoned for eleven days twenty Greek members of the Turkish Parliament, who had been particularly prominent in the agitation. The Patriarch fought vigorously in every way short of absolute rebellion; but he failed *in toto*, and the government won a complete victory. Within recent weeks the Patriarch has published an announcement that for the present he

will abstain from calling any protest meetings, to which the Minister as promptly replied that in the future any attempt of this kind would be more vigorously handled. The government, however, has shown a conciliatory spirit without sacrificing its principle. It has offered several millions to build churches and schools for the Greek minority in the Macedonian villages and towns, which were compelled to give way to the followers of the Bulgarian Exarch. It promptly released the twenty imprisoned Parliamentary martyrs and promises full religious freedom to all.

Trouble with other religious organizations is expected, and both the Patriarchs and the Grand Rabbi have protested against a proposal to put the schools under State control. Evidently the matter can only end in a complete readjustment of the legal status of the Christian and Jewish religious organizations within the Turkish Empire. The present conflicts are changing the whole face of the Eastern world.

IS A RECONCILIATION POSSIBLE BETWEEN MATERIALISM AND SPIRITUALISM?

FOR ages controversy has been raging in the philosophical and religious worlds over the conflicting theories of materialism and spiritualism. Is matter the primal element in the universe, or is spirit? Who shall say? There have always been plenty of combatants on both sides of this issue.

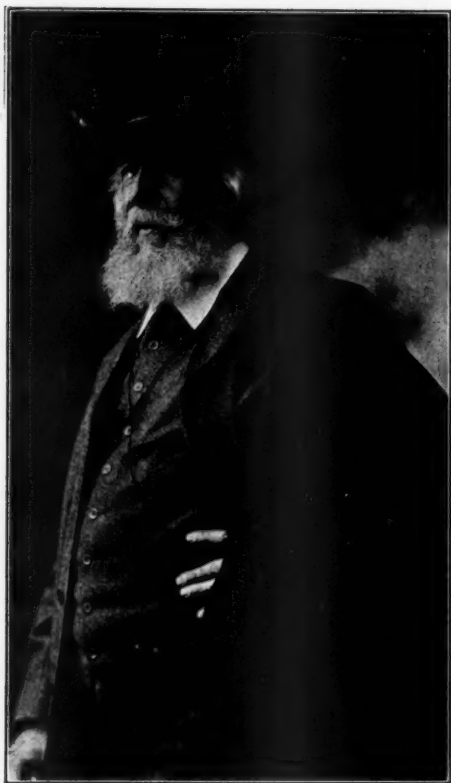
Now comes Ernst Haeckel, the arch-materialist of our day, with the statement: "Materialism is an ambiguous party word; *spiritualism could quite easily be substituted for it.*" This may prove to be one of the epoch-making statements. In the eyes of John Page Hopps, the London Theistic leader, it shows that "matter has gone off into the old home of spirit, and seems to be quite comfortable there." The London *Saturday Review* feels that "we are now on the threshold of a new period of life-studies, a new conflict likewise, between physicist and vitalist theories, and by and by a new reconciliation also."

The words of Haeckel quoted occur in a new edition of his "Scientific Confession of Faith,"* and are in harmony with his announcement that he would "fain establish a bond between religion and science, and thus contribute to the adjustment of the antithesis

so needlessly maintained between these, the two highest spheres in which the mind can exercise itself." He goes on to say he believes that this adjustment can be effected in Monism. By Monism he means the "conviction that there lives 'one spirit in all things,' and that the whole cognizable world is constituted and has been developed in accordance with one common fundamental law." He regards the whole of human knowledge as "a structural unity," and therefore refuses to accept "the distinction usually drawn between the natural and the spiritual." Citing Empedocles and Lucretius, Spinoza and Giordano Bruno, Lamarck and Strauss, he says, agreeing with them, that "the fundamental thought common to them all is ever that of the oneness of the cosmos, of the indissoluble connection between energy and matter, between mind and embodiment, or, as we may also say, between God and the world."

It is an error, Haeckel continues, to say that Monism denies immortality. "Immortality, in a scientific sense, is conservation of substance, therefore the same as conservation of energy as defined by physics, or conservation of matter as defined by chemistry"; and then follows this remarkable passage: "It is just as inconceivable that any of the atoms of

* London: Watts & Company.



Courtesy of *The Truth Seeker*

MATERIALIST OR SPIRITUALIST?

Ernst Haeckel, the champion of Monism, has lately made the significant statement: "Materialism is an ambiguous party word; spiritualism could quite easily be substituted for it."

our brain or of the energies of our spirit should vanish out of the world as that any other particle of matter or energy could do so."

Again and again Haeckel harks back to "God." He seems "almost nervously anxious," Mr. Hopps comments in *The Contemporary Review*, "to get God into his Monism." He is all for His or Its immanence. "Ever more clearly," he says, "are we compelled by reflection to recognize that God is not to be placed over against the material world as an external being, but must be placed as 'a divine power' or 'moving spirit' within the cosmos itself." Of course Haeckel does not believe in a personal God; but he talks like a good modern Theist when he declares: "God is everywhere. As Giordano Bruno has it, 'There is one spirit in all things, and no body is so small that it does not contain a part of

the divine substance whereby it is animated.' Every atom is thus animated, and so is the ether; we might therefore represent God as the infinite sum of all natural forces, the sum of all atomic forces and all ether-vibrations."

Is this definition, asks Mr. Hopps, so very different from the Archbishop of York's late confession of God as "the great all-compassing energy of the universe, realizing Himself in the highest instincts and aspirations of men, and in the lowest origins of life, a greater and grander conception of God, as one dwelling within the world of His making, present in its processes, and realizing His will and purpose through them"? The two statements are almost identical, and, but for the traces of personality and will in the one, it might be substituted for the other. Mr. Hopps goes on to comment: "And, as for those traces of personality and will, can they be avoided if we face the facts? Does it not all at least look as tho a unity of purpose and a decision of will ran through all processes and all things—as tho some intention were at the back, ay! and leading on before?"

Mr. Hopps has all the more hope of Haeckel coming to an understanding with his opponents because of his sincerity and intellectual humility. Discussing the modern theory that the various chemical elements are ultimate products of one single primitive element, Haeckel quotes Crooke's speculation as to a primary matter lying at the foundation of all ponderable matter, and his profound questions: "How is this primary mass related to the cosmic ether? Do these two original substances stand in fundamental and eternal antithesis to one another? Or was it the mobile ether itself, perhaps, that originally engendered the heavy mass?" Haeckel, reciting all this, suddenly becomes very modest, bows his head, and says: "I believe that the solution of these fundamental questions still lies as yet beyond the limits of our knowledge of nature, and that we shall be obliged, for a long time yet to come, to content ourselves with an 'Ignoramus,' if not even with an 'Ignorabimus.'"

This declaration, observes Mr. Hopps, is almost pathetic; and does it not, after all, sound strangely like the old, old cry: "Canst thou by searching find out God?" Taken with his ardent confession of God in the Monist sense, the writer concludes, "this acknowledgment of his ignorance and his limitations brings Ernst Haeckel very near to us. He would probably shake his head, but we ought to know, and we know it is true."

A PROGRAM FOR A NEW REFORMATION IN SWEDEN

ARE the doctrines of Protestantism being outgrown? Is there need of another Reformation to make room for recent developments in the religious field? A significant movement has started within the established Lutheran church of Sweden for the purpose of widening the sphere of its influence and of getting once more in touch with the people. It was initiated by the students at the University of Upsala, one of the fountain-heads of the Reformation in Scandinavia, and its object, in brief, is to bring within the organization of the historic state church all of the religious activities of the country. To accomplish this it is not intended to restrict the religious liberties of the people in any way, but rather, so to speak, to loosen up traditional interpretations of church doctrines. In other words it aims to pursue an inclusive policy, rather than to practise the exclusiveness which has been its custom.

The result of the exclusive policy in the past has been to drive a good many people out of the church. Some have joined other denominations, such as the Methodists, Baptists, and Seventh-Day Adventists. Some have organized in a free church, independent of the state church. The founder of this liberal movement is a Prof. P. P. Waldenström, who has several times visited his Swedish followers in the United States, preaching to large congregations. Each time he has written a book about his American experiences. He was formerly a minister in the state church. Now, in each parish there is sure to be at least one so-called Mission House where his adherents meet for worship, instead of attending the parish church. By more liberal doctrines and animated services they have succeeded in attracting a large percentage, especially of the young people, thereby weakening the state church.

By taking an indifferent or openly hostile attitude towards the Temperance and Socialistic Labor Union movements, the state church has still further lessened its influence over the people.

The "Christian Volunteer Corps" is the name of the student association which has set out to restore the state church to its former prestige. "The Swedish People, God's People" is their motto, and to help in the work the Corps publishes a periodical called "Our Watchword." In its columns Dr. S. A. Fries,

pastor of one of the large Lutheran churches in Stockholm, has formulated the following program for a new Reformation:

1) Thoroughly modern instruction must be introduced into the theological schools, in accordance with the teachings of Schleiermacher and Ritschl. An end must be made to artificial spirituality. A clergy that for forty years has got its mental structure from the theology of Erlangen and Pietism can no longer solve the ecclesiastical problems of the time. Only able, brave, clear-thinking ministers, whose preaching and pastoral activity is based on a thorough theological training, can hope to give back to the church its diminishing authority.

2) The esprit de corps of the clergy must be raised so as to at least equal the internal solidarity of the physicians and the school teachers. Just as doctors never throw suspicion on one another, notwithstanding changing opinions in scientific matters, so ministers should never make each other suspected of doctrinal vagaries, in spite of differences in theological problems. As long as a minister has not been convicted of heresy, his colleagues should not declare his opinions irregular, tho, of course, they may and ought to be scientifically combatted by those who differ.

3) The established state church should enter into a friendly, tho clearly marked, *modus vivendi* with all the Christian organizations recognized and legalized by the state, provided that the state church maintains its leading position. Towards the free church the state church should take a hopeful position, urging its members to recognize the superfluity of their separate organization. There is plenty of room within the state church for whatever is true and proper in their present activity (earnest personal Christianity, works of charity, and lay testimony about Christ). All efforts to control or coerce religious acts which include a personal confession of faith should be abolished. The greatest possible toleration of different tendencies within the church should be cultivated, and freedom of religious instruction on the part of the clergy should be respected. With foreign evangelical churches official relations should be maintained, unless such relations menace the national liberty of the Swedish state church and the liberty to expand. On the other hand a firm, self-conscious attitude

should be preserved towards the Roman Catholic Church, partly in order to prevent Christianity from going backwards in a historical sense, partly in order to keep the Lutheran religion independent of the International Catholic Church, the interests of which do not coincide with the purely national churches and therefore must cause conflicts between church and state.

4) The esthetic side of the cult should be encouraged. Music and singing in the churches should be promoted, general religious art protected, and a taste for sound religious architecture developed.

5) In place of many so-called bible classes lectures on church history ought to be introduced. Special attention should be devoted to the lives and activities of great Christian personalities.

6) The church should be freed from the management of the schools, so that the clergy may have time to continue to care for the youth they have confirmed in religious and nationalistic young people's societies. A friendly co-operation should be kept up be-

tween the educational work of the church and the schools.

7) The religious instruction in the public schools should be planned in a purely historical direction, so that the people may be taught to understand the value of the historic church and consequently may feel themselves a part of its magnificent development.

8) The management of church affairs should be changed so as to give college and school teachers, as well as ministers, the right to vote for bishops. During the intervals between the triennial church conventions the ex-officio delegates should convene for the discussion and disposition of matters that the national government decides to refer to them. The proceedings of these conferences should be published.

9) In the social struggle the church should not take sides with any particular party or class. That, of course, should not prevent it from handling social problems in the light of Christian ethics. The church should only explain and enforce the eternal fundamental laws for all organized society.

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE'S CONCEPTION OF A DIVINE HIERARCHY

THE book of the hour in the religious world is Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace's "World of Life."* Its main contentions are arousing international discussion. Dr. Wallace, who was co-discoverer of the theory of evolution with Charles Darwin and is now eighty-eight years old, has made a confession of faith which shows affinities with that of the late William James. Like the champion of pragmatism, he is something of a pluralist. He believes not in one god, but in many.

Darwin, as appears in the chapter on religion in his "Life and Letters," felt that the universe could not have come into being without an intelligent cause, but thought that the human mind had not powers equal to any adequate conception of that cause. Herbert Spencer admitted the idea of a "universal immanent force" as the cause of material and mental phenomena, and the "unknown reality" which underlies both spirit and matter. Dr. Wallace accepts and enforces these views, but carries them farther. He thinks it possible

to "form some conceptions of the powers at work in Nature which help us to overcome the insuperable difficulty as to the nature of the Infinite and Absolute Creator of all that exists or can exist in infinite space." He says:

"With Professor Haeckel's dislike of the dogmas of theologians and their claims to absolute knowledge of the nature and attributes of the inscrutable mind that is the power within and behind and around nature, many of us have the greatest sympathy; but we have none with his unfounded dogmatism of combined negation and omniscience, and more especially when this assumption of superior knowledge seems to be put forward to conceal his real ignorance of the nature of life itself. As Professor Weismann well puts it, the causes and mechanism by which it comes about that the infinitely varied materials of which organisms are built up 'are always in the right place, and develop into cells at the right time,' are never touched upon in the various theories of heredity that have been put forward, and least of all in that of Haeckel, who comes before us with what he claims to be a solution of the Riddle of the Universe."

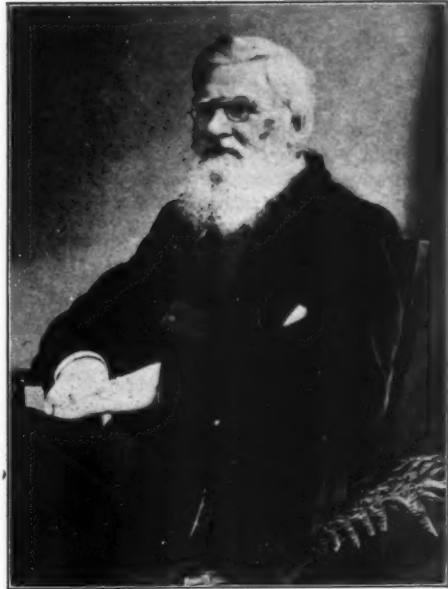
Upon this cellular selection Dr. Wallace bases his amazing conclusion that not only a

* THE WORLD OF LIFE: A MANIFESTATION OF CREATIVE POWER, DIRECTIVE MIND AND ULTIMATE PURPOSE. By Alfred Russel Wallace. London: Chapman & Hall.

god, but demi-gods, exist. "His philosophy," says Reginald R. Buckley, a writer in *T. P.'s Weekly* (London), "seems to be midway between the Raja Yoga conceptions and scientific evolution."

To claim the Infinite and Eternal Being as the one and only direct agent in every detail of the universe, seems to Dr. Wallace absurd. "Long ages before the first rudiment of life appeared on the earth," he says, "long before all the suns we see had become suns, the infinite development had been at work and must have produced gods of infinite degrees of power, any one of whom would presumably be quite capable of starting such a solar system as ours, or one immensely larger and better, and of so determining the material constitution of an 'earth' as to initiate and guide a course of development which would have resulted in a far higher being than man. Once assume a mind-developing power from all eternity, and it must, now and at all earlier periods of the past, have resulted in beings of infinite power—what we should term gods!"

Thus Dr. Wallace dismisses the ordinarily accepted conception of an Infinite and Omnipotent God, and puts in its place the idea of a divine hierarchy. He suggests that the vast chasm between ourselves and the Deity is occupied by a series of grades of beings, ranging from demi-gods and angels to almost unconscious "cell-souls." Subordinate creators, he argues, may have acted to produce the primordial ether. Using this as a vehicle, other spiritual agents may have accumulated suitable masses at suitable distances, which by gravitation, heat, electricity, and so on, would eventually become nebulae, suns, universes. For the beginnings of life, Dr. Wallace postulates "a body of what we may term organizing spirits who would be charged with the duty of so influencing the myriads of cell-souls as to carry out automatically *their* part of the work with accuracy and certainty." The crucial point would be the introduction of life even in its lowest form, thereafter to be subjected to all the processes of development necessary to carry it to its ultimate spirit form. Here Dr. Wallace injects his well-known views as to thought-transference. He intimates that higher intelligences may act on lower so as to cause transference of life; and life determines organizations. The best materials and conditions for development would thus be insured; the functions of life, such as cell-growth, the circulation of the blood, digestion, etc., would



SCIENTIST, SPIRITUALIST, SOCIALIST

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the co-discoverer with Darwin of the theory of evolution, believes that the chasm between ourselves and the Deity is occupied by beings ranging from demi-gods and angels to almost unconscious brain-cells.

be conducted under the superintendence of exalted spiritual agents. The meaning of the whole process is summed up by Dr. Wallace in these words:

"Some such conception seems to me to be in harmony with the universal teaching of Nature—everywhere an almost infinite variety, not as a detailed design (as when it was supposed that God *made* every valley and mountain, every insect and every serpent), but as a foreseen result of the constitution of the universe. The vast whole is therefore a manifestation of His power—perhaps of His very self—but by the agency of His ministering angels through many descending grades of intelligence and power."

All this, it seems, has in view not merely man but spirit-man:

"It is when we look upon man as being here for the very purpose of developing diversity and individuality, to be further advanced in a future life, that we see more clearly the whole object of our earth-life as a preparation for it. In this world we have the maximum of diversity produced, with a potential capacity for individual educability . . . only limited by the time at the disposal of each of us. In the spirit-world death will not cut short the period of educational advancement. The best conditions and opportunities will be afforded for continuous progress to

a higher status, while all the diversities produced here will lead to an infinite variety, charm and use, that could probably have been brought about in no other way."

Dr. Wallace offers these hypotheses under the formal reserve that they may not be convincing to every one; but he thinks that at least what he has written will appeal to some of his readers "as the best approximation we are now able to formulate as to the deeper, the more fundamental causes of matter and force, of life and consciousness, and of man himself at his best, already a little lower than the angels, and like them destined to a permanent progressive existence in a world of spirit."

The comment on Dr. Wallace's book is widespread and varied. Spiritualist journals, such as *Light* (London), naturally welcome its conclusions. The *Theosophical Century Path* (Point Loma, California) is also enthusiastic in its praise. "Surely," the last-named weekly declares, "this new book of

Professor Wallace's will mark a new era in scientific thought." It goes on to make the comment:

"The Professor is quite guarded in his suggestions as to Intelligences; but other people may not be so wise. What material is here for fantastic spiritist theories and 'psychic' delusion!"

"The Professor seems to have made up his mind that the other intelligences are higher, than man. There are intelligences higher than man; but there are also intelligences lower than man. The mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms—do they exhaust the list of kingdoms below the human? Why not extend the line downward below the mineral (or, if not downward, then beyond, perhaps on a reascending arc)? Why not fill the spaces between the known kingdoms? Why not postulate invisible kingdoms correlative with the visible kingdoms? The whole subject thus trencched upon is of course very profound and complex."

The *London Saturday Review* exclaims: "Here in fact is the Demiurgos of old: here appear anew 'thrones, dominations, prince-doms, virtues, powers'; but where now is the great goddess Natural Selection?" The *London Nation* dismisses Dr. Wallace's conception as "a *contradictio in terminis*, or even worse."

The courage and conviction of the aged naturalist, the *New York Churchman* avers, are apparent even in his mystical speculations; but his vision of a pluralistic universe, it thinks, can hardly satisfy those who prefer the Christian ideal of an all-wise, all-controlling personality in nature. Similarly, a writer in *The British Weekly* declares:

"Many readers will no doubt wish that the veteran author of this valuable and profound volume could have given us as his final picture the vision of an All-wise, All-controlling Personality in nature, by whom 'were all things created that are in heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible,' loving all that His hands have made, and guiding all whom He has redeemed to immortal life. That, surely, were a nobler representation of Mind in nature than the suggestion of elf-gods controlling the electrons of atoms, or liliputian deities presiding over the struggle for existence among the determinants or ultimate units of germplasm in the physiological cell."

Free-thinker and Christian apparently unite in this verdict. We find Mr. Joseph McCabe expressing in the *London Literary Guide* his fear that the new book "will add no more to the distinguished naturalist's reputation than did his earlier excursion into astronomy."



JOHN BURROUGHS AMONG HIS FRIENDS

A characteristic picture of the veteran naturalist and poet who has always preached a gospel for out-of-doors.

JOHN BURROUGHS' PLEA FOR SCIENTIFIC FAITH

"I FIND myself accepting certain things on the authority of science which so far transcend my experience, and the experience of the race and all the knowledge of the world,—in fact which come so near being unthinkable, that I call my acceptance of them an act of scientific faith." Thus John Burroughs opens his latest article, in *The Outlook*. And among the things, he goes on to say, that he finds so difficult of credence yet so necessary to believe are the animal origin of man, the impersonality of the force behind the universe, and the miracles wrought by the erosive processes of geology. To believe in these things, he concedes, is to put a damper on our awe, our reverence, our veneration.

Look at your friend, your child, your wife, or at the great man, Mr. Burroughs exclaims, and try to bring home to your mind the fact that back in the abyss of geologic time the ancestors of each of these persons was an animal lower than those we spurn daily with our feet. Let it be granted, he says, that the race of man was born as literally out of the animal forms below him as the child is born out of the vague, prenatal animal forms in its mother's womb. Yet "the former fact so far transcends our experience and even our power of imagination, that we can receive it only by an act of scientific faith, as our fathers received the dogmas of the church by an act of religious faith." Mr. Burroughs continues:

"I confess that I receive evolution only at arm's length, as it were. I cannot get on intimate terms with it, familiarize my mind with it, and make it thinkable. The gulf that separates man from the orders below him is so impassable, his intelligence is so radically different from theirs, and his progress so enormous, while they have stood still, that believing it is like believing a miracle. . . .

"We see about us daily transformations as stupendous as that of the evolution of man from the lower animals, and we marvel not. We see the inorganic pass into the organic, we see iron and lime and potash and silex blush in the flowers, sweeten in the fruit, ripen in the grain, crimson in the blood, and we marvel not. We see the spotless pond-lily rising and unfolding its snowy petals, and its trembling heart of gold, from the black slime of the pond. We contemplate our own life history from the fluids and viscera of our mothers' bodies to our stature as men and women, and we are not disturbed. But when we stretch this process out through the geologic ages

and try to see ourselves a germ, a fish, a reptile, in the womb of time, we are balked. We do not see the great mother, or the great father, or feel the lift of the great biologic laws. We are beyond our depth. It is easy to believe that the baby is born of woman, because it is a matter of daily experience; but it is not easy to believe that man is born of the animal world below him, and that that is born of inorganic nature, because the fact is too big and tremendous."

Proceeding to a consideration of the conception of God induced by scientific investigation, Mr. Burroughs points out that this is as difficult for many to accept as the idea of man's animal origin. "We are willing," he observes, "to be made out of the dust of the earth when God makes us, the God we have made ourselves out of our dreams and fears and aspirations, but we are not willing to be made out of the dust of the earth when the god called Evolution makes us."

"An impersonal law or process we cannot revere or fear or worship or exalt; we can only



AT THE TOP OF THE HILL

John Burroughs' elevation in this picture may be accepted as symbolic of his breezy thought and fearless idealism.

study it and put it to the test. We can only love or worship personality. This is why science puts such a damper upon us; it banishes personality, as we have heretofore conceived it, from the universe. The thunder is no longer the voice of God, the earth is no longer his footstool. Personality appears only in man; the universe is not inhuman, but unhuman. It is this discovery that we recoil from, and blame science for; and until, in the process of time, we shall have adjusted our minds, and especially our emotions to it, mankind will still recoil from it."

Coming, lastly, to the incredible processes of geology, Mr. Burroughs says: "The almost infinitely slow transformations that the theory of evolution demands balk us as do the size and distance of the fixed stars." When we see earth or clay worn into miniature mountain chains and cañons and gulches by the rain of a season, we do not doubt our eyes; we know the rains did it. But when we see the same laws working over broad areas of landscape or over a continent, we find it hard to believe the evidence of our senses. As Mr. Burroughs puts it:

"The lay mind can hardly have any adequate conception of the part erosion, the simple weathering of the rocks, has played in shaping our landscapes. The changes in the surface of the land in one's lifetime, or even in the historic period, are so slight that the tales the geologists tell us are incredible.

"When, during a recent trip through the great Southwest, I saw the earth laid open by erosion as I had never before dreamed of, especially when I visited those halls of the gods, the Grand Cañon and Yosemite Valley, I found my capacity to believe in the erosive power of water and the weather quite overtaxed. It must be true, I said, what the geologists tell us, that water and air did all this; but while you look and wait, and while generations before you had looked and waited, all is as quiet and passive as if the slumber of ages wrapped hill and vale. Invisible giants have wrought and delved here of whom we never catch a glimpse, nor will we, wait and watch we never so long. No sound of their hammers or picks or shovels or of the dynamite ever breaks the stillness of the air.

"I have to believe that the valleys and mountains of my native Catskills were carved out of a great elevated plain or plateau; there is no other explanation of them. Here lie the level strata, without any bending or folding, or sign of convulsion and upheavals, horizontal as the surface of the sea or lake in which their sediments were originally laid down; and here are these deep, wide valleys cut down through these many sheets of stratified rock; and here are these long, high, broad-backed mountains, made up of the rock that the forces of air and water have left, and

with no forces of erosion at work that would appreciably alter a line of the landscape in ten thousand years; and yet we know, if we know anything about the physical history of the earth, that erosion has done this work, carved out these mountains and valleys, from the Devonian strata, as literally as the sculptor carves his statue from the block of marble. We cannot believe it as we believe our every-day experiences, because it so far transcends those experiences that it is unthinkable."

One inevitable result of scientific thought, Mr. Burroughs asserts, is to rob us of illusions; and disillusionment is always a painful process. It may even be, he thinks, that poetry and religion, as the terms are now understood, will play less and less part in the life of the race of the future. But there will be compensations, as well as losses. We shall gain in the depth and sincerity of our emotions, in the elevation of our aspirations. The sphere of our love will be enlarged. We shall have new grounds for wonder and admiration.

With much of Mr. Burroughs' argument *The Outlook* editorially expresses itself as in cordial agreement. In particular it admires the blend of reason and imagination in his article. "Science," it comments, "renders this great service to faith—that it immeasurably increases our sense of what is the highest worth." *The Outlook* adds: "The view of man's past history as an ascent from the protoplasm through the plane of the beast is not a horrible vista. It is rather a thrilling sight. What is horrible is the thought of the reversal of this. If what we actually see as we turn our eyes backward were a prediction of our future, or if as we looked backward we saw only a descent from a loftier level, we might well shudder. But what we see is that which to a healthy mind brings exultation—ever-renewing struggle and victory."

On one point, however, *The Outlook* dissents from Mr. Burroughs' conclusion:

"Science does not banish personality. The god called Evolution is no god at all. Evolution never made anything. Science has nothing to say about the personality of God—either for or against. We do not need to adjust ourselves to any notion of personality on science's account; for science deals only with processes.

"God is no less credible, no more credible, than he ever was; but never before did his manifestations render it so intelligent an act for man to fall upon his knees. Is not the God of our illimitable universe more worthy of worship than the tribal deity of a band of roving Semites?"

THE RECRUDESCENCE OF PAGANISM

THE so-called "revival of paganism," often vaguely discussed but seldom satisfactorily defined, is beginning to awaken widespread hostility in the religious world. Roman Catholic writers, clergymen of many denominations, and college professors have all lately contributed to the literature of this subject, and all agree in identifying the new paganism with "gross sensualism" and forces that tend to disintegrate society. The word paganism, so one writer, a Lutheran clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Edwin Heyl Delk, declares in a brochure, "The New Paganism and the Old Faith" * has two meanings. In its historic sense it is generally identified with the teachings of the poets and philosophers of Greece and Rome. But neo-paganism, as Dr. Delk defines it, is antipathetic to all religion and in antagonism to all outward restraints of society and the state. To call it moral Anarchism would be, in his judgment, to attach a specific term to a situation which goes deeper into life and is more repellent than Anarchism in political thought. He continues: "That we are facing a wide and intense revolt against ethical and Christian conceptions which were once believed impregnable, is recognized by every man who knows the science of Haeckel, the philosophy of James, the *Leitmotive* of Wagner's and Strauss' music dramas, the plays of D'Annunzio and Ibsen, the writings of Nietzsche, the novels of Hardy, the life of the 'fast set' in every social group, and that crude but intense revolt by more than half the populations of Italy, France and Germany against all ideas of authority in morals and religion."

Just how profoundly and widely materialistic philosophy and hedonistic ethics have been translated into life and conduct, Dr. Delk does not pretend to know. But that there is an open repudiation of the Christian virtues and a daring indulgence in immoral practises by many men and women who pose as intellectual and social leaders, he holds beyond dispute. He says:

"The battle for personal emancipation is on throughout the civilized world. 'The right to one's own soul' is the current phrase upon which the champions of emancipation have rung the changes. The essayist and dramatist are making

'the emancipation of the soul' the motive of their daring and alluring writings. These topsy-turvy iconoclasts pose as social philosophers and the slow-footed conservative or critic of their social philosophies is dubbed 'Philistine' or 'hypocrite.' All this fuss and fury might pass as mere froth, at least in our own country, where woman has come to her own, if it did not infiltrate into the mind and heart of a large body of young enthusiasts who are serious in their desire for justice. The iconoclast fulfills a needed rôle in social, industrial, political and religious history. That there is a genuine sex equality which should be contended for is beyond dispute, but the danger in all such abstract discussions and dramatic presentations is that actual individuals shall in their impulsive self-assertion and blind acceptance of elemental impulses destroy a genuine personal freedom and become social derelicts. In a word, it is the old problem between a false and true freedom of the soul, and how to secure a genuine domestic and social liberty."

Dr. Delk draws heavily on the literature of the day in support of his argument. He sees in Maeterlinck a revolutionary and poetic teacher of social emancipation who is misleading humanity. He says that Bernard Shaw's revolt against what he counts mere conventions is really a revolt against the bulwarks of chastity and honor. He rests his case against David Graham Phillips on the following review of "The Hungry Heart" printed in *The Independent*:

"It is a bad thing for everybody when an honest man without a clear moral sense seizes upon an important truth and develops it according to his point of view with a logic that clutches like ten-penny nails. This is what Mr. David Graham Phillips has accomplished in his latest novel. He has dramatized, with a veracity that cannot be denied, one of the chief causes of the growing marital unrest of our times. And if he had not worked at his solution with what may be almost praised as a courageous disregard for decency and virtue, the book might be called a moral masterpiece in fiction. As it is, patient, thinking people whose logic is not so destructive as Mr. Phillips' will call it an immoral masterpiece."

"Here are three important propositions the story undertakes to demonstrate: First, that marriage is degrading to women where it does not mean equal comradeship in all the relations of the two people married, including the man's business career and the woman's domestic and maternal duties; that the way wives have accepted their husbands, for better and for worse, helping to propagate the race legitimately, and living with all kinds of husbands until death released them, is degrading to women and bad for society."

* THE NEW PAGANISM AND THE OLD FAITH. By Edwin Heyl Delk, D.D. Published for the Author by the Lutheran Publication Society.

Second, that a woman denied this comradeship with her husband is benefited morally and broadened in the right wisdom of living by committing adultery. Third, that the merely chaste woman is often the most primitive, selfish, hypocritical, contemptible type of woman, marrying shrewdly not for love but for a support, less noble and less trustworthy than the other woman with the 'hungry heart,' who goes about seeking a comrade, as naively indifferent to mere chastity as any lower animal."

Margaret Hoffmann, a writer in *The Rosary Magazine*, thinks we may understand something of the ravages of the pagan spirit by contemplating the vast influence of such writers as Elbert Hubbard and Robert W. Chambers. In her eyes, the "Fra" is a shallow sophist confusing the people with false doctrines, while Robert Chambers is poisoning the minds of his readers with voluptuous and insidious portrayals of sex-love. "All I seem to see clearly, to understand clearly," cries Ailsa, the heroine of Mr. Chamber's latest novel, "is the dreadful brevity of life, the awful chances against living, the miracle of love in such a maelstrom, the insanity of one who dares not confess it, live for it, love to the uttermost with heart, soul and body while life endures. All my instincts, all principles inherent or inculcated; all knowledge spiritual and intellectual, acquired; all precepts, maxims, proverbs, axioms incorporated and lately a part of me, seem trivial, empty, meaningless in sound and in form compared to the plain truth of the Mystery Paramount. . . . All I know is that before life ends, if there is a chance of fulfillment, I will take it." Then, turning to her lover: "And fulfillment means you—my love for you, the giving of it, of myself, of all I am, all I desire, all I care for, all I believe, into your keeping. That is for me the fulfillment of life." All of which leads the Catholic critic to comment:

"If this is not an hysterical idolatry of false gods I know not what to call it. It certainly breathes throughout that this life and its joys should be our end. And this good which it exalts as pre-eminently desirable, what is it? Human love unsupported by a religious spirit—that species of human love which is at the bottom of divorce and all faithlessness—that species of human love which indulges a child to the point of ruin, and then disowns the ruin—that species of human love of which the pagans in their decline give us a true picture. We are of the same clay as the pagans, the Christian religion alone has made us different."

A third contribution to the discussion of the subject is made in an address recently delivered by Prof. Joseph Alexander Leighton, of Hobart College, Geneva, before the New York State Conference of Religion in Syracuse. Professor Leighton sees in our social life many symptoms of moral confusion that present striking analogies to the decadent paganism of the Roman world under the Caesars. The foundations of the marriage institution, he feels, are being sapped by the rapidly growing frequency of divorce, which, in turn, is but a symptom of deeper-lying ethical laxity and confusion. The unblushing effrontery of the lascivious stage, the appalling increase of suicide, the grave outbursts of lawlessness, are all cited as evidences of social decay. "We seem," says Professor Leighton, "to be in the midst of a new individualism of the sophistical brand, for which the individual, with his momentary whims, passions, and impulses, is the sole measure of moral values."

So runs this triple indictment, accompanied in each case by moral exhortation and pleas for a return to the older virtues. "I believe," says Dr. Delk, "the body of our American people, the great middle class, which is the saving force in all societies, is still sound and true to Christian standards, however far short they may come of fulfilling them. . . . Christianity is the only truth and force which is able to cope with this fresh irruption of paganism into our modern life." Professor Leighton concludes:

"The churches are by inheritance and choice the guardians and champions of the moral order in society. To-day they fight against heavy odds. It behooves them to get rid of unnecessary baggage, to make an end of irrelevant controversies, to bury dead issues concerning the source of their authority, etc., to combine their forces and concentrate their energies on the one aim of conserving and enforcing the Christian moral values of civilization. Otherwise, the recrudescence of paganism may become the recrudescence of barbarism. In the midst of social and moral chaos a few choice spirits may find consolation and strength in philosophy, but for the many a vivid, passionate, and energetic religious conviction is the condition of moral health and vigor. No great civilization has ever outlasted the demise of its religious faith. If the moral bases of our culture are in imminent danger, the danger can be averted only by a new crusade on behalf of social righteousness and personal integrity, animated by a religious view of life, for which the human spirit transcends nature through kinship with absolute Spirit."

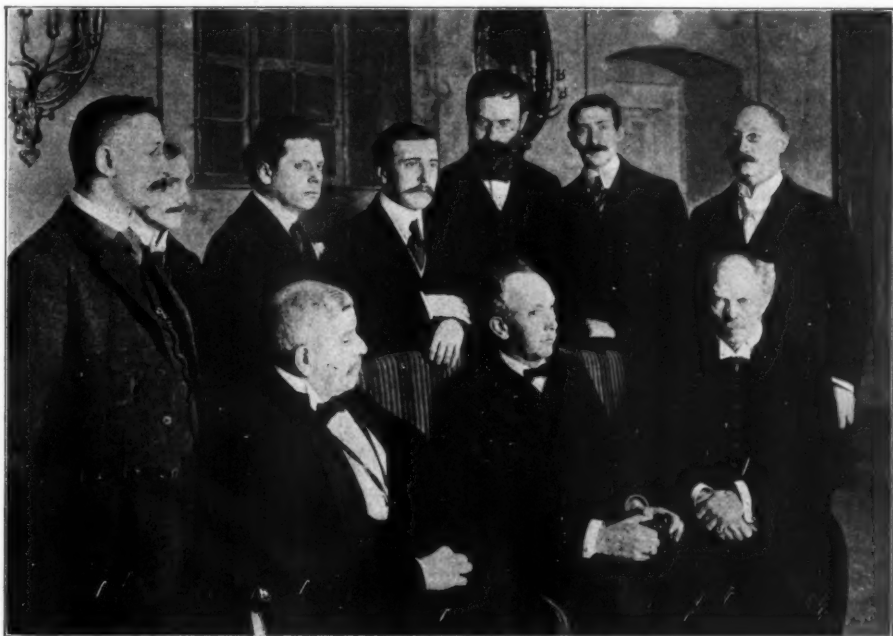
Music and Drama

THE ADVENT OF THE GRAND OPERETTA

GRAND OPERA may have reached its zenith. No development seems possible beyond Wagner, Debussy and Strauss. Perhaps it was this conviction that prompted the composer of "Salome" to experiment with an operetta. What will this sister of grand opera become in the Titanic hands of this man? Some there are who hail in "The Rose Cavalier," the joint work of Richard Strauss and his librettist the distinguished Viennese poet Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the advent of what may be styled "the grand operetta." Just as in the case of "Chantecler," an enormous apparatus for publicity was set in motion before the performance. For two years judiciously edited notices spread the rumor of a new Strauss who was to substitute laughter and sunshine, gay adventure and *Gemütlichkeit* for erotomania and demoniacal vindictiveness. Small wonder

that the Royal Theater at Dresden was taxed to its utmost capacity on the night of the première of "The Rose Cavalier." Special correspondents from the four quarters of the earth, managers, directors and musicians flocked to witness this important event. This night, they felt, would be part of the musical history of the world. In this respect, too, the first night of the "Rosenkavalier" resembles the first night of "Chantecler." Here as there was the same eagerness, due—it must be confessed—not as much to the greatness of the author and composer, as to the cleverness of their advertising managers.

For here appears the farce elevated to the rank of grand opera. Strauss himself calls "The Rose Cavalier" comedy for music. It is an opera without pomp, a Viennese masquerade. "At times," remarks W. Fred in *Die Woche*, "the lines become



ARBITERS OF ELEGANCE IN MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

This group of men rules the opera and the play in the Kaiser's dominions. Seated at the left is Count Seebach, Director of the Royal Opera in Berlin; next to him is Dr. Richard Strauss, composer of "Electra," "Salome" and (more recently) "The Rose Cavalier." Behind Strauss stands his librettist, the poet Hugo von Hofmannsthal, and at Hofmannsthal's right we notice the figure of Max Reinhardt, whose word is law at the Kammerspiele and the Deutsche Theater.



GERMANY'S MUSICAL SENSATION

"The Rose Cavalier," set to music by Richard Strauss, is the first farce with the orchestration of grand opera. Few events in recent musical history have been more hotly debated than this audacious experiment.

somewhat more serious, but at once a lighter rhythm sets in. One thinks of the people depicted in old French copper plates, only a bit sweeter. They all are people who wish to have light hearts, and light hands, whose law it is: Think not of to-morrow." The action takes place at Vienna during the reign of Maria Theresia, a period where, to quote the Boston *Transcript*, licentiousness and prudery were in the closest competition.

"We see the bed-chamber of the wife of Field-Marshal Prince Werdenberg. The Field-Marshal is conveniently encamped somewhere on the other side of Esseg, and consequently the chamber is occupied by his wife (soprano, in bed) and a young man of excellent family, aged seventeen years and four months, one Octavian Maria Ehrenreich Bonaventura Fernand Hyazinth, Count Rofrano, commonly known as Quinquin (mezzo-soprano).

"The couple indulge in a very beautiful duet, the words of which, at any rate, and now and again, if we are not mistaken, the music, seem like a parody of the more ecstatic parts of the second act of 'Tristan.'

"There is an alarum without. Second waltz. But it is not the Field-Marshal home from beyond Esseg; it is only the wife's cousin, Baron Ochs auf Lerchenau (bass), who is paying a very early call. The Baron is a sort of degraded compound of Falstaff and Augustus the Strong,

without the humor of the former or the masterful merits of the latter, and is altogether quite a detestable brute. He is introduced by a queer little skittish phrase, of which much use is made subsequently. The Baron is demeaning himself, in his own opinion, by marrying Sophie von Faninal, daughter of a recently ennobled army contractor, and he wishes to secure, through the Field-Marshal's wife, the services of a presentable relative, who shall convey the official silver rose to Sophie as a token of betrothal.

"The Baron departs, and the Field-Marshal's wife, in an attractive soliloquy, accompanied in rather old-fashioned style, laments over her loveless marriage, and during another love scene with Octavian, of very considerable beauty, meditates with some subtlety on the disastrous effects of time. She finally makes up her mind that, as Octavian will desert her 'heut' oder morgen oder den übernächsten Tag,' a phrase which she repeats at the end of the work, she will let him carry the silver rose to Sophie, with the consequences which she foresees."

Octavian falls in love with the young girl, and she resigns herself to the part of the good friend who brings the lovers together. This little story, however, is interwoven with the most charming details of daily life. The call of the hairdresser, the tailor, society beggars, give Strauss opportunity for the most riotous humor in his music. Squabbles over family affairs remind us of the dispute of the Jews in "Salome." But through it all runs as one *Leitmotiv*—a strange and rather bewitching intimacy which makes us know these people almost too well.

The German papers are enthusiastic over the latest work of their greatest musical genius. "The spirit of Mozart lives in the score," remarks one of the leading daily Berlin papers. "The spirit of Mozart! Who would not like to bring him to life again? He alone can nurse our sick art back to life. With the 'Rosenkavalier' begins a new epoch in opera. Strauss has without doubt grown beyond his earlier works. He has become more simple, more honest. The sort of honesty which is the result of ripened mastery and of the higher wisdom of riper age."

"It is of course impossible to say," remarks the London *Times*, "what the effect of the work, and particularly of its more dramatic and farcical parts will be on the general public, but it can be stated right here that it contains some of the most beautiful music which Strauss has written. The style alternates between extreme simplicity and the composer's wonted complexity. After the first performance of 'Elektra' we suggested that Dr.

Strauss' creative faculty on the musical as opposed to the technical side appeared to be somewhat exhausted. The present work appears to refute any such notion. It is full of vitality and freshness of invention."

The text of the libretto by von Hofmannsthal is said to be somewhat heavy in parts, and almost indecently erotic and licentious in general, a fact which explains the protest of the German Empress against its performance in the Royal Opera in Berlin. It will be remembered that "Salome," as well as "Elektra,"

have both been performed upon the Royal Stage. The Kaiser and his wife did not feel justified in depriving their subjects of enjoying a great work of art, altho they personally resented style and topic and have never attended performances. The latest reports from Europe say that Strauss is willing to eliminate some of the most objectionable parts of the libretto, and the Royal Opera may be opened to the latest work of Germany's foremost composer, even if the *Hofloge*, the Royal Box, may remain empty as heretofore.

"THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA"

BERNARD SHAW'S BRILLIANT MUCK-RAKING DRAMA

WHEN Bernard Shaw speaks, the world listens. We have waited anxiously for the long-heralded volume comprizing "The Doctor's Dilemma" (a diabolically clever attack on the practitioners of medicine), "Getting Married," and "The Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet," with three Shavian prefaces. Shaw is perhaps a little too conscious of the interest with which two continents hearken to his words. Perhaps he is growing old; but he is still too young to be so garrulous. The prefaces occupy at least one-half of the entire book.* It seems to us that the author takes more pains to present his thesis than to write a play. Mr. Shaw was always more interested in his theories than in his art. Now that he is sure of an audience and no longer afraid of being considered a bore, he grows, with each play, more careless of dramatic construction. "The Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet" falls short of his former standard, and "Getting Married" has not even the semblance of dramatic effectiveness. In "The Doctor's Dilemma," however, the old Shaw triumphantly emerges. Here Bernard Shaw is himself again. There was a time when Shaw's plays were first produced in America before London awoke to their merit. Nowadays we seem to give precedence to Dublin and Berlin. "The Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet" was presented at the Irish National Theater, and "The Doctor's Dilemma" has proved for several years a drawing card in the repertory of Reinhardt's celebrated "chamber play house" in Berlin, while we have seen no Shavian play in two or three seasons. In

view of Dr. Barnesby's somewhat sensational "shewing-up" of our own medical inferno, Mr. Shaw's play and his preface have peculiar significance, not to speak of dramatic and literary considerations.

In the preface Shaw assails the character as well as the scientific knowledge of doctors. They have, he admits, as much conscience and honor as any other class of men—no more, no less. What other men, he asks, dare pretend to be impartial when they have a strong pecuniary interest on one side? "Nobody supposes that doctors are less virtuous than judges; but a judge whose salary and reputation depended on whether the verdict was for plaintiff or defendant, prosecutor or prisoner, would be as little trusted as a general in the pay of the enemy. To offer me a doctor as my judge, and then weight his decision with a bribe of a large sum of money and a virtual guarantee that if he makes a mistake it can never be proved against him, is to go wildly beyond the ascertained strain which human nature will bear. It is simply unscientific to believe that doctors do not under existing circumstances perform unnecessary operations and manufacture and prolong lucrative illnesses. All that can be said for medical popularity," Mr. Shaw goes on to say, "is that until there is a practicable alternative to blind trust in the doctor, the truth about the doctor is so terrible that we dare not face it."

"Molière saw through the doctors; but he had to call them in just the same. Napoleon had no illusions about them; but he had to die under their treatment just as much as the most credulous ignoramus that ever paid sixpence for a bottle of strong medicine. In this predicament most people, to save themselves from unbearable

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mistrust and misery, or from being driven by their conscience into actual conflict with the law, fall back on the old rule that if you cannot have what you believe in you must believe in what you have. When your child is ill or your wife dying, and you happen to be very fond of them, or even when, if you are not fond of them, you are human enough to forget every personal grudge before the spectacle of a fellow creature in pain or peril, what you want is comfort, reassurance something to clutch at, were it but a straw. This the doctor brings you. You have a wildly urgent feeling that something must be done; and the doctor does something. Sometimes what he does kills the patient; but you do not know that; and the doctor assures you that all that human skill could do has been done. And nobody has the brutality to say to the newly bereft father, mother, husband, wife, brother, or sister, 'You have killed your lost darling by your credulity.'

This appears on page nine of the preface. On page ninety the author sums up the lesson of his play: "Nothing," he asserts, "is more dangerous than a poor doctor: not even a poor employer or a poor landlord. Of all social interests the worst is the vested interest in ill health." In the play itself the bias of the author does not prevent him from portraying the doctors as human beings. He describes their murders with the same nonchalance with which Oscar Wilde mused upon the life of that distinguished artist Thomas Wainwright, who was said to be equally skilful with pen, pencil, and poison. The first act takes us to the consulting room of Colenso Ridgeon, a famous physician who, it appears, has just been knighted. Around him are gathered his colleagues, offering their felicitations and airing their scientific idiosyncrasies. Dr. Walpole diagnoses every case as "blood poisoning" and insists on removing the "nuciform sacs." Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonington, known in the medical world as "B. B.," cures every illness by vaccination. Ridgeon, on the other hand, has found that inoculation that ought to cure sometimes kills. He has discovered opsonin, a tincture to butter the disease germs with in order to make the white blood corpuscles eat them. There is, however, a negative and a positive phase in every disease. "Inoculate when the patient is in the negative phase and you kill: inoculate when the patient is in the positive phase and you cure." Then there is Sir Patrick, a man of huge common sense who has seen many medical fads come and go, but who no longer practices actively. There is Blenkinsop, a school friend of Ridgeon's, to whom fortune has not been kind, and Dr.

Schutzmacher, of semitic extraction, who has made a fortune by "guaranteeing" his cures.

While the doctors are thus engaged, a woman is patiently waiting for Ridgeon. He sends out a message that he cannot see her, but the woman outwits him and at last finds herself face to face with the celebrated physician. She pleads with him to save her consumptive husband. Ridgeon replies that he has ten tuberculous patients and cannot take another. "Our ten cases are already chosen cases. Do you understand what I mean?" She pleads that her husband is a brilliantly gifted artist. "You are asking me to kill another man for his sake," Ridgeon rejoins. "My husband is only twenty-three; his whole life is before him. Won't you let me bring him to you." Ridgeon at last agrees to a compromise. He asks her to bring her husband to the banquet he is giving to celebrate his knighthood. All his friends, the most eminent men in the profession, will be there. "I can put the case to them; and your husband will have to stand or fall by what we think of him."

The next act transpires after the dinner on the terrace of the Star and Garter, Richmond. Mrs. Dubedat and her husband have just returned to the city. "They're really nice people," Ridgeon remarks to Walpole. "I confess I was afraid the husband would turn out an appalling bounder."

"There are only two things that can be wrong with a man," insists Sir Patrick, "a check or a woman."

"He's all right as to the check, for a while at least," replies Walpole. "He talked to me quite frankly before dinner as to the pressure of money difficulties on an artist. He says he has not vices and is very economical, but that there's one extravagance he can't afford and yet can't resist, and that is dressing his wife prettily. So I said, bang plump out, 'Let me lend you twenty pounds, and pay me when your ship comes home.' He was really very nice about it. He took it like a man, and it really was a pleasure to see how happy it made him, poor chap."

B. B. (*Who has listened to Walpole with growing perturbation.*) But—but—but—when was this, may I ask?

WALPOLE. When I joined you that time down by the river.

B. B. But, my dear Walpole, he had just borrowed ten pounds from me.

WALPOLE. What!
(*Sir Patrick grunts.*)

B. B. (*Indulgently.*) Well, well, it was really hardly borrowing; for he said heaven only knew when he could pay me. I couldn't refuse. It appears that Mrs. Dubedat has taken a sort of fancy to me—

WALPOLE. (*Quickly.*) No; it was to me.

B. B. Certainly not. Your name was never mentioned between us. He is so wrapped up in his work that he has to leave her a good deal alone; and the poor innocent young fellow—he has of course no idea of my position or how busy I am—actually wanted me to call occasionally and talk to her.

WALPOLE. Exactly what he said to me!

B. B. Pooh! Pooh! pooh! Really, I must say. (*Much disturbed, he rises and goes up to the balustrade, contemplating the landscape ver- edly.*)

WALPOLE. Look here, Ridgeon! this is beginning to look serious.

(*Blenkinsop, very anxious and wretched but trying to look unconcerned, comes back.*)

RIDGEON. Well, did you catch him?

BLENKINSOP. No. Excuse my running away like that. (*He sits down at the foot of the table next Bloomfield Bonington's chair.*)

WALPOLE. Anything the matter?

BLENKINSOP. Oh no. A trifle—something ridiculous. It can't be helped. Never mind.

RIDGEON. Was it anything about Dubedat?

BLENKINSOP. (*Almost breaking down.*) I ought to keep it to myself, I know. I can't tell you, Ridgeon, how ashamed I am of dragging my miserable poverty to your dinner after all your kindness. It's not that you won't ask me again; but it's so humiliating. And I did so look forward to one evening in my dress clothes (they're still presentable, you see) with all my troubles left behind, just like old times.

RIDGEON. But what has happened?

BLENKINSOP. Oh, nothing. It's too ridiculous. I had just scraped up four shillings for this little outing; and it cost me one-and-fourpence to get here. Well, Dubedat asked me to lend him half-a-crown to tip the chambermaid of the room his wife left her wraps in, and for the cloak-room. He said he only wanted it for five minutes, as she had his purse. So, of course, I lent it to him. And he's forgotten to pay me. I've just tuppence to get back with.

RIDGEON. Oh, never mind that—

BLENKINSOP. (*Stopping him resolutely.*) No; I know what you're going to say; but I won't take it. I've never borrowed a penny; and I never will. I've nothing left but my friends; and I won't sell them. If none of you were to be able to meet me without being afraid that my civility was leading up to the loan of five shillings, there would be an end of everything for me. I'll take your old clothes, Colly, sooner than disgrace you by talking to you in the street in my own; but I won't borrow money. I'll train it as far as the twopence will take me; and I'll tramp the rest.

WALPOLE. You'll do the whole distance in my motor. (*They are all greatly relieved; and Walpole hastens to get away from the painful subject by adding.*) Did he get anything out of you, Mr. Schutzmacher?

(*Schutzmacher shakes his head in a most expressive negative.*)

WALPOLE. You didn't appreciate his drawing, I think.

SCHUTZMACHER. Oh, yes I did. I should have liked very much to have kept the sketch and got it autographed.

B. B. But why didn't you?

SCHUTZMACHER. Well, the fact is, when I joined Dubedat after his conversation with Mr. Walpole, he said the Jews were the only people who knew anything about art, and that, though he had put up with your Philistine twaddle, as he called it, it was what I said about the drawings that really pleased him. He also said that his wife was greatly struck with my knowledge, and that she always admired Jews. Then he asked me to advance him £50 on the security of the drawings. . . .

(*One of the hotel maids, a pretty, fair-haired woman of about twenty-five, comes from the hotel rather furtively. She accosts Ridgeon.*)

THE MAID. I beg your pardon, sir—

RIDGEON. Eh?

THE MAID. I beg pardon, sir. It's not about the hotel. I'm not allowed to be on the terrace; and I should be discharged if I were seen speaking to you, unless you were kind enough to say you called me to ask whether the motor has come back from the station yet.

WALPOLE. Has it?

THE MAID. Yes, sir.

RIDGEON. Well, what do you want?

THE MAID. Would you mind, sir, giving me the address of the gentleman that was with you at dinner?

RIDGEON. (*Sharply.*) Yes, of course, I should mind very much. You have no right to ask.

THE MAID. Yes, sir, I know it looks like that. But what am I to do?

SIR PATRICK. What's the matter with you?

THE MAID. Nothing, sir. I want the address; that's all.

B. B. You mean the young gentleman?

THE MAID. Yes, sir; that went to catch the train with the woman he brought with him.

RIDGEON. The woman! Do you mean the lady who dined here—the gentleman's wife?

THE MAID. Don't believe them, sir. She can't be his wife. I'm his wife.

B. B. My good girl!

RIDGEON. You his wife!

WALPOLE. What! what's that? Oh, this is getting perfectly fascinating, Ridgeon.

THE MAID. I could run upstairs and get you my marriage lines in a minute, sir, if you doubt my word. He's Mr. Louis Dubedat, isn't he?

RIDGEON. Yes.

THE MAID. Well, sir, you may believe me or not; but I'm the lawful Mrs. Dubedat.

SIR PATRICK. And why aren't you living with your husband?

THE MAID. We couldn't afford it, sir. I had thirty pounds saved; and we spent it all on our honeymoon in three weeks, and a lot more that he borrowed. Then I had to go back into service, and he went to London to get work at his drawing; and he never wrote me a line or sent me an address. I never saw nor heard of him again until I caught sight of him from the window going off in the motor with that woman.

SIR PATRICK. Well, that's two wives to start with.

B. B. Now, upon my soul, I don't want to be uncharitable; but really I'm beginning to suspect that our young friend is rather careless.

SIR PATRICK. Beginning to think! How long will it take you, man, to find out that he's a damned young blackguard?

When the others are gone, Ridgeon consults with Sir Patrick as to whom he should save, the morally worthless artist or his old friend Blenkinsop, who seems to be also a victim of incipient tuberculosis. He confesses that he is in love with Mrs. Dubedat.

"Now if I let Dubedat die, I'll marry his widow."

"You'd much better cure them both."

"I can't, I am at my limit. I can squeeze in one more case, but not two."

"To me," Sir Patrick replies, "it's a plain choice between a man and a lot of pictures."

"It's easier to replace a dead man than a good picture."

Sir Patrick suggests that Ridgeon should leave the patient in other hands.

"In B. B.'s for instance?" Ridgeon significantly inquires.

Sir Patrick demurely faces his look. "Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonington," he says, "is a very eminent physician."

The scene now shifts to the studio of the artist. Ridgeon and Dubedat are alone. The latter at once attempts to negotiate another loan. He proposes to blackmail his own wife. Ridgeon indignantly refuses, and the discussion is interrupted by the entry of the other doctors, with the exception of Blenkinsop. Ridgeon insists that Dubedat repay at once the half crown borrowed from poor Blenkinsop. This he does, by borrowing another half crown from Walpole. "I'm really glad this is settled," he coolly remarks. "It was the only thing on my conscience. Now I hope you're all satisfied." "Not quite," Sir Patrick breaks in. "Do you happen to know a young woman named Minnie Tinwell?"

LOUIS. Minnie! I should think I do; and Minnie knows me, too. She's a really nice good girl, considering her station. What's become of her?

WALPOLE. It's no use bluffing, Dubedat. We've seen Minnie's marriage lines.

LOUIS. (*Coolly.*) Indeed? Have you seen Jennifer's?

RIDGEON. (*Rising in irrepressible rage.*) Do you dare insinuate that Mrs. Dubedat is living with you without being married to you?

LOUIS. Why not?

B. B., SIR PATRICK, RIDGEON, WALPOLE. (*Echoing him in various tones of scandalized amazement.*) Why not!

LOUIS. Yes, why not? Lots of people do it; just as good people as you. Why don't you learn to think, instead of bleating and baahing like a lot of sheep when you come up against anything you're not accustomed to? (*Contemplating their amazed faces with a chuckle.*) I say; I should like to draw the lot of you now; you do look jolly foolish. Especially you, Ridgeon. I had you that time, you know.

RIDGEON. How, pray?

LOUIS. Well, you set up to appreciate Jennifer, you know. And you despise me, don't you?

RIDGEON. (*Curtly.*) I loathe you. (*He sits down again on the sofa.*)

LOUIS. Just so. And yet you believe that Jennifer is a bad lot because you think I told you so.

RIDGEON. Were you lying?

LOUIS. No; but you were smelling out a scandal instead of keeping your mind clean and wholesome. I can just play with people like you. I only asked you had you seen Jennifer's marriage lines; and you concluded straight away that she hadn't got any. You don't know a lady when you see one.

B. B. (*Majestically.*) What do you mean by that, may I ask?

LOUIS. Now, I'm only an immoral artist; but if you'd told me that Jennifer wasn't married, I'd have had the gentlemanly feeling and artistic instinct to say that she carried her marriage certificate in her face and in her character. But you are all moral men; and Jennifer is only an artist's wife—probably a model; and morality consists in suspecting other people of not being legally married. Aren't you ashamed of yourselves? Can one of you look me in the face after it?

WALPOLE. It's very hard to look you in the face, Dubedat; you have such a dazzling cheek. What about Minnie Tinwell, eh?

LOUIS. Minnie Tinwell is a young woman who has had three weeks of glorious happiness in her poor little life, which is more than most girls in her position get, I can tell you. Ask her whether she'd take it back if she could. She's got her name into history, that girl. My little sketches of her will be bought by collectors at Christie's. She'll have a page in my biography. Pretty good, that, for a still-room maid at a

seaside hotel, I think. What have you fellows done for her to compare with that?

RIDGEON. We haven't trapped her into a mock marriage and deserted her.

LOUIS. No; you wouldn't have the pluck. But don't fuss yourselves. I didn't desert little Minnie. We spent all our money—

WALPOLE. All her money. Thirty pounds.

LOUIS. I said all *our* money; hers and mine too. Her thirty pounds didn't last three days. I had to borrow four times as much to spend on her. But I didn't grudge it; and she didn't grudge her few pounds either, the brave little lassie. When we were cleaned out, we'd had enough of it; you can hardly suppose that we were fit company for longer than that: I, an artist, and she quite out of art and literature and refined living and everything else. There was no desertion, no misunderstanding, no police court or divorce court sensation for you moral chaps to lick your lips over at breakfast. We just said, Well, the money's gone: we've had a good time that can never be taken from us; so kiss; part good friends; and she back to service, and I back to my studio and my Jennifer, both the better and happier for our holiday.

When accused of bigamy, Dubedat laughingly explains that the girl was married already, but believed herself free. "As she was a thoroughly respectable girl and refused to have anything to say to me unless we were married I went through the ceremony to please her and to preserve her self-respect." "What are we to do with this Daisy?" Walpole indignantly asks. "Oh, go and do whatever the devil you please. Put Minnie in prison. Put me in prison. Kill Jennifer with the disgrace of it all. And then, when you've done all the mischief you can, go to church and feel good about it."

"He's got us," Walpole remarks drily.

"He has," Sir Patrick grimly replies.

Ridgeon now informs Mrs. Dubedat that he cannot take the case of her husband. The two have a heart-to-heart talk. Louis, she insists, is quite unspoiled. "A man in his thoughts, a great poet and an artist in his dreams, and a child in his ways. . . . If I lost my faith in him it would mean the wreck and failure of my life."

"You must believe me," Ridgeon replies to this, "when I tell you that the one chance of preserving the hero lies in Louis being in the care of Sir Ralph." With a sigh and a look of pity at her which she does not understand he goes out.

In the next act the doctors, Mrs. Dubedat, and a reporter are gathered around the sick bed of Louis. Cardinal Death, holding his



WHAT'S THE JOKE, MR. SHAW?

Mr. Shaw was evidently telling one of his stories, perhaps the plot of "The Doctor's Dilemma," to Mr. Lorraine, the American actor, when the camera caught his grin.

scythe and hour glass like a sceptre and a globe is enthroned in the studio. "My plans for the season are very simple," Louis remarks to the reporter. "I'm going to die." "Promise me, my dear," he then exhorts Jennifer, "you will never be a widow. I want you to look beautiful. I want people to see in your eyes that you have been married to me. The people in Italy used to point at Dante and say 'There goes the man who has been in hell.' I want them to point at you, and say 'There goes a woman who has been in heaven.'" "You are the light and blessing of my life," she replies. "I never lived until I knew you." "Then," Louis goes on to say, "you must always wear beautiful dresses and splendid magic jewels. Think of all the wonderful pictures I shall never paint."

Mrs. Dubedat wins a terrible victory over a sob.

"You must be transfigured," he goes on to say, "with all the beauty of those pictures. Men must get such dreams from seeing you as they never could get from any daubing with

paints and brushes. Painters must paint you as they never painted any mortal woman before. There must be a great tradition of beauty, a great atmosphere of wonder and romance. That is what men must always think of when they think of me. That is the sort of immortality I want. You can make that for me, Jennifer. There are lots of things you don't understand that every woman in the street understands; but you can understand that and do it as nobody else can. Promise me that immortality. Promise me you will not make a little hell of crape and crying and undertaker's horrors and withering flowers and all that vulgar rubbish."

MRS. DUBEDAT. (*Heartbroken.*) Stay with me, Louis. Oh, don't leave me, dearest.

LOUIS. Not that I'm selfish. With all my faults I don't think I've ever been really selfish. No artist can: Art is too large for that. You will marry again, Jennifer.

MRS. DUBEDAT. Oh, how can you, Louis?

LOUIS. (*Insisting childishly.*) Yes, because people who have found marriage happy always marry again. Ah, I shan't be jealous. (*Slyly.*) But don't talk to the other fellow too much about me: he won't like it. (*Almost chuckling.*) I shall be your lover all the time; but it will be a secret from him, poor devil!

SIR PATRICK. Come! you've talked enough. Try to rest a while.

LOUIS. (*Wearily.*) Yes: I'm fearfully tired; but I shall have a long rest presently. I have something to say to you, fellows. You're all there, aren't you? I'm too weak to see anything but Jennifer's bosom. That promises rest.

RIDGEON. We are all here.

LOUIS. (*Startled.*) That voice sounded devilish. Take care, Ridgeon: my ears hear things that other people's ears can't. I've been thinking—thinking. I'm cleverer than you imagine.

SIR PATRICK. (*Whispering to Ridgeon.*) You've got on his nerves, Colly. Slip out quietly.

RIDGEON. (*Apart to Sir Patrick.*) Would you deprive the dying actor of his audience?

LOUIS. (*His face lighting up faintly with mischievous glee.*) I heard that, Ridgeon. That was good. Jennifer, dear: be kind to Ridgeon always; because he was the last man who amused me.

RIDGEON. (*Relentless.*) Was I?

LOUIS. But it's not true. It's you who are still on the stage. I'm half way home already.

MRS. DUBEDAT. (*To Ridgeon.*) What did you say?

LOUIS. (*Answering for him.*) Nothing, dear. Only one of those little secrets that men keep among themselves. Well, all you chaps have thought pretty hard things of me, and said them.

B. B. (*Quite overcome.*) No, no, Dubedat. Not at all.

LOUIS. Yes, you have. I know what you all think of me. Don't imagine I'm sore about it. I forgive you.

WALPOLE. (*Involuntarily.*) Well, damn me! (*Ashamed.*) I beg your pardon.

LOUIS. That was old Walpole, I know. Don't grieve, Walpole. I'm perfectly happy. I'm not in pain. I don't want to live. I've escaped from myself. I'm in heaven, immortal in the heart of my beautiful Jennifer. I'm not afraid, and not ashamed. (*Reflectively, puzzling it out for himself weakly.*) I know that in an accidental sort of way, struggling through the unreal part of life, I haven't always been able to live up to my ideal. But in my own real world I have never done anything wrong, never denied my faith, never been untrue to myself. I've been threatened and blackmailed and insulted and starved. But I've played the game. I've fought the good fight. And now it's all over, there's an indescribable peace. (*He feebly folds his hands and utters his creed.*) I believe in Michael Angelo, Velasquez, and Rembrandt; in the might of design, the mystery of color, the redemption of all things by Beauty everlasting, and the message of Art that has made these hands blessed. Amen. Amen. (*He closes his eyes and lies still.*)

The last act is in the nature of an epilog. We are led to a private picture gallery over which Jennifer presides, prosperous and very happy. She is assisted by a young man, her secretary, who brings her the first copy of her book, "The Story of King of Men. By His Wife." Ridgeon wanders through the gallery and suddenly faces her. "I can't be your friend under false pretenses," he cries; and goes on to explain that his is a dangerous medicine. "It cured Blenkinsop; it killed Louis Dubedat. When I handle it, it cures. When another man handles it, it kills—sometimes."

"Then why did you let Sir Ralph give it to Louis?"

"I'm going to tell you. I did it because I was in love with you."

"What," she exclaims, innocently surprised. "In lo— You! an elderly man!"

"He sacrificed everything to his art," she explains. Then, incidentally, she speaks of her husband.

"What husband?" gasps Ridgeon.

"Do you forget that Louis disliked widows?"

"Then," Ridgeon exclaims, "I have committed a purely disinterested murder." He turns toward the door, hesitates, attempts to say something more; gives it up as a bad job, and goes.

WHY THE NEW THEATER MUST NOT BE ABANDONED

THE New Theater was a bow of promise in our theatrical sky. Has the promise betrayed us, will the enterprise be abandoned? "No," affirms the *New York Press*. Only two rumors with regard to its future may be regarded as settled facts. The present home of the New Theater will not be used for its purposes next season because it is too expensive and because it is too large for a repertoire company whose policy is not to continue plays for a long run no matter how profitable they may be. But the New Theater Foundation will not be abandoned; its company will find a temporary home while a new playhouse is being prepared for it. The exact determination of that matter is something that lies upon the knees of the gods or of the gentlemen who are financially interested in the enterprise; but there are, thinks the *New York Evening Post*, certain facts which are patent to all intelligent observers and which carry with them an instructive moral. "The great point is that it has failed notoriously and grievously to justify the pretensions with which it started, and that an enormous amount of money has been expended with the very best of intentions, but to very little practical purpose. It is plain that the institution can no longer be conducted profitably in any sense of the word—under its present policy." The same journal continues:

"It may be conceded at once that the directors have made good use, in some respects, of the extraordinary opportunities accorded them. They have produced some good plays—'Strife' and 'The Thunderbolt' for example—exceedingly well; they have set a valuable example by their minute care with regard to the minor details of stage management; they have provided lavish and artistic decoration; they have produced plays of different types and times. Yet their failures have been far more frequent than their successes and they have fallen lamentably short of the proposed ideal of a representative theater. It is only in the modern drama that they have displayed executive capacity. In Shakespearean tragedy, 'Antony and Cleopatra,' they achieved a spectacular fiasco. By flagrant miscasting, they robbed 'Twelfth Night' of its romantic and poetic charm and 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' of its robust merriment. 'The School for Scandal' they dulled and spoiled by some fantastic and inscrutable principle of modernization. They first rejected 'The Piper' and then imperiled the success of it by putting a woman to play the part of the essentially masculine hero. Many

other artistic shortcomings might be proved against them, but it is only fair to remember that they were placed in an almost impossible position. Like the ancient Hebrews in Egypt, they were asked to make bricks without straw.

"The simple truth is that the New Theater was built upon the foundation of a stupendous fallacy, the notion that money can create brains and experience as well as supply material. Doubtless, talent—if existent—may be bought as readily as bricks; but if it does not exist, money cannot make it. The founders of the New Theater seem to have thought that all they had to do was to construct a marble palace for the drama and endow it, and that all the rest would be easy."

Severe, almost virulent, is the criticism of Jeanette L. Gilder. "What," she says, in *The Argonaut* (San Francisco), "the New Theater has existed for, except perhaps to give the elect more comfortable seats than they can get in any other playhouse, has puzzled more persons than the writer of this epistle." The *Evening Post*, however, concedes that both "Strife" and "The Thunderbolt" were notable productions, and the *New York Tribune* lauds the production of Mrs. Austin's play of Indian life, "The Arrow Maker." "No drama," we are told, "has ever been more beautifully presented at any theater in the world." The dramatic critic of *Town Topics* singles out Sheldon's play, "The Nigger," as a noteworthy achievement, and *Everybody's* designates the production of "The Blue Bird" as "a veritable triumph." "The New Theater," this magazine insists, "has found itself. . . . Through its own achievement it has established itself as an institution." Even Miss Gilder speaks of "Sister Beatrice," "The Blue Bird" and "The Piper" as worth while. What theater in the world has a record surpassing this? Seven great plays in two seasons, and only a deficit of a few hundred thousand dollars! The truth is that the New Theater has never had a fair trial in the court of public opinion. Regarded from the first as a millionaire's plaything, the experiment was recorded and commented upon by prejudiced critics.

There is no doubt that the management has made tactical blunders. On the inaugural night, we are told by Louis V. De Foe, the foremost dramatist in this country was given a seat in the rear row. It did not take his colleagues long to draw obvious inferences. Even more injudicious was the action of the management in seating the critics that night

in a gallery where it was impossible to gain more than a bird's-eye view of the performance. The acoustics, which have since been improved, were lamentably in need of correction, and only now and then an intelligible sound was wafted up to the seats of the critical almighty. From that moment the enterprize was hampered. From that moment bias crept into reviews. The venom spread from New York throughout the country. The verdict was given before the trial was ended.

Mr. Ames was handicapped, however, in many ways. The New Theater embodies a novel idea in the environment of this country. Its aims could be formulated only empirically after laborious experimentation. Henry Arthur Jones not long ago in a lecture clearly defined the conditions which have hampered the New Theater. "If," he remarked, "you ask what was the real design of the magnificent enterprize started two years ago, it must have been this: to bring about an alliance between literature and the drama. Most likely this exact formula was not present in the mind of any of those who founded that enterprize. But will any other formula express a worthy or even a possible way of raising the level of the drama in America and of fostering a school of national drama? I define literature briefly 'as that part of what a people reads which remains a permanent possession to them and does not grow old or stale.'"

A national theater, Mr. Jones contends, ought to be liberally subsidized until such time as it has won public favor and comprehension and established sound traditions of authorship and acting. If you say that it ought always to be subsidized, then, the distinguished playwright thinks, it becomes not a national theater, but a national mausoleum for the preservation of defunct specimens of dramatic art. Another duty of the national theater is to provide a machinery for keeping alive such plays of literary value and artistic workmanship as may not immediately catch the ear of the great public. Again, it is plainly the duty of a national theater to give constant performances of the classical masterpieces of the language. This, Mr. Jones explains, means in our case the masterpieces of English drama. In view of the cosmopolitan character of our population we may even say that it means the masterpieces of all drama, Slavic, Gallic, British and German. Once more, Jones goes on to say, it is the duty of a

national theater to give revivals of those modern works of the last generation which had a literary quality and which also drew the public. The work of the New Theater has been consistently along these lines, with one limitation. The stumbling block, as the New York *World* remarks, has been the absence of literary quality in our native drama. "Unlike England, France, and Germany, America has not developed a national literary drama. . . . As against a Hawthorne, a Poe, a Whitman, we have produced no dramatic genius comparable even with the lesser dramatic authors in Europe such as Maeterlinck, Sudermann or Rostand." Mr. Jones is by no means blind to this fact. We have erected a handsome structure for the wedding of literature and the drama, "but," he asks, "is not that very much as if St. Paul had begun by building Canterbury Cathedral instead of by preaching the gospel? Ought you not first to get hold of a few St. Pauls and set them preaching? Does not the whole matter of a national theater need to be approached from another side and in a wholly different spirit? Have you not been trying to impose something upon your national life that must spring up from within it?"

"Will you not every now and then be obliged to put up some quite unworthy stopgap which will tend to bring your whole enterprise into contempt? And when your work is brought before the ultimate tribunal, the tribunal of cultivated English-speaking men of letters, what will the verdict be? It is a high and severe tribunal. Any author, English or American, who brings his play to a national theater must be prepared to face it. Indeed he should write his play with the knowledge and the hope that this court of appeal must be his final judge."

Nevertheless, even under present conditions, the New Theater has a mission. If, remarks Mr. De Foe, in the *Sunday World*, it has recovered, like Chantecler in Rostand's play, from illusionment to find that its mission is less important than its creator's first thought, it will find ample recompense in performing a humbler mission well. "If it cannot cause the sun of national drama to rise, it can still help to arouse a sleeping world of playgoers."

"The New Theater is of inestimable value, both as an institution and as an influence, not only in New York, but in the country at large. If it cannot arbitrarily call into existence a national drama, which a few people seem to have fondly expected, it can at least rebuke the nickel-snatching methods of the other playhouses and lend en-

couragement to authors who see something higher and better in writing for the stage than to tickle the crowd with rapid nonsense and trumped-up sensation. In this generation at least there is not likely to be more than a trace of real dramatic art without it; with it there is at least an inducement to authors to do their best rather than their worst."

What is needed is not only the maintenance of the New Theater in New York, but the erection of a chain of national playhouses throughout the country. In Chicago the city authorities have undertaken to invite the public to municipal balls, and vaudeville performances, it is said, are to follow. Is the City Theater, a New Theater supported not by a group of millionaires but by the citizens at large, an impracticable dream? Isaac Russell relates in *The Craftsman* the history of a pioneer municipal theater that seems to point to the contrary conclusion. When, he tells us, the Far West was still a wilderness and the cowboy and his long-horned cattle had not yet displaced the roving buffalo of the lowlands of Kansas and Nebraska, a little group of homeseekers made their difficult way up the valley of the Platte, across the Rocky Mountains and into the alkali desert of the Great Salt Lake beyond.

"Through incessant toil the stubborn soil was finally conquered, but as the months drew into years another hunger came upon these isolated folk,—that desire for play which is latent in every normal being who has not had joy starved out of him. The nearest theater to these settlers was fully a thousand miles distant by ox team. Religion they had in plenty, for they had been driven forth from their early homes to seek freedom for their own beliefs, but entertainment and instructive recreation came rarely into their lives. And they finally realized that they could secure only what they themselves could produce. They believed in the theater and in its power to instruct as well as to entertain, and among them were some who had spoken lines from Shakespeare before taking up this trek into the wilderness, and the result was an experiment in communal control of a theater of their own, the effects of which experiment were widely diffused throughout the theatrical world and still attest the worth of their origin.

"Born in the Eastern seaboard States, where they had been fairly familiar with the drama of the early nineteenth century and with the sort of theaters in which plays of the period were most frequently given, these people found their desire to have the drama within their community met by the problem of first building a theater or going without it; they chose to build and started their theater with a will. No temporary

little shanty did they construct, but a playhouse so ample that now, after lapse of over half a century, the theater building is still in constant use by the largest of contemporary traveling companies."

The families of the first actresses who were placed in the amateur casts studied the rôles assigned their young and lovely daughters in order that they might the better know how to select or make appropriate costumes, while the men-folk munched the Shakespearean lines with their luncheons, or spoke them to their mule spans as they drove along. When the mountain trails were open and the Indians quiet, some adventurous Thespian from the East would find his way thither, to be eagerly welcomed by the "Home Dramatic Company." If he elected to play "Macbeth," the leading man of the home company was expected to follow with his own version soon after that the people might decide by comparison what progress they were making. If some youth in the village had an idea for a play he could win a sympathetic hearing at once and a chance to try it out. The stockholders expected no monetary returns, content with possessing two seats permanently in the orchestra of the house. Once a young man wrote something the community thought was rather good in the way of home-made drama. Promptly a purse was raised and he was sent touring with "Coriantamur." "It was," remarks Mr. Russell, "a native effort by someone who felt life surging within him, demanding a chance to express itself in this way. The play did not go bankrupt. I saw it in San Francisco. And less than a year ago I saw the name of its second leading man (then a stripling in his first rôles) decorating the top of a play-bill in a metropolitan theater."

Other members of the Home Company have since been heard of throughout the United States. One night, we are told, after the "Home Dramatic" had commenced to achieve success, there was a play put on which called for a child in arms:

"None had yet listed with the company, but one of the women members thought she knew where a baby was to be found that would fill the part. Thus it came about that Annie Kiskadden Adams was called upon to lend her little one, and the child in arms who came on as the tiniest member of the cast was none other than our Maude Adams of to-day. The hands that reddened with the vigor of their applause on the night of her first performance are mostly stilled now, but not so very many years ago I

saw one of those inveterate old 'first nighters' fondling tenderly a little golden lead pencil made in the semblance of a licorice stick, and inscribed 'From Maud Adams to the man who used to give her licorice sticks!' While the people had been trekking to the valley Maud Adams' mother had been born in a shelter they had erected for the women on the mountain trail above the valley. A buffalo robe had shielded her from the winds at birth, and the toiling hands that stripped the buffalo hides and laid stone upon stone in the building of that wilderness theater—well, they are not here now to claim any credit."

With success, however, there came the dickering for dividends, and at last the tail of the serpent known as the Theatrical Trust was coiled around the little municipal playhouse. Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Fiske, Blanche

Bates, and many others were excluded by the Syndicate from the playhouse because they "were not booked by the Stranger from the East." But the idea of a municipal playhouse which will compel the open door for art in any city surely deserves universal approbation. "If," questions the writer, "there had been community theaters in fifty cities of the country years ago, instead of one, would the people of New York be celebrating the fact that a great American opera has at last been written by an Italian?" Both the Municipal Theater and the New Theater point a way to deliverance from commercialism. And if the Founders of the New Theater are discouraged, let them remember the Pioneer theater in the desert where Maude Kiskadden Adams made her first appearance on any stage.

SPIRITUALISM IN RECENT AMERICAN PLAYS

HUSH! It is a ghost! He walks on the stage. He invades the theater. Who has seen him? David Belasco, Augustus Thomas and others. Who can affirm that we have indeed outlived the Middle Ages with fauns, goblins, talking animals, fairies and *revenants* from another world stalking across the boards before our very eyes. There was a time when the ghost was the property of theology. Then the novelist and the playwright snatched him from the theologian. They, in turn, surrendered him to the humorist. He lived in the dreams of the rarebit fiend, in Mark Twain and in Stockton. Evolution, however, is apparently deceptive. Nietzsche proclaimed the eternal recurrence of things. There is no progress, we are told; life only describes a circle. Science resurrected the ghost. Henry James, Edith Wharton, again wove disembodied spirits into the texture of fiction, and now our playwrights have rediscovered him for the purposes of the stage.

Naturally the greatest ghost play of the day is written by David Belasco. Of course his play has its predecessors. There is something of the intellectual vampire about David Belasco. He fattens on the ideas of others; but he is so accomplished an artist that we cannot find it in our hearts to blame him. He always carries out perfectly ideas that would have been spoilt in hands of artists less adroit. The idea of his recent play, "The Return of Peter Grimm," which the critics of Chicago and

Boston have hailed as the most remarkable dramatic event of this and many seasons, owes its inception to Mr. C. M. De Mille, from whom Belasco purchased the plot. There also was a play last season—a horrible failure—where a mother's ghost returns to earth in order to save her children. A theme that seemed absurdly unreal in the hands of an obscure female playwright crystallizes into a work of art in the hands of David Belasco. Here, however, it is a father who returns to rescue his child from an unworthy betrothed.

Some critics describe the play as entirely novel in conception and execution. "How," asks *Town Topics*, "about Hamlet? Does not the ghost of Hamlet's father return to rearrange some family affairs? And how about the coming back in Rip Van Winkle?" We have no hesitation in saying that Belasco's Peter, as portrayed by David Warfield, is more interesting by far than the paternal ancestor of the Prince of Denmark, and Rip is not a ghost at all. The new play is notable, thinks Frederick Hatton of the *Chicago Evening Post*, not only in that it invades the field of psychical research, but also in revealing the Belascoan knowledge of the human mind more completely than it has ever before been revealed.

Belasco himself betrays the fact that this play is the most ambitious of all his efforts. "I have always longed to write a play which I could carry to London, Paris, Germany," he confides to an interviewer, Phoebe Dwight,

in the *Boston Traveler*. "I have never liked one well enough to let it go before. But I am hoping that 'Peter Grimm' is the play." Mr. Belasco has always been admitted a master of stagecraft, but here, to quote again the Chicago reviewer, he is not only a superior dramatist, but as well an amazing student of the mind. "The Return of Peter Grimm" may be described as the dramatization of mental states. The author succeeds in giving us several views of those strange laboratories where ideas form and exert influences which result in action."

"This is then the most modern of all plays, for it follows closely very recent psychical theories, and the stage heretofore has lagged far behind the head of the scientific profession, haughtily avowing that modernity is always the blight of universality. And great plays, it has been dinned into us, must be universal. Ten years from now they will tell us whether or not 'The Return of Peter Grimm' is great playwrighting. For the present we can say quite safely that no more absorbing or interesting drama has been written for a pair of seasons.

"David Belasco in no other of his plays has written so profoundly or so simple. One came with the idea that the drama was to be acted in the valley of sorrow and uncanniness, but you soon saw that in place of sorrow there was beauty, and that instead of weirdness the author was giving you the visualization of a thought—and a very fine one.

"It is simply this: a man of importance to a little group dies to still exist in the minds of those who knew him, a tenant, if no more, of their subconscious memories. For the few, Mr. Belasco explains, the play may also portray their faith in the survival of persistent personal energy.

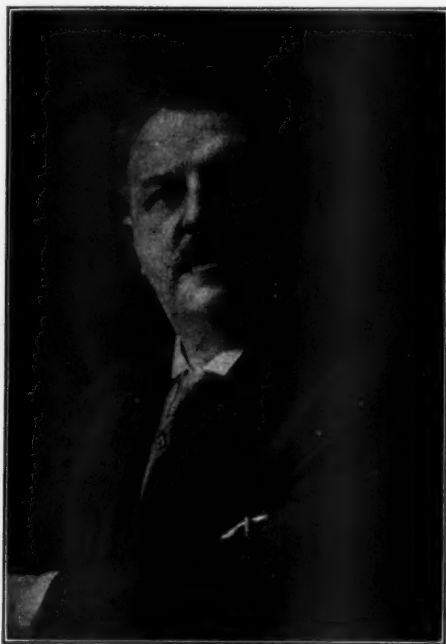
"The spiritual world is robbed of somberness and the impedimenta of superstition in this play. The quaint old New Amsterdamer, who returns to save his adopted daughter from marrying the man he had selected for her—realizing with the wider vision of the life beyond that he had made a mistake—appears quite in his natural garb, and with humor, cheer and occasionally caustic wit. He isn't in the least ethereal except for a certain radiance and uplift of expression which Mr. Warfield managed to suggest very cleverly."

In the first act, Belasco skilfully outlines the character of Grimm. He is a small florist in the State of New York, and his Dutch ancestry is delightfully brought out in the routine of his household. All his property has been willed to his nephew Frederick, and his last expressed wish is for the marriage of his nephew and Kathrien.

"At the end of the first act Grimm dies of a sudden heart attack. In the meantime he has been persuaded by a Scotch doctor with psychical notions into forming a compact by which the one who dies first is to attempt to make a return. This Grimm accomplishes, and through a lad, who recalls some of the young boys one meets in Ibsen's dramas, makes his presence known. The character of this boy, William, is quite as much an exposition of a mental state as that of Grimm. In him Mr. Belasco has really succeeded in embodying for us the sense of delirium. The boy in the end dies and goes off with Grimm, the latter very happy and satisfied that his adopted daughter is to marry the right man.

"Mr. Warfield's Grimm is far beyond his music master as an artistic achievement. This is because the rôle is more logical and less artificially emotional than its predecessor. He was so truly the lovable but obstinate old Hollander that you seemed to have known Grimm in real life. The character for the most part is in a repressed, quiet key and especially so in the second act, as if the spirit had learned to rise above the mere emotions of the moment. He acted with rare beauty in the final scenes with the boy."

Mr. Belasco himself has not hesitated to develop ideas in harmony with the spiritual world through which he is made to move. This is but another way of saying that he is temperamentally—even off the stage—part and parcel of that which he seems to be only mirroring. That much is evident from what we find in the Boston paper already named—*The Traveler*. He gives his ideas somewhat elaborately to a correspondent of that paper on the subject of the small florist who is made so great in the play. He mused long upon the type he was called upon to interpret, and thus he unbossoms himself frankly, like one in the confessional of art. "Out of this Dutchman I made 'Peter Grimm.' When I first considered putting the play on, I thought of Boston. There are many people here interested in the problem with which it deals. But I am hoping that its appeal will be universal. It treats of something which everyone must face. The unanswered question is the same in the heart of Africa as it is here. People who wish to believe it may. Those who do not need not. You may call the 'Return of Peter Grimm' intuition, perception, impulse, what you will. But surely," Mr. Belasco goes on to say with intense conviction, "everyone feels that there is something, some presence, that now holds us back, now urges us forward."



A PIONEER IN AMERICAN OPERA

Victor Herbert, in "Natoma," advances from comic opera to grand opera, and bases his music on an American theme.

In the interview from which we quote above, Belasco acknowledges his debt to De Mille, but also asserts that the theme of his play is

autochthonous to his mind. "It is a strange theme, but it is a great theme. I am the first to use it. The thought of the play came to me in this fashion: Five years ago my mother died. I had not seen her for some time, for she was in California and I was kept here in the East. I knew that her health was poor, but I did not know how poor. One night about five years ago I was as suddenly awakened as if someone had touched me. There above me, out of the darkness, my mother's face glowed. She was bending over me, and I heard her say: 'Davie, Davie, I wanted to say good-by—good-by!' Slowly she disappeared." The next morning Mr. Belasco received a telegram saying that his mother had died and at the very moment when he saw the apparition. The thought of this apparition remained dormant in his mind until De Mille aroused it from its slumber. He goes on to explain why he chose a Dutchman as the hero of the play:

"The more I thought of a Dutchman, the better I liked the idea. There was the 'Flying Dutchman,' 'Rip Van Winkle,' and in all literature the simple, big-hearted, big-souled Dutchman has been used.

"And his profession? He could not be a banker, a man of science, a merchant. But he could be a botanist, a man who watched the seeds put into the earth, who saw them blossom each year—die—and blossom again. Such a man could believe in his own return to this world after death—simple nature-lover that he was."

THE MUSICAL VALUE OF VICTOR HERBERT'S "NATOMA"

THE great American opera, it seems, is not here yet. Mr. Converse's "Pipe of Desire," and "Sacrifice," from which so much was hoped, have proved musically interesting, but not of the stuff which endures. Victor Herbert's "Natoma," while charming, fluent and melodic, is dismissed by *The Musical Courier* with the words: "The Herbert work does not rise to the dignity of grand opera."

But at least "Natoma" is a step in the right direction. It is by an American composer and deals with an American theme. It is sung in the English language. "Natoma," as one Philadelphia paper puts it, pioneers the way in quest for an ideal, and is so good a start that the final achievement ought to be of pervasive and appealing poetry and musical greatness.

The scene of the opera is laid in romantic California, and Joseph D. Redding writes the libretto. The plot is peculiar. We are asked to regard as natural the action of the Indian girl-heroine, Natoma (impersonated by Mary Garden), who shows her love for an American naval officer by killing the man who is seeking to abduct her mistress, in order that that mistress may (presumably) marry the man whom the Indian girl also loves. "We see a case of love at first sight," comments H. E. Krehbiel, of the *New York Tribune*, "because of which a very pretty Indian girl, who is in every way ten times as interesting as her Spanish mistress, is jilted, and who is so far from being swayed by ordinary human feelings that she stabs the man to death for attempting to do what he could not possibly have done under the circumstances surround-

ing him—for it is at a festival, in a public place; the girl is seated between her father and lover."

In regard to the musical handling of this theme, Mr. Krehbiel goes on to say:

"Mr. Herbert has succeeded better than we could have wished at times in divorcing himself from himself. He is not the care-free, happy melodist that he used to be in his best operettes, but an opera-maker of the modern type who relies upon his orchestra; upon themes harmonized and orchestrated to give color, life and meaning to persons and situations not deserving of so much painstaking skill and so much learned craftsmanship. He applies local color when he thinks it will be effective. He uses Indian themes to give vitality to his heroine, and he does it so well that, aided by the skill of Miss Garden in characterization, he makes *Natoma* (who goes to a nunnery at the end) a figure of considerable interest. He indulges in exotic or esoteric harmonies when the need of something unusual seizes upon him, and shows that here, too, his is anything but a 'prentice hand. He tries, and generally with success, to avoid the frivolities of the manner which he has employed in his popular stage pieces, but he does not once swing himself up to a sustained and passionate Cantilena. Hence the last pages of his first act, in which a situation is violently created calling for a love duet (like that in the same place in *Madame Butterfly*, for instance), fail utterly of their purpose. But he achieves results of dignity and value in the solemnities of the final scene."

In this judgment, or one very like it, most of the leading critics concur. All agree that "*Natoma*" is notable, but none regard it as really inspired. Mr. Lawrence Gilman, of *Harper's Weekly*, sums up the case against the opera in the following words:

"A parochial or merely patriotic standard in art matters is no standard at all. It may well be (tho I do not say it is) that, in comparison with Mr. Arthur Nevin's '*Poia*,' or Mr. Converse's '*Pipe of Desire*,' or Mr. Paine's '*Azara*,' or Mr. Damrosch's '*Scarlet Letter*,' '*Natoma*' is of conspicuous eminence. But how does it compare with Mascagni's '*Iris*,' with d'Albert's '*Tiefeland*,' with Puccini's '*Girl of the Golden West*,' with Charpentier's '*Louise*,' with Humperdinck's '*Königskinder*' (to leave such unique scores as '*Electra*' and '*Pelléas et Mélisande*' quite out of the question)? The answer must be that it compares but poorly. None of the operas I have alleged is a masterpiece, none is blameless. But as a whole they represent the best performances of contemporary European opera-making; and it is beside them, as a class, that '*Natoma*' should be measured. In each of the scores I have named



MARY GARDEN IN HER NEWEST ROLE

Miss Garden's impersonation of the Indian girl-heroine of Victor Herbert's opera is described as picturesque, well planned and thoroughly interesting.

there is some distinguishing quality, some characterizing excellence, some element of vitality—even the derivative Humperdinck wins us by the naïve charm of his melodic thought. But '*Natoma*' leaves no positive impression in the mind. It lacks individuality, originality, ideas—and no music has value unless it possesses one at least of these merits. In melodic style it seldom rises above the better class of salon music."

The Musical Courier sadly voices its regrets that the real American opera has not yet arrived, but it hopes that the near production of Nevin's "*Twilight*," and next season's première of the \$10,000 prize opera (to be selected by the Metropolitan Opera House) will enable it to cry "*Eureka*," and rejoice in a gladsome welcome with the rest of our musical nation.

Literature and Art

THE MOST POTENT FORCE IN GERMAN JOURNALISM

THE face of an actor, clean-shaven, subtle, almost feminine in feature, a matinee idol in appearance—this is Maximilian Harden, the most potent force in German journalism, perhaps the most powerful journalist in the world. Prince Bülow has remarked that he never misses one of the ingenious articles in Harden's weekly, *Die Zukunft*. There is, remarks Edward Goldbeck in the New York *Evening Post*, scarcely a politician in Germany who does not eagerly grasp at the latest number of Harden's periodical. Harden has never called on a minister or chancellor, but high functionaries frequently come to see him in his villa at the Grunewald for the purpose of obtaining his judgment on important political problems. Harden's logical place would be in parliament, but for the fact that he cannot persuade himself to join any party. With Ibsen he believes that the strong is most strong—alone. Single-handed he overthrew the all-powerful favorite of the emperor, Prince zu Eulenburg, when the latter discarded his warning. Long before his final denunciation of the Prince and his clique, there appeared from time to time mysterious paragraphs in the *Zukunft* intelligible only to the initiate. If Eulenburg had heeded these admonitions, if he had withdrawn from politics, Germany would not have been disgraced by the scandal in which so many brilliant reputations were irretrievably lost. But since that time every line in the *Zukunft* is scanned with infinite care.

In appearance Harden's magazine is insignificant. It never numbers more than thirty pages of reading matter. The paper is none too good in quality; the cover is dull brown. There are no illustrations. Two days after it is for sale in Berlin, one may buy it in Paris, London or St. Petersburg, it shows its ugly cover in Rome and Bucharest, in Madrid and Constantinople, and the fastest steamships carry it to America and South Africa. In short, one can find it all over the globe. Downing Street carefully peruses each number; its opinions are quoted at the Quai d'Orsay and on the Newski Prospect. Many a diplomat has read his official obituary on the pages under the brown cover before he knew he had ceased to exist. The front page con-

tains in red letters two words: *Die Zukunft*—The Future. And underneath in modest print: "Publisher, Maximilian Harden." Oracle-like it seems to lift a warning finger as if to say: "Beware! In lifting the cover you remove the veil which merciful gods have placed between your mortal eyes and the future."

The *Zukunft* owes no little of its importance to Bismarck. When William II. had dismissed his Chancellor, the latter, far from retiring from politics, ruthlessly criticized every action of the government which seemed to him dangerous or inopportune. William II. resented this attitude, unprecedented in German political life, but was forced, by the pressure of public opinion, to make his peace with the old man. In 1904 he sent one of his adjutants to Friedrichsruh and presented the Prince with a bottle of the most precious wine from his cellar. Some days later the Prince had a guest from Berlin. The conversation turned on the emperor and the Prince invited the young man to empty the imperial bottle with him, "because," he said, "you mean as well as I toward him." The guest whom Bismarck thus honored was Maximilian Harden, then thirty-three years old. Harden made himself the mouthpiece of the Iron Chancellor, and thus doubtless acquired many connections which still help him to gather from mysterious sources advance information of the highest value on matters of grave political issue.

To-day the *Zukunft* is said to net Harden an income of over forty thousand dollars a year. The first ten pages, never more than ten, Harden reserves for himself. The rest he leaves to his contributors, men of letters, scientists, poets, ministers, thus making the journal a free forum for all who have something important to say. He never pays one cent to any of them. They are glad to link their word to that of the great master journalist of Europe, whose weekly editorials are as many essays on politics, sociology, law, literature and art. His versatility is as astonishing as his accumulation of facts and his startling knowledge of personalities, which he exhibits in these articles again and again. While many of them are of interest to Germany

only, his clear vision of the political situation has made him one of the most interesting figures in European politics. In reading his articles on Germany's foreign policy one cannot help but admire the boldness of his conjecture, the alertness of his judgment and the never-failing correctness of his observation. Neither pessimist nor optimist, he looks upon facts with unbiased eyes and an unclouded mind. The exultation of patriotic celebrations and the popular ill humor over internal difficulties leave him equally untouched. The brilliancy of his style, which often in a despot's frenzy does not hesitate to coin new words and to mould the language into new patterns, stands in strange contrast with the sobriety of his judgment.

When he began to write he almost immediately made a hit. "His style," remarks Mr. Goldbeck, "was so strong, so exciting, that, as a woman once said to me, it told on the reader, as it were, physically."

"His ideas were so original that he surprised you, hurt you, perhaps, but never bored you. He behaved like an outsider, scoffed at the political parties or preached to them, and attacked with a real fury the idols of the day.

"After the dismissal of Prince Bismarck, he began to discuss political matters. He was one of the few who then already saw all the weaknesses in the Emperor's character, and he criticized them in the most audacious manner. In Germany, this is a rather dangerous undertaking and Maximilian Harden has undergone three trials for lese-majesty, and has spent a year as a prisoner in a Prussian fortress. He never insulted the Emperor in a vulgar way. His language was always noble, and sometimes of a grandiose pathos, but the German courts are very rigorous in this regard, and the judges saw in Maximilian Harden only a caviller and destroyer of authority. He had no friends in the German press, and stood perfectly alone; but he did not waver in his fight, and to-day every educated German knows that his criticisms have reached their spark.

"Since November, 1908, the newspapers have attacked William II. very strongly, but they said nothing that had not been said a dozen years before by Maximilian Harden. His courageous resistance against the personal rule which William II. tried to inaugurate in Germany is Harden's lasting historical merit. . . .

"It would be useless to quote his articles in English, because they cannot be translated without losing their peculiar flavor. It is the same as with Nietzsche. Both of them dispose of the language in the manner of despots; fully conscious of their creative power, they at times misuse and destroy."

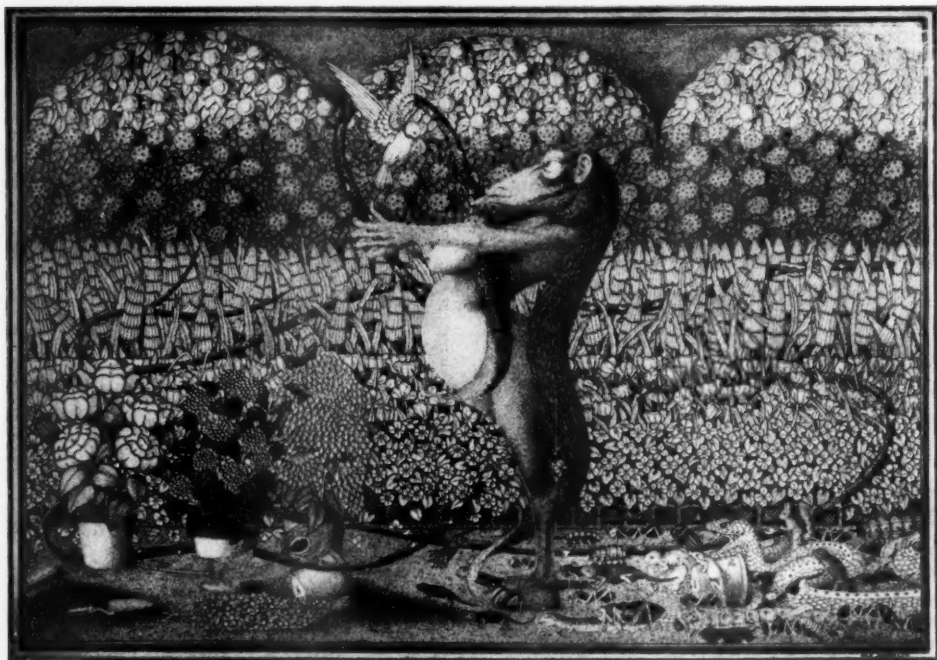


A MAN BEFORE WHOM PRINCES TREMBLE

Tho of frail, almost feminine appearance, Maximilian Harden is, nevertheless, Germany's most dictatorial editor. His editorials in the *Zukunft* have helped to make and unmake the most powerful.

Narrow-minded partisans and blinded chauvinists have often called him an enemy of his people and a destroyer of authority. No reproach could be more unjust. Harden is an ardent believer in the future and the latent forces of his people. It is his unsparing criticism which respects neither person nor belief which brings forth these periodical outbursts of bitter rancor from one clique or the other. But his criticism has always been for the good.

Harden's success, Mr. Goldbeck points out, is the more astonishing, as he never spares anybody and possesses the gentle art of making enemies in the highest degree. He gives way to his subjectivity without any worldly consideration, without fear and without forbearance. So everybody reads his articles, but few like the author. The tremendous interest which Harden's work excites, has found new proof in the extraordinary success of a volume published last year under the title "Köpfe"—"Portraits." Seventeen historical figures are here painted in bold strokes. William the First, Bismarck, the Empress Frederick, Gallifet, Zola, Ibsen, Menzel,



"THE INFLUENCE OF SLANDER"

In this picture Herbert Crowley visualizes slander as a horrible monster whose every touch means corruption. "Upon its very breathings," he says, "are fed and encouraged to multiply all the insidious pests that gnaw and burrow at the roots and hearts of things, and pull down and destroy all that love and labor have planned and planted and striven to make grow and blossom into the unified whole of life's Spring garden."

Boecklin, Lenbach, Charlotte Wolter, Matkowsky. Here, too, one is compelled to admire the wide range of his vision, and his almost uncanny powers of penetration. In reading these portraits one has fleeting glimpses of the art of all the great portrait painters. Some of them seem to look out of the somber background of the old masters, others show the elegance and lightness of a Watteau, and again the nervous brush of a Sargent seems, by some mysterious process, to have changed into the pen of this word painter.

Attempts have been made to find all sorts of causes for the remarkable effect this book has produced. The real cause, as Carl Busse points out in *Velhagen und Klasings Monatshefte*, remains the personality of the author, who forces us always to pay attention. He actually wrestles with each of these characters and, especially when he hates, we are called to witness a splendid spectacle. Then his pen becomes a brilliant weapon. In his hate there is an almost terrifying vindictiveness, which respects no limit. In this respect Harden's nature, like his appearance, is almost fem-

inine. This makes him often unjust. He only sees part of his character. The reverse of the coin is missing. This he will or cannot see.

Of Harden's private life little is known. His sensitiveness, his desire to appear mysterious which amounts almost to passion, is another distinctly feminine trait. Born of Jewish parents, but without known religious affiliations, he lives an exceedingly retired life. He has made it a rule to receive anybody who comes to see him. He answers all letters in his own handwriting. The amount of his daily work is tremendous, and he could not have persevered through eighteen years, if his physique was not so extremely able to offer resistance. During all these years he has stayed in Berlin, even in summer time, waiving some days he spent in Paris and Milan. A politician, he asserts, must not slacken his watchfulness even for twenty-four hours.

Harden is much interested in America, but in one respect, it is pointed out, he offers a strong contrast to the American type: "Here the law of specialization reigns. Successful men are working in a certain domain in

which they become experts and authorities. They are so terribly busy that they cannot aim at a harmonious cultivation of all their gifts. Harden tries to develop himself in every possible sense; no human interest is

strange to him. He is a unique phenomenon, and I think that no European author is comparable to him with regard to the flexibility of his talent and the range of his mind."

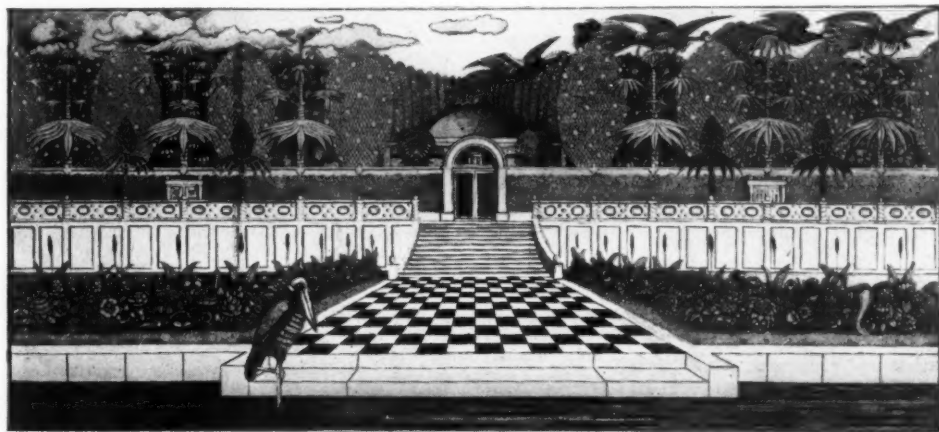
A PIONEER IN A NEW FORM OF ART

IF GENIUS, as has been said, is an infinite capacity for taking pains, then Herbert Edmund Crowley, of New York, must be conceded his share of that magic quality. Mr. Crowley, who is by birth an Englishman, is developing a new, and perhaps a unique, form of art. He labors for months on a single drawing. He raises detail to the *n*th power. He used to be a musician, and his present work has some of the qualities of music. He obtains effects, as a musician might, by myriad repetitions of forms. Every shape or object he portrays is reduced to a formula or symbol, almost a *Leitmotiv*. "There is an alluring inventiveness," says Arthur Hoeber, of the *New York Globe*, "as well as unusual facility. He utilizes leaves, flowers, foliage in the most clever manner, and he gets an astonishing weirdness at times that fascinates one. The man is a new figure in our exhibitions and well worth attention."

Mr. Crowley is characterized in an article by Mrs. M. H. Mowbray-Clarke in *The Independent* as "a moralist in art." His pictures are freighted with ethical meaning. In par-

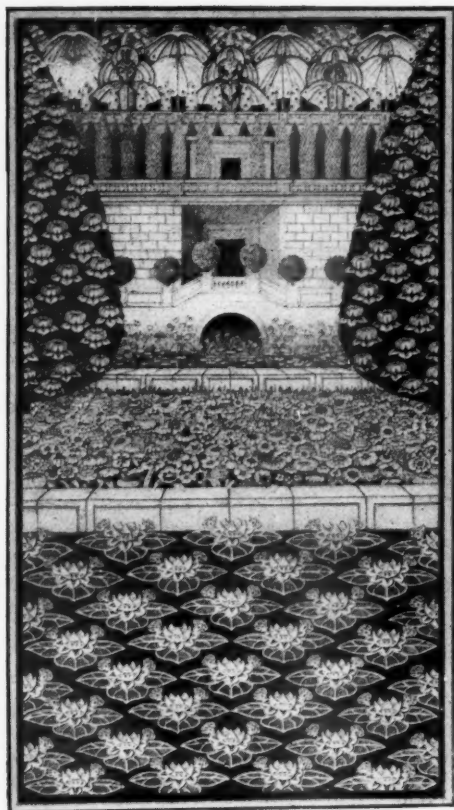
ticular, he seems to be obsessed by the problem of evil. "Let us look upon sin quietly," he says, "and see it." There are certain aspects of Mr. Crowley's art that suggest kinship with Aubrey Beardsley; but Beardsley was fascinated by evil, while Crowley recoils from it. Mr. Crowley showed some of his pictures, dramatizing the moral issue, to a lady who was a Christian Scientist. She regarded them as an insult to her faith. Thereupon he was led to comment: "We cannot stamp out a thing until we admit its existence. Can we clear a garden of weeds unless we see that weeds exist? Sin does exist, but we do not allow it free enough rein to give us mental pictures." He has made it his business to furnish such mental pictures.

One of the strongest of his designs, combining a large idea with attention to minutest detail, is entitled "Scandal." It shows a baboonlike monster leaning unrestfully against a pedestal on which is drawn the symbol of eternity indicating the unending power of evil. The creature is human in structure, but beastlike in detail; from its weak mouth issue bubbles of froth. Its eye shows cynical in-



"THE TEMPLE OF MYSTERIES"

One of Herbert Crowley's unique conceptions. "Steps and walks and gates in carefully drawn perspective," remarks Mrs. Mowbray-Clarke, "lead the eye to a dome buried among trees that suggest an illimitable forest. Not a leaf in the picture is repeated, yet each in itself is beautiful, tho treated in such a way that it helps on the weirdness of the idea."



"THE TEMPLE OF SILENCE"

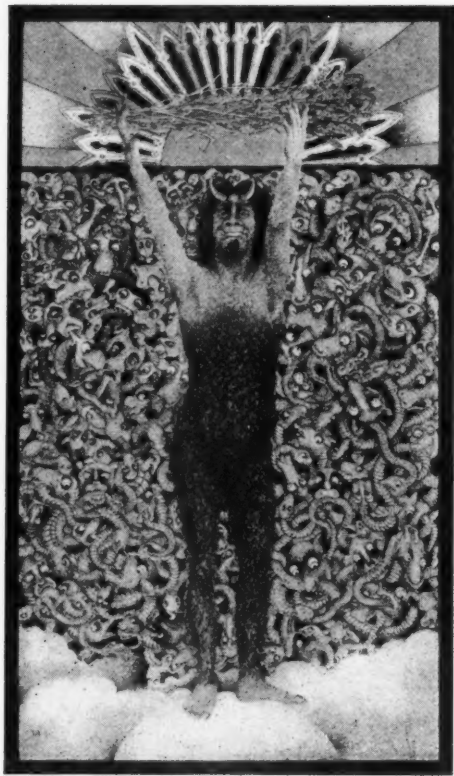
A symbolic portrayal of the human soul by Herbert Crowley. "Neither his tones nor his forms," one critic observes, "are based on nature except in analogous ways, yet all carry conviction and produce that restful union of idea and method of expression which results in a work of art."

timacy with a serpent twining around the tree of life. The head is horned and goatlike, the hair falls heavily on the hunched shoulders and lumpy upper arms. The lower arms and lower legs are as bare of muscle as an ostrich's—the creature is no doer of deeds to develop brawn. In the background, shut away by a tangle of thistle forms, is a Christian cross in black, suggesting the safeguard against depravity. Mrs. Mowbray-Clarke is impressed by the architectural sense underlying this whole design, "so that in spite of the loathsome creature personifying the loathsome vice we have beauty in the arrangement of the masses of light and dark, and in the proportional arrangement of the three horizontal subdivisions of the panel."

Another of the artist's studies in pathological emotion is "Slander." He has given us

his own description of this picture, in the following words:

"In the garden of life happy labor with its fine sense of beauty produces marvels of orderly forms and splendid sequences of tone and rhythmic line. Somewhere outside, idleness generates an evil germ which multiplies by subdivision, and from the new forms are descended the snaky, penetrating influences that creep within the harmonious enclosure. Out of vague, insinuating utterances, glances of the evil eyes, mere movements out of sympathy with true meanings, grows the illusive yet horrible monster Slander, whose every breath increases the flowing yet heavy influence that will disturb all the serried ranks, interrupt all the efforts at cultivation of the flowers of life and drag noble pride of endeavor in the dust. Winding, like the snake, through all the finished and orderly tiers of flowers, in and out of view, permeating through the sheer horror of its presence, it is seen and felt as the whole center of things until we lose sight of the beauty we have dwelt amongst through the insidiousness of the influence. Even the Spirit of Love itself beats its



"RYE"

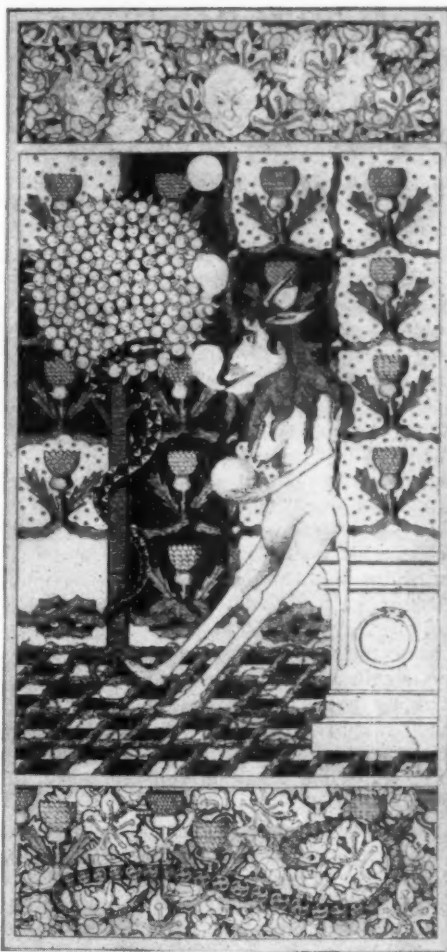
The embodied evil of intemperance is represented by Herbert Crowley as a bestial creature covered with hair. He holds aloft a bundle of rye. Behind him writhe the beastly apparitions of delirium tremens.

wings impotently in the face of the implacable, the immutable creature with its hybrid form, absolutely inhuman, and its cold, brainless hatred of the beauty it destroys by its mere existence. Upon its very breathings are fed and encouraged to multiply all the insidious pests that gnaw and burrow at the roots and hearts of things and pull down and destroy all that love and labor have planned and planted and striven to make grow and blossom into the unified whole of life's Spring garden. The light of peace is lowered and the clouds of drear twilight are gathering in the background."

"Rye" shows the embodied evil of intemperance as a hairy creature, half man, half ape. He holds aloft a bundle of rye, against the sun. Behind him writhe the beastly apparitions of delirium tremens. The object of this picture is quite evidently to convey the idea that the grain is a gift of the sun meant for the good of man, but that he has perverted its intention by distilling from it the deadly drug which men "put into their mouths to steal away their brains." Horrors result and entanglement of cause and effect, but "the demon himself," Mrs. Mowbray-Clarke notes, "even is obliged to offer homage to the light, the knowledge, whence comes hope of ultimate escape from bondage to evil."

Neither the tones nor the forms of this artist, the same writer observes, are based on nature except in analogous ways, yet "all carry conviction and produce that restful union of idea and method of expression which results in a work of art." She continues:

"In the 'Temple of Mysteries' we see this creative mind's place of habitation—the place wherein the inexplicable mysteries of growth have their beginnings. The convention of the architecture suggests the absolute rule of order underlying all mystery, and this runs through the natural forms in the picture fixing as well the convention of the perspective. The varieties of flowers, vines and trees were never seen outside of this composition, yet each leaf or stem or flower follows the law of growth and could exist tho it does not. Symbolized by the flying birds on the right and the gathering clouds on the left is the mysterious message from the temple proclaiming the order for the change of season. The birds like the trees are things of the artist's imagining, but each bears inspection for beauty of form and detail arrangement. 'Evil,' a serpent, coils among the flowers on the right, but its presence is neutralized by 'Wisdom,' a bird standing on one leg in the pool, in whose eye is a touch of gentle and kindly humor which saves the solemnity of the whole from over-seriousness. Across the whole picture from left to right is a gradation of tone



"SCANDAL"

Herbert Crowley conceives scandal as a monster with a horned, baboonlike head, a swollen belly, and legs as bare of muscles as an ostrich's. From the weak mouth of the creature issue bubbles of froth.

from darkness to light handled so delicately as to be almost unnoticed at first, but affecting every leaf and flower, not as naturalistic light and shade, but as part of the suggestion of the slowness of change as one of the many mysteries so subtly conveyed by this picture."

"The Temple of Silence" will appeal to some natures as the most awe-inspiring of all Herbert Crowley's conceptions. It is the last word in mysticism; an effort to express the inexpressible. Mr. Crowley can show us the entrance to the temple of the human soul, but he cannot reveal what is within. He draws a grotesque veil over the Holy of Holies.

LAFCADIO HEARN'S REACTION FROM THE FRENCH ROMANTICS

ALTHO Lafcadio Hearn was supremely the interpretative artist, a good part of his early training was critical, and perhaps the most valuable of his collected letters, especially those addressed to Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain in the third and last volume,* recently published, are the ones which contain his searchlight criticisms, and therein reveal his own slow and painful evolution as a writer. Hearn early came under the influence of the French Romantics. Gautier was his youthful idol and Loti a never-ending subject for admiration; yet no one has seen more clearly straight down to the root of their weakness and illumined it more vividly than their Græco-Irish disciple. Classicism never appealed to Hearn; he was always a Romantic, from predisposition and deliberate culture. He translated Gautier and faithfully imitated the Romantic artificialities of style, only to find them a snare and a delusion. For in a letter written to Professor Chamberlain about 1893 he makes the following significant admission: "After for years studying poetical prose, I am forced now to study simplicity. After attempting my utmost at ornamentation, I am converted by my own mistakes. The great point is to touch with simple words."

These letters gain in importance through not having been written for publication. Without reservation, therefore, and with no effort to be "consistent," Hearn flashes forth criticism and ideas, revealing his innermost convictions to his friend. And the sum and substance of them all seems to be that after fathoming the heights and the depths of modern French literature, he turned away intensely dissatisfied, looking toward the strong simplicity of northern writers, particularly the Russians and the Scandinavians, for literary regeneration. "I hope for the Russian invasion of the West," is his almost savage cry of revolt. "When the Russians have, after the conquest, reached the point of writing poems like Gautier's 'Nombri,' and his 'Musée Secret,' it will then be time for the Chinese to conquer the world." Hearn came to doubt even the spirituality of the Latin races, writing thus of their "essential materialism":

"The emotional life of them seems to be in the nerves, even their most exquisite sensations. Taine has well shown how debauchery and vice are contrary to the Northern nature in a sort,—how the English instinctively recognize they can't be immoral without becoming brutal. On the other hand the French seem unable to become philosophical without becoming grossly materialistic. They talk forever of 'abîmes'; yet which of them dive to the profundities or soar to the heights reached by the Genius of the North? Imagine a French Goethe; or a Spanish Richter; or an Italian Emerson or Carlyle. Compare even their realism with Northern realism,—say Kipling with Maupassant. Find anything resembling what Clifford calls a 'cosmic emotion' in their positivism. Even Renan is a Breton,—not a Latin. . . . The nearest approach to soul in French books is an extreme sensual refinement,—a vibrant sense of nature in relation to the body; and this quality (easily mistaken for something higher) vanishes with youth, and the dulling of the nerves,—and there remains the ashes of the commonplace."

Yet of Gautier's art, Hearn writes loyally: "As a mere pure artist . . . in spite of all the carping there has been about his work, he has not any equal in all European verse. We exact thinking now, as well as art,—and perhaps it is well, since the mere mechanical mastery of verse is common to a whole world of poetasters. But there is really an art in Gautier that lifts every word into the world of thinking, and that makes one almost ready to believe in a new Gnosticism,—that words are Beings which reveal their souls only to the elect." And in the following paragraphs we find both condemnation and a brilliant justification of that Romantic movement which Gautier headed:

"It is not the highest art, of course, this worship of beauty. We cannot to-day touch the skirts of Greek art,—yet we feel the realized ideal that one marvelous race, and only one, had a divine glimpse of, is not the highest possible. The highest must be aspirational,—like music,—aspirational with all its spirings of utterance piercing into the Future. But I think that every school contributes some tone, some color—else unobtainable—to that mighty future scale of emotional harmonies of which the depths and the heights are still invisible. . . .

"For this reason I imagine we are not wrong to praise and admire even the art of Gautier and of the senses. Some sensualism is a good thing for human nature. It softens. Now I like that 'Arria Marcella,'—that reverie which expresses

* THE JAPANESE LETTERS OF LAFCADIO HEARN. Edited by Elizabeth Bisland. Houghton, Mifflin Company.

the whole regret of the nineteenth century for the dead Gods and the dead paganism,—which re-creates the past for a night, and lives forever after haunted by the unspeakable melancholy of the broken dream. Is it not truth—the longing of every lover of the antique beauty—the dreams of every passionate student in the spring of thinking life? We have all had it. Surely never to have had it would leave life more colorless and less sensitive than it ought to be."

Among the Romantic poets, Hearn places Hugo first, Gautier second and Baudelaire third,—because of his "*Fleurs du Mal*"—"the fiendish and monstrous mixed with rare, queer art!" But the very perfection of vital Romantic prose, he maintains, was first reached by Loti. Yet—"there is not much heart in Loti," he confesses, "but there is a fine brain. . . . To me Loti seems for a space to have looked into Nature's whole splendid burning fulgurant soul, and to have written under her very deepest and strongest inspiration. He was young. Then the color and the light faded, and only the worn-out blasé nerves remained; and the poet became—a little morbid modern affected Frenchman."

From the Decadents, Hearn turned in anger and dismay. There is no qualifying praise in his condemnation of their work. After reading "*Poètes d'Aujourd'hui*," he wrote: "The new poetry is simply rotten!—morally and otherwise. I am not prudish: I still think Gautier's '*Musée Secret*' . . . the finest poem of an artistic kind in the French or in any other language. But there is in it a splendid something entirely absent from the new poetry—the joy of life. There is no joy in this new world—and scarcely any tenderness: the language is the language of art, but the spirit is of Holbein and Gothic ages of religious madness. I do not know that poetry ought to be joyous, in a general way; there is beauty in pain and sorrow. Only,—is ugliness or pain, without beauty, a subject worthy of poetry?"

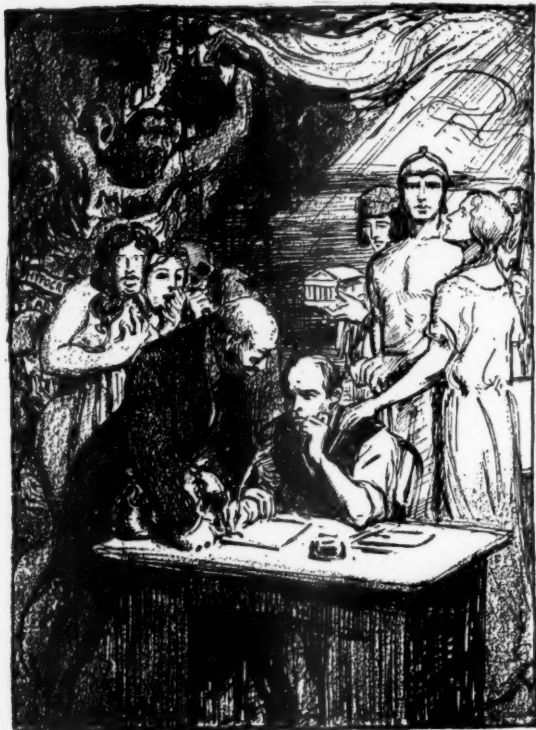
Hearn's tenderness was shocked by the cruelty of such a writer as Pierre Louys, for instance, whose "*Aphrodite*" and "*Bilitis*" he regarded as no less than crimes. And what Hearn meant by a crime he tells us in one of those swift flights which changed him from the merely interpretative to the philosophic artist. "A good man, a good woman," he writes, "seemed a small matter a century ago,—men and women were, as for Heine, Nos. 1, 2, 3,—11, 12. But when we learn scientifically at what awful cost of suffering and struggle and death any single moral being

is evolved, surely the sense of the value of a life is increased unspeakably. And on the other hand,—how much more terrible does a crime appear. For of old a crime was a violation of the laws of a country, a particular society, a particular theology. But in the light of the new philosophy, a real crime becomes a crime against not only the totality of all human experience with right and wrong,—but a distinct injury to the universal tendency to higher things,—a crime against not humanity only, but the entire Cosmos,—against the laws that move a hundred millions of systems of worlds." Believing so, no wonder the Decadents pained Hearn's head and "hurt his soul!" "Their 'art,'" he thus sums up, "seems to me a sort of alchemy in verse—totally false, with just enough glints of reality—micaceous shimmerings—to suggest imaginations of ghostly gold."

Flaubert represented to Hearn the "extravagance of the Romantic laboriousness of art,—the exaggerations that preceded the Realistic reaction." After him, the deluge—Zola!—"the idealist of the Horrible, the Foul, the Brutal, the Abominable." "Zola," says Hearn, "has always believed and proclaimed himself a realist. If there is anything which Zola is not,—it is a realist. His mind conceives the horrible as Doré's mind conceived the ghastly and the nightmarish. . . . Zola represents the extreme swing of the pendulum between severe reserve and frantic license. His school must die with him. He himself has done so much that no one will ever again in this century try to follow him." Then comes this flashing comparison of Balzac with Zola:

"Balzac was a great artist in ideal lines quite foreign to Zola's genius. Take for example '*La Peau de Chagrin*':—the terrible human symbolism of that story will keep it forever among the great Parables of World Literature. Take the wondrous '*Contes Drolatiques*' (with the equally wondrous engravings by Doré);—take, in spite of Froude's fierce denunciations, '*Le Père Goriot*.' There is a great deep marvelous art there,—a spontaneous giant utterance of art, coupled with strangest delicacy. There is vice and horror; but how beautifully balanced with virtue and heroism! Balzac has tenderness; Balzac has vast sympathies; Balzac has the charm of highest imagination. Where is Zola's tenderness? Where are Zola's sympathies? and how enormously morbid is Zola's imagination.

"Nothing will ever, I think, persuade me to place Zola above Balzac,—tho I confess Zola's greatness."



From *Collier's Weekly*

WHICH VOICE SHALL HE LISTEN TO?

Albert Sterner's striking portrayal of the dilemma of the modern journalist.

Just as French Romanticism inevitably led to Decadence, so the "Realism" of Zola and Balzac degenerated into such "diabolically immoral" performances as, for example, "*Les Soirées de Médan*"—a collection of cynical, brutal stories written by Zola and some of his pupils. Among them, Hearn counts (wrongly, we think), Guy de Maupassant, whose first masterly story—"Boule-de-Suif"—was printed in this volume. "I have been trying to think," writes Hearn, "what all this sort of work will produce in time. Its own time is already past; but all that has ever existed as a popular vogue must continue to exercise some influence in another way." And he continues with fine penetration and in prophetic spirit. "Perhaps the effect of this pessimism may, after all, prove less of value in the reaction it provokes than in the new perceptions of life's problem which it forces. However morbidly exaggerated the teaching of it, there may have been need of such teaching. It is true that we advance by ideals; and yet we must not

allow the Ideal, as a mere abstract, to veil from us the real horror and misery and pity of struggling life. Perhaps the fault of the old idealism was its artistic exclusiveness; and Zola was right in calling it a 'drawing-room Idealism.'"

The antidote for Loti was Kipling, for whom Hearn expressed unbounded admiration; yet what a clear perception of the Anglo-Indian's sinister significance is summed up in the following paragraph: "Kipling grows bigger every day to me,—looms up colossal, reaches out like a stupendous shadow, over half a planet at once. But oh! the hardness of the tone—the silent cynicism of facts—the self-repression—the 'matter-of-course' way of seeing things—the extraordinary objectivity and incomprehensible subjectivity cruel as fate! What a most damnable thing civilization is!—must be, *to create such a writer*. What complexities of suffering, of knowledge, of penetration, of toleration, of all accursed experience, and all diabolical intuition are summed up in that one young life!"

It is not to the Kiplings of this world that Lafcadio Hearn turns for literary salvation. Rather to a Dostoevsky, whose "*Crime and Punishment*" he considers the "most powerful emotional novel of modern times." "It is a crucifying thing to read," he records, "but it goes down to the deepest fibers in a man's heart." Turgueneff's "*Virgin Soil*" Hearn pronounces greater than "*Les Misérables*." He contrasts Mérimée's materialism with the spirituality of Tolstoy. "What force," he exclaims, "in a Scandinavian or Russian novel, compared with a Latin one." And as for style,—*"the puzzle of these Norse writers,"* he concludes, *"is their enormous force combined with childish simplicity. Take up a volume, and you think you are reading a book for babies. All at once tremendous passion shows itself, masters you, and shakes you into profound respect. . . . These Northmen never condescend to look for ornamental words,—they have no devices, no tricks at all,—nothing but great huge, smooth, frank strength. They are my despair! I could never write a page like Björnson tho I studied for a century. But I could imitate in English a florid Romantic. Ornamental luxurious work isn't the hardest. The hardest is perfect simplicity."*

WHAT IS WRONG WITH AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS?

IN a series of articles on "The American Newspaper," now running in *Collier's Weekly*, Mr. Will Irwin argues that the outstanding fact in the journalistic history of this country during the past hundred years has been the shifting of the seat of power from the editorial page to the news columns. At the present time he notes that, while newspaper writers are more competent and high-minded than ever before, the ethical tone of the newspapers is constantly going down. He lays the blame for this situation on newspaper owners.

Four main currents, Mr. Irwin observes, run through the history of American journalism; four elements fused to make our press what it is. The first current was shaped by Anglo-Saxon tradition; each of the others had for a source some dominant personality—a Bennett, a Dana, or a Hearst.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries English journalism was based on the idea that the editorial, directed toward expressing and forming public opinion is the most important feature of a newspaper. American journalism, in its inception, was based on the same idea. This idea produced its best type just when it ceased to dominate. Horace Greeley, whose career reached its climax in the period of our Civil War, was the flower of the old school. "He really led," Mr. Irwin says; "and he did it solely through the power of his editorials. By virtue of his honesty, his mental vigor, and his journalistic style, he really 'molded public opinion.' Commercial necessity forced upon him daily concessions to news for news' sake, but he cursed that necessity. He, like all his kind, was a publicist, not a newspaper man."

The man who invented news as we know it was James Gordon Bennett. "I renounce all so-called principles," he said in his salutatory in *The Herald*. He set out to find the news and to print it. "Bennett, ruthless, short in the conscience, expressing in his own person all the atrocious bad taste of his age," remarks Mr. Irwin, "was yet a genius with the genius power of creation. And he, through two stormy, dirty decades, set an idea of news upon which we have proceeded ever since." Mr. Irwin continues:

"The *Herald's* commercial success—within three years it had taken the lead from all the New York newspapers—forced the others to follow him; newspaper work became a struggle then for

beats and for earliest publication. When Bennett began, two short railroads comprized all the means of rapid communication in the United States. Working with the tools he had, Bennett performed prodigies. His marine couriers transmitted European news hours ahead of his rivals; he kept in touch with our borders by private lines of pony messengers. In the Mexican War, his despatches so far beat the Government advices and the United States mails that it became a matter for official complaint at Washington. Before the telegraph he had experimented with schemes for quicker transmission by semaphore, pneumatic tube and even balloon; the poles on the first telegraph lines were still green when Bennett had made the invention a part of his own system."

Charles A. Dana, with his New York *Sun*, made the next great step forward. His idea was that newspaper writing is an art. Under Bennett's régime the emphasis had been all on the news, rather than on journalistic workmanship. Dana saw no reason why journalism, the little sister of literature, should not be beautiful. He came to believe that the clever, subtle and sound narration of news was a task worthy of all the taste, the culture, and the soul-force that there is in any man. As he worked it out, the art of reporting is the art of the plain tale, decked mainly with those details which the trained eye of the good reporter comes to perceive. So appeared the *Sun* style—easy, often witty, full of detail and incident, but always clear.

The fourth current, that of yellow journalism, may be said to have originated in St. Louis and San Francisco during the eighties, and reached full tide in New York during the nineties. Pulitzer and Hearst were its two main sponsors. To the former Mr. Irwin credits the discovery that popular causes can be won by newspapers. Mr. Pulitzer made the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* such a champion of popular rights that to this day the humble citizen of St. Louis tends to write to the "P.-D." before he employs a lawyer. Hearst's forte was—and is—his mastery of popular psychology, his intuition in estimating the subtle values in public taste. His first two aides were S. S. Chamberlain and Arthur McEwen. Says Mr. Irwin:

"Consciously or unconsciously, Hearst and Chamberlain were working on a principle whose formulation was as original to our Occidental journalism as Bennett's discovery of news. He who serves the intellectual and artistic demands

of the populace must give them in some measure what they want. If he proceed from the very highest ethical and artistic ideals, he must make concessions, or they will not listen. But having established a common ground with his public, he may give them a little better than they want, so leading them up by the slow process of education to his own better ideals; or he may give them a great deal worse. When Hearst began, the spirit of the old-age editor still guided newspaper publication; the great majority of editors, no matter how strong their desire for circulation, still served news and editorial in fashion much more intellectual than the public wanted, still appealed to the mind rather than the heart. Hearst's task was to cheapen the product until it sold at the coin of the gutter and the streets.

"So he came generally to reject all news stories which did not contain that thrill of sensation loved by the man on the street and the woman in the kitchen; no paper ever published fewer news items to the issue. He trained his men to look for the one sensational, picturesque fact in every occurrence which came to the desk, and to twist that fact to the fore. 'What we're after,' said Arthur McEwen, 'is the "gee-whiz" emotion.' Pressed for further explanation, he said: 'We run our paper so that when the reader opens it he says: "Gee-whiz!" An issue is a failure which doesn't make him say that.'"

The real power in Hearst's yellow journalism during recent years has been, as everyone knows, Arthur Brisbane. In this connection Mr. Irwin writes:

"The country has forgotten, if it ever knew, his influence in making sensational journalism yellow journalism. We think of him as the writer of those 'heart-to-heart' editorials which even the judicious sometimes admire. With the hindsight so much better than foresight, the men who built with Hearst in his building days at San Francisco see what a chance they missed when they walked on the edge of Brisbane's methods. For Hearst said again and again: 'I wish I could get the same "snap" into my editorials that you fellows get into the news columns.' Arthur McEwen tried the hardest and came nearest to grasping what Hearst wanted. The truth is, McEwen had too much of what the prize-ring calls 'class'. His talents as journalist and writer were basically too high and sound.

"Now arrived Brisbane; he became the genius of *The Evening Journal*, deepest yellow of all newspapers. He was a man after Hearst's own kidney. He found how to get 'snap' into the editorial page, how to talk politics and philosophy in the language of truckmen and lumbermen. Day by day for ten years he has shouted at the populace the moral philosophies of Kant and Hegel, the social and scientific philosophies of Spencer and

Huxley, in lurid words of one syllable. On alternate days he has shouted, just as powerfully, the inconsistencies which suited Hearst's convenience of the day, the fallacies which would boost circulation, pull in advertising, kill rivals. . . . As a writer, with these editorials, as an editor, with thoro grasp of what his kind of reader wanted, he came to typify yellow journalism in its last period of real power. The profession of journalism rightly calls him the one widely influential editorial writer in these declining days of the daily editorial page. Such Hearst newspapers as use his work publish a million and a half copies for at least five million readers. In the nature of Hearst circulation, he reaches that class least infused with the modern intellectual spirit of inquiry, least apt to study their facts before forming their theories—the class most ready to accept the powerfully expressed opinions of another and superior being. We cannot view American civilization without reckoning in this young exponent of means which justify ends, any more than we can view it without reckoning in his employer and discoverer—Hearst."

So far Mr. Irwin's record goes in the first three articles in *Collier's* on which this summary is based. The moral to be drawn from the facts will emerge in later articles in the series. In the meanwhile Mr. Irwin communicates to the public in a recent lecture in New York on "The Moral Responsibility of the Press" his conviction that the chief responsibility of present-day journalism rests on the news editor. "The aim of the news editor," he says, "should be to publish only such things as would be best for the democracy. When the news editors do this, the millennium will come." He adds:

"I can best explain what is wrong with newspapers nowadays by an example. Suppose a clever, wealthy advertizing man should come to the doctors of this city and say: 'Here, I am going to organize you, and advertise what you can do, and you will make ten times as much money as you are making now.' Suppose the doctors consented. How the moral tone of the medical profession would fall.

"Well, that is just what is wrong with the newspaper profession. The ethics of the journalists themselves—the newspaper writers—are constantly going up. But the ethical tone of the newspapers is constantly going down. The fault is with the man who gets hold of the paper. He is a business man. He has to have considerable money, because no paper in this city is worth less than two millions. And it has been my experience that men who have amassed a million or two have lost their ideals. So the newspaper writers are bossed and wronged by the men who have no sympathy with their moral views."

LORD MORLEY ON THE DIFFICULTIES AND FASCINATIONS OF LITERATURE

JOHN MORLEY, in the days before he became a Lord, once characterized literature as the most seductive, deceiving and dangerous of professions. In a recent Presidential address delivered before the English Association, he both elaborates and modifies this text. He still recognizes the dangers, but is now more inclined to emphasize the fascinations, of the literary career. His remarks, which are printed in the *London Times*, throw a flood of light on the intellectual development of the nineteenth century and "deserve reading over and over," according to one critic, "not only by men of letters, whether young or old, but by everyone in touch with the finer spirit of his age."

Three dominant tendencies are noted by Lord Morley as affecting the literature of our epoch. The first is "the rise of physical science and invention into reigning power through the whole field of intellectual activity and interest." We may, he says, obviously date a new time from 1859 when Darwin's "Origin of Species" appeared and, along with two or three imposing works of that date, launched into common currency a new vocabulary.

The influence of science upon literature, as Lord Morley sees it, has been both good and bad. In the main, he thinks, it has been beneficial. Darwin himself made no pretensions in authorship, yet "he is a writer of excellent form for simple and direct description, patient accumulation of persuasive arguments, and a noble and transparent candor in stating what makes against him, which, if not what is called style, is better for the reader than the finest style can be." One eminent critic of Lord Morley's acquaintance has found Darwin's little volume on earth-worms more fascinating even as literature. Then Huxley was a master of "lucid, effective and manful English"; and Buffon is accounted even to this day one of the greatest of French writers in "order, unity, precision, method, clearness in scientific exposition of animated nature, along with majestic gifts of natural eloquence." Of Goethe Lord Morley declares: "Whatever the decision may be as to the value of Goethe's scientific contribution, this, at least, is certain, that his is the most wondrous, the unique, case of a man who united high original scientific power of mind

with transcendent gifts in flight, force, and beauty of poetic imagination."

Passing on to a consideration of science and the poets, Lord Morley points out that Tennyson, "the composer of verse unsurpassed for exquisite music in our English tongue," followed with unflagging interest the problems of evolution and all that hangs upon them. "Whether astronomy or geology—terrible muses, as he well might call them—inspired the better elements of his beautiful work, we may doubt. An English critic has had the courage to say that there is an insoluble element of prose in Dante, and Tennyson has hardly shown that the scientific ideas of an age are soluble in musical words. Browning, his companion poet, nearly universal in his range, was too essentially dramatic, too independent of the scientific influences of his day, too careless of expression, to be a case much in point. Tennyson said of him, he had power of intellect enough for all of them, 'but he has not the glory of words.' Whether he had or not, science was not responsible."

On George Eliot, a "writer of commanding mind, saturated with the spirit of science," Lord Morley makes this penetrating comment:

"Who does not feel how George Eliot's creative and literary art was impaired, and at last worse than impaired, by her daily associations with science? Or would it be truer to say—I often thought it would—that the decline was due to her own ever-deepening sense of the pain of the world and the tragedy of sentient being? She never looked upon it all as *ludibria rerum humanarum*, the cruel sport of human things. Nor could she dismiss it in the spirit of Queen Victoria's saying to Dr. Benson about the follies and frivolities of *Vanity Fair*: 'Archbishop, I sometimes think they must all be mad.' The theater was too oppressive for George Eliot. The double stress of emotion and thought, of sympathy and reason, wrought upon her too intensely for art. She could not, as virile spirits should, reconcile herself to nature. It needed all her native and well-trained strength of soul to prevent her, science or no science, from being crushed by the thought in Keat's lines how men sit and hear each other groan, how earth is full of sorrow and leaden-eyed despairs."

The second "enormous change" which has come to pass within the last two generations,

and which Lord Morley compares, in the magnitude of its influence, with the rise of the scientific spirit, is "the huge augmentation of those who know how to read." This tendency, like the first, has had both its good and its evil effects upon literature. As Lord Morley puts it:

"If we were to judge from the legions who travel by rail, literature means too often books that are no books and only a more or less respectable provision for wasting time. The Headmaster of Eton a year ago told you boldly that we live in an age when there is the greatest abundance of bad literature that ever was known in any country in the world, the cheapest and most accessible bad literature. On the other hand, it is quite true, and much to the point, masterpieces are now, in cheap form, finding a market in overwhelming numbers. One well-known series, now numbering 500 volumes, has in five years had a gross sale of seven million copies, with no sign of decrease. The world's classics from Oxford count for many of their heroes a sale of 100,000 and an average between 50,000 and 60,000. Let us add that even in the cheapest daily journals no book of serious worth ever goes without a notice, handling it with a degree of competence that not so many years ago was only to be found in half a dozen expensive weeklies. Add on the same side the extension, popularity and success of public libraries, encouraging as these facts are in every way. Still let us face the unpleasant reflection that if one of the main objects of education must always be to strengthen the faculty of continuous and coherent attention against that tendency to futile and ignoble dispersion which confuses the brain and enervates the will, then are we sure that the printing press, mighty blessing as it is, cannot be counted a blessing without alloy."

The third evidence of a new spirit operating both for good and for ill in our time is discerned by Lord Morley in the renaissance of interest in original documents. "The eager curiosity of all these years," he points out, "about the facts of biology, chemistry, physics, and their laws has inevitably quickened the spread both of the same curiosity and the same respect, quickened by German example, for ascertained facts into the province of history. We live in the documentary age. New sources emerge and new papers are daily dragged to light. In the history of Great Britain alone documents are every year brought almost in barrow-loads to the grateful student's door. Sacred archives everywhere are being unsealed." Whether all this be new truth or old falsehood, no one can be quite sure. But "the dilemma," Lord Morley

remarks, "is now fixed by fate and literary fashion, which is itself a kind of fate. A fabric of inspiring narrative built on foundations of quicksand, on the one side; on the other, a fearsome jungle of minute detail, every regiment in every battle numbered, every hour accounted for, every turn of diplomatic craft tracked." Can our modern historians carry successfully the burden that has been thus laid upon them? Are they able to combine scientific accuracy and imaginative power? Lord Morley is inclined to answer both of these questions in the negative, and in this connection he finds "the peril of the documentary age."

"I have been reminded that Renan, who possessed both scientific and artistic instinct, somewhere wishes that he could use polychromatic ink, so that he might indicate the subtle shades of doubt that belong to each adjective and adverb. How distracting to the ordinary reader, who loves firm line and bold color! What would have become of the splendors of Carlyle's 'French Revolution' if he had followed the scale and method of his 'Frederick the Great'? It is an interesting guess that a good scholar, familiar with the two ancient languages and with French, could read Gibbon's authorities in five years. The actual mass of print and manuscript through which Ranke, or Gardiner, must have fought his way can hardly have been less than five or six times as bulky. This is the labor of a lifetime. Form as form is buried alive.

"Some critics insist that the rarest beauty a style can have is to resemble speech. Others put it in another way, that if you are content to give exactitude to the spontaneous thought, then power and grace enough will follow. Taine says the disappearance of style is the perfection of style. If these schools are right, Gibbon's writing will hardly please, and there have been many whom as style it does not please. Be that as it may, Gibbon's unsurpassed greatness as historian lies not at all in his selection of words or the fall of his sentence, but in majesty of historic conception, in superb force of imagination, in the sustained and symmetric grandeur of his design."

Lord Acton, probably the greatest English historian since Gibbon, was distinctly a failure in his efforts to fuse knowledge and form.

"His learning has been called by learned men a marvel. Nor did it ever loosen his hold on practical life, for he was one of the fortunate beings who are all of one piece. His mind, notwithstanding a rather puzzling union within the reserved precincts of theology of submission to authority with his vehement passion for individual freedom, was still a complete whole. May I read to you how Mr. Bryce in 1883 once heard

from him late at night in his library at Cannes explain in what wise a history of liberty might be made the central thread of all history? 'He spoke for six or seven minutes only; but he spoke like a man inspired, seeming as if from some mountain-summit high in air; he saw beneath him the far-winding path of human progress from dim Cimmerian shores of prehistoric shadow into the fuller yet broken and fitful light of the modern time. The eloquence was splendid, but greater than the eloquence was the penetrating vision that discerned through all events and in all ages the play of these moral forces, now exciting, now destroying, always transmuting, which had molded and re-molded institutions, and had given to the human spirit its ceaselessly changing forms of energy. It was as if the whole landscape of history had been suddenly lit up by a burst of sunlight.'

"Acton's was a leading case where knowledge and profundity was not matched by form. His page is overlooked, he is often over-subtle, he has the fault, or shall I call it the literary crime, of allusiveness and indirect reference—he is apt to put to his reader a riddle or a poser, and then to leave him in the lurch."

Lord Morley confesses himself impatient of over-doing precepts about style, but he urges the writers of to-day to cultivate, in addition to simplicity, lucidity, terseness, accuracy, what he calls sanity and *justesse*. By *justesse* he means equity, balance, a fair mind. He goes on to say a good word for the freshness of American literary inspiration; praises Emerson and Lowell; and quotes a statement of George Meredith's that the high-water mark of English prose in our day is to be found in some pages of Charlotte Brontë and some of Hawthorne's "Marble Faun." His concluding words are:

"In the new edition of his famous book Mr. Bryce gives us a glowing account of what is being done, not only by American workers in every branch of science, but by American scholars; how admirably thoro and painstaking their scholars are, how keen to overtake Germany, and how they are even betrayed into the German fault of indifference to form and style—no brilliant personalities in letters or art; but is this not true of Europe, too? Perhaps, he says, the world is passing through an age with a high level of mediocrity as compared with the outstanding figures of the last century.

"There is, we must admit, to-day no monarch in any tongue upon the literary throne, no sovereign world-name in poetry or prose, in whom—as has happened before now not so many generations ago, in royal succession, to Scott, Byron, Goethe, V. Hugo, Tolstoy—all the civilized world, Teuton, Latin, Celt, Slav, Oriental, are

interested, for whose new works it looks, or where it seeks the gospel of the day. *Nabochish*, to use an Irish word that became a favorite with Sir Walter Scott; it does not matter. Do not let us nurse the humor of the despondent editor, who mournfully told his readers, 'No new epic this month.'

"Nobody can tell how the wonders of language are performed, nor how a book comes into the world. Genius is genius. The lamp that to-day some may think burns low will be replenished. New orbs will bring light. Literature may be trusted to take care of itself, for it is the transcript of the drama of life, with all its actors, moods, and strange flashing fortunes. The curiosity that it meets is perpetual and insatiable, and the impulses that inspire it can never be extinguished."

Lord Morley's impressive address has been widely quoted and discussed both in England and America. That part of the argument which has so far aroused most interest is his concluding utterance on the vacant literary thrones of to-day. There is little doubt expressed as to the substantial accuracy of his statement, and *The Westminster Gazette* is led to comment:

"Lord Morley gives us many hints, all fruitful and stimulating. But the strangest thing about the modern men of letters is perhaps their deliberate abdication. They make no claim to rule the common opinion. They are for ever telling us that the best in literature will not reach the mass of people, and deliberately writing off influence on a wide audience as an aim to be abjured by serious writers. The modern conception of genius is of something deep and delicate appealing to a select few. The modern literary craftsman delights in intricacies and subtleties; he chooses the rare and hard cases of life and submits them to an exquisite analysis; he works slowly, painfully, and with extreme economy, always in fear of cheapening his wares or wearying his audience.

"This is the method of culture, not of genius. It is perfectly true that culture, as a rule, appeals only to the few, but it by no means follows that genius is subject to the same limitation. The very good and the very bad in literature will alike appeal to the largest audience, and it is a false syllogism which concludes that, because some coarse and cheap practitioner earns a great income and enjoys abounding popularity, the man of genius is demeaned when he catches the ear of the multitude.

"So, if we wished to assign one reason more than another for the fact that the thrones are vacant, we should say that the literary world in recent years has steadily cultivated a false ideal, an ideal which tends to produce a highly specialized hole-and-corner literature, not a generous, human, influential literature."

Recent Poetry

THAT is a shining year in which a great poet first stands revealed. Within the last few months such an event has occurred. We are not alone in our knowledge of the fact. Edwin Markham also knows and announces it in his review department in *The American*. "A woman who bids fair to rank as the Mrs. Browning of America,"—that is the way he phrases his announcement. In the Boston *Transcript*, William Stanley Braithwaite adds his testimony in the words: "Her latest volume . . . indicates a poet who defies, by the very quality and variety of her work, any attempt to be complacently regarded as minor, and who, by these characteristics, touches the standard of greatness established by the high traditions of the English masters." The reviewer of the Chicago *Evening Post* is only a little less positive. "First," he says, "comes her passion, which has a strength and splendor almost unmatched among contemporary writers."

The book which has elicited—and in our opinion has deserved—such praises as these is Anna Hempstead Branch's "Rose of the Wind and Other Poems" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). It contains great poetry, but it will not appeal to a great audience. As one reviewer says, "it takes a very good lover of poetry to completely enjoy it," and even a good lover of poetry may have to read several times before he comes into complete enjoyment of many passages. There are but few brief lyrics. Three long poems nearly fill the volume. They are entitled: "Rose of the Wind," "Nimrod" and "The Wedding Feast."

We have no intention of reviewing the work here. This department is for sampling rather than reviewing, and Miss Branch's long poems do not lend themselves readily to the sampling process. From "The Wedding Feast," however, we extract the following passage:

FROM "THE WEDDING FEAST."

BY ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH.

For what is large and what is small
To spiritual eyes?

The great Lord careth not at all
For the dream that men call size.

But what thou dost, that art thou. Lo,
The atoms that rehearse

Their orbits in the stone are vast
As an eoned universe.

The pebble has a curious will
That in my hand doth lie.
It seems as motionless and still
As the zenith in the sky.

It seems to make not any sound.
It does not hum or sing.
It keeps a helpless simple round,
Yet it is a fearful thing.

Its molecules weave in and out,
They leap, they plunge, they dive.
Up from dark gulfs they whirl about
As if they were alive.

They live, they dance, they burn, they die,
Their Judgment Days draw on apace!
Between their smallest atoms lie
Oceans of darkest space.

Those atoms ache, they groan, they quake,
They hiss, they plunge, they roar!
And I that hold a silent stone
Lift up a living war.

It does not burst, it does not shake,
Nor fly dispersed in grains of sand.
Its shape is folded over it,
Like a divine great hand.

It is the hand that lies so still!
It never sets them by.
A shape serene, but under it
Those whirling atoms dance and flit
Like the quick stars in the sky.

This earth it is not as it seems.
It is the strangest place!
Once did I run on solid stones,
But now I trod on space.

On empty gulfs of space trod I!
Worlds were beneath my feet,
And many a brightly speeding sky
And heaven spread sweet.

"Thou magic sprite, fearfully bright,
Now have I wandered far.
What are these gulfs of roaring night
Wherein whirls many a flaming star?"
"Substance, before thy mortal sight,
Shows all things as they are."

"What is this world so green, so fair,
That hovers brightly over me?"
"It is the atom in the air
Too small for human eyes to see."

"Behold its forests and its lakes,
Its mountains and its rugged scars,
And like a bristling mane it shakes
Lights of innumerable stars.

"It has its sunrise beautiful
On shining mountains morning pale.
And many a praying temple stands
In many a quiet vale.

* * * * *

"A world within your world doth lie,
Hidden from mortal men.
Another world in that is furled
And a thousand worlds again."

We have the pleasure of reprinting below one of the finest lyrics our language—or any other—has produced. Our readers may think we are dealing too freely in superlatives this month, but Mr. Gallienne's poem (from *Harper's Weekly*) merits enthusiastic praise.

YOU MUST MEAN MORE.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

You must mean more than just this hour,
You perfect thing so subtly fair,
Simple and complex as a flower,
Wrought with such planetary care;
How patient the eternal power
That wove the marvel of your hair.

How long the sunlight and the sea
Wove and reweave this rippling gold
To rhythms of eternity;
And many a flashing thing grew old
Waiting this miracle to be;
And painted marvels manifold.

Still with his work unsatisfied,
Eager each new effect to try,
The solemn artist cast aside
Rainbow and shell and butterfly,—
As some stern blacksmith scatters wide
The sparks that from his anvil fly.

How many shells, whorl within whorl,
Litter the marges of the sphere
With wrack of unregarded pearl,
To shape that little thing your ear:
Creation, just to make one girl,
Hath travailed with exceeding fear.

The moonlight of forgotten seas
Dwells in your eyes, and on your tongue
The honey of a million bees,
And all the sorrow of all song;
You are the ending of all these,
The world grew old to make you young.

All Time hath travelled to this rose—
To the strange making of this face
Came agonies of fires and snows;
And Death and April, nights and days

Unnumbered, unimagined throes,
Find in this flower their meeting-place.

Strange Artist, to my aching thought
Give answer: all the patient power
That to this perfect ending wrought—
Shall it mean nothing but this hour!
Say not that it is all for nought
Time brings Eternity a flower.

Nathan Haskell Dole is known more for his prose than for his poetry, but as proof that the latter is also well deserving of knowledge we need but cite this from *Munsey's*:

CHILD'S PLAY.

BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

In happy childhood's days I blew
Great iridescent globes that flew
High in the air like swift balloons,
Or whirled like new-created moons
In strange, erratic orbs around
Some distant sun I never found.

Now, older but not wiser grown,
A fairer bubble have I blown.
Of sun-kissed loveliness impearled,
It filled the limits of the world
And seemed as if 'twere meant to last;
It was so exquisite, so vast,
So visionlike, so heavenly bright,
I saw in it all life's delight.

Illusion! It was film so rare
That even when it seemed most fair
A hasty word its fabric jarred—
Strange that a breath should strike so hard!
It burst, and there was nothing left
To tell of what I was bereft,
Except a sprinkle of hot tears,
As when a bubble disappears!

The following strong and heartening poem (published in *The Cosmopolitan*) was one of those selected to be read anonymously (before publication) at the February meeting of the Poetry Society of America. It has wings to it.

KNOW THYSELF.

BY ANGELA MORGAN.

Reined by an unseen tyrant's hand,
Spurred by an unseen tyrant's will,
Aquiver at the fierce command
That goads you up the danger hill,
You cry: "O Fate, O Life, be kind!
Grant but an hour of respite—give
One moment to my suffering mind!
I cannot keep the pace and live."
But Fate drives on and will not heed
The lips that beg, the feet that bleed.

Drives, while you faint upon the road,
Drives, with a menace for a goad;
With fiery reins of circumstance,
Urging his terrible advance
The while you cry in your despair,
"The pain is more than I can bear!"

Fear not the goad, fear not the pace,
Plead not to fall from out the race—
It is your own Self driving you:
Your Self that you have never known,
Seeing your little self alone.
Your Self, high-seated charioteer,
Master of cowardice and fear,
Your Self that sees the shining length
Of all the fearful road ahead,
Knows that the terrors that you dread
Are pigmies to your splendid strength;
Strength you have never even guessed,
Strength that has never needed rest.
Your Self that holds the mastering rein,
Seeing beyond the sweat and pain,
And anguish of your driven soul
The patient beauty of the goal!

Fighting upon the terror field
Where man and Fate come breast to breast,
Pressed by a thousand foes to yield,
Tortured and wounded without rest,
You cried: "Be merciful, O Life!
The strongest spirit soon must break!
Before this all-unequal strife,
This endless fight for failure's sake!"
But Fate, unheeding, lifted high
His sword, and thrust you through to die.
And then there came one strong and great,
Who towered high o'er Chance and Fate,
Who bound your wound and eased your pain
And bade you rise and fight again!

And from some source you did not guess
Gushed a great tide of happiness—
A courage mightier than the sun—
You rose and fought and, fighting, won!
It was your own Self saving you,
Your Self no man has ever known,
Looking on flesh and blood alone.
The Self that lives as close to God
As roots that feed upon the sod.
That one who stands behind the screen,
Looks through the window of your eyes—
A being out of Paradise,
The Self no human eye has seen,
The living one who never tires,
Fed by the deep, eternal fires,
Your flaming Self, with two-edged sword,
Made in the likeness of the Lord,
Angel and guardian at the gate,
Master of Death and King of Fate!

Half the battle in writing a poem—as we
have remarked before—lies in the subject
chosen by the poet,—or, rather, in the sub-

ject that the poet is chosen by, for that is
the way of it when great poetry is indited.
Here is a particularly good subject. We
quote from *The Smart Set*:

AN EGYPTIAN LOVE CHARM.

BY GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON MCGIFFERT.

Carven with curious symbol and mystic sign,
Enwrapped in tissue of gold, as in a shrine,
It lay in a cedarwood casket wrought with pearl
And rare carved ivories. What slim, dark girl,
What cheris'd love of king or caliph wore
This delicate trinket? Did Egyptian lore
Avail to keep faith true in hearts of old?
And would their passionate love shame ours
More cold?
Enchanted, yet it breathes rose attar, vows
And lotus lure of love, Beneath palm boughs,
By marble fountains, templed, sphinx-lined ways,
Were kisses, treason or the pledge of days,
Heavy with fate? Was love too maddened sweet
For one so frail? Was love too fevered fleet?
And did she wear this token to her grave,
Counting all naught to be his queen or slave?
And had she those fond fancies that defy
The grave, soul of his soul, content to die
Thinking sweet love immortal? Long since then
The centuries have borne great tides of men;
Undying Greece has flamed and flared away;
Reverberant Rome has passed; yet to this day
This fragile bit of perishable gold,
With vows and kisses, prayers and tears en-
scrolled,
Fair as of old, wanders in distant lands,
Homeless, weary for those first soft hands.

If Le Gallienne sings of a beautiful girl as
the climax of the evolutionary travail of
creation, Mr. Peterson (in *The American
Magazine*) finds his climax in masculine
power and courage wrought out by the same
long process:

THE APOTHEOSIS OF DUST.

BY FREDERICK PETERSON.

O man, thou wondrous fabric of the clay,
How hast thou climbed from that far place to
this,
Through what world-maelstroms in the vast
abyss
Of space and time, where Fate decreed the way!
Fate tossed thee on a tiny planet's crust,
The endless circles of the void to roam;
This green sun-tethered ball became thy home,
And thou—the Apotheosis of Dust.

For Godlike art thou, there's a God in thee!
Striving for beauty in some grand design,
Which thou imperfect canst not yet divine,
Till that imprisoned God is once made free!

Yea, all the gods are creatures of thy mind,
And all the virtues born of thy high soul;
'Tis thy ideals that, from pole to pole,
From age to age, have glorified thy kind.
Thou smilest in dying, yea, wilt sacrifice,
On any altar that seems true to thee
Thy little moment of Eternity,
Nor reckon aught of Hell or Paradise!

And thine the arts of song and pipe and string
That teach the Soul the ways of dreams to go,
The rapturous pathways winding to and fro
Between Forgetting and Remembering.

With burin, brush and chisel thou hast made
The picture speak, the formless marble breathe—
There is a power, whose thoughts of beauty
seethe
In thee, and all thy striving brain pervade.

A God-in-All, impetuous to express
His beauty manifold, his plan profound,
Through light and color, motion, form and
sound,
Through towering thoughts, and passions limitless.

Double stars in the literary firmament are
not frequently seen and are always of interest.
England has one to-day in Clement K. Shorter
and his talented wife. The latter has pub-
lished a number of volumes of poetry, and in
the London *Nation* of recent date appears a
beautifully tender poem as follows:

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

BY DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

The good Lord gave, the Lord has taken from
me,
Blessed be His name, His holy will be done.
The mourners all have gone, all save I, his
mother.
The little grave lies lonely in the sun.

Nay! I would not follow, tho they did beseech
me,
For the angels come now waiting for my dead.
Heaven's door is open, so my whispers soar there,
While the gentle angels lift him from his bed.

Oh Lord, when Thou gavest he was weak and
helpless
Could not rise nor wander from my shielding
arm;
Lovely is he now and strong with four sweet
summers,
Laughing, running, tumbling, hard to keep
from harm.
If some tender mother, whose babe on earth is
living,
Takes his little hand to guide his stranger feet

'Mid the countless hosts that cross the floor of
heaven,
Thou wilt not reprove her for Thy pity sweet.
If upon her breast she holds his baby beauty,
All his golden hair will fall about her hand,
Laughing let her fingers pull it into ringlets—
Long and lovely ringlets. She will understand.

Willful are his ways and full of merry mischief;
If he prove unruly, lay the blame on me.
Never did I chide him for his noise or riot,
Smiled upon his folly, glad his joy to see.

Each eve shall I come beside his bed so lowly;
"Hush-a-by, my baby," softly shall I sing,
So, if he be frightened, full of sleep and anger,
The song he loved shall reach him and sure
comfort bring.

Lord, if in my praying, Thou should'st hear me
weeping,
Ever was I wayward, always full of tears,
Take no heed of this grief. Sweet the gift
Thou gavest,
All the cherished treasure of those golden
years.

Do not, therefore, hold me to Thy will un-
grateful:
Soon I shall stand upright, smiling, strong
and brave.
With a son in heaven the sad earth forgetting;
But 'tis lonely yet, Lord, by the little grave.
Oh, 'tis lonely, lonely, by the little grave!

The following poem (from *Harper's*) is
on the borderland of metaphysics, but it is
metaphysics as viewed by a true poet's eye:

THE UNKNOWING.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

I know not where I am: is
Beneath my feet a whirling sphere,
And overhead (and yet below)
A crystal rampart cutting sheer
The traveling sun its oriflam.
What do I know?

I know not what I do:
I wrought at that, I wrought at this;
The shuttle still perforce I throw;
But if aright or if amiss
The web reveals not, held to view.
What do I know?

I know not what I think:
My thoughts?—As in a shaft of light
The dust-motes wander to and fro,
And shimmer golden in their flight;
Then, either way, in darkness sink,
What do I know?

I know not who am I:
 If now I enter on the Scheme,
 Or revenant from long ago,
 If but some World Soul's moment-dream,
 Or, timeless, in Itself I lie.
 What do I know?

Nothing is sadder than the poetry of the young, unless it be the poetry of the Celtic school. When, therefore, you get a young poet who is also Irish, you may count on getting the very saddest of the sad. We find just that in *Harper's Weekly*:

OUTWORN.

BY SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

O unassuageable thirst, O wordless hunger,
 And all that is the gray of dying hours,
 Dead things, that wear the semblance of de-
 sires
 Long since betrayed and virginal no longer,
 Palpitant with the futile lust of powers
 That once lit all the world with morning fires!

Not as of old your tremulous whispering fingers,
 Autumnal poplars, move across my soul
 Soothing it like white hands upon the brow.
 It is a bitter thing that memory lingers,
 It is a bitter thing that seasons roll,
 But, Oh, most bitter the inexorable Now!

Not as of old, O gray of dying hours,
 O green, O rose, O gold, that die to gray,
 Not as of old are you the ultimate glory,
 The perfect bloom of light; rather sad flowers
 Languishing for their lady torn away
 From her fair garden in some tragic story.

Beneath un pitying clouds, over dull waters,
 Defeated flags, irreparably torn,
 Droop from the sad walls of the hollow West.
 Weary with strife are the sons of men, and the
 daughters
 Weary with passionate waiting, and outworn
 Is all the impulse rapture of the quest.

Gold, and the color of rose, and the green of the
 world
 Only a mask to hide the ashen face
 Of death, the master of Time's pageantry!
 O Beautiful Ones, a pitiless net is curled
 Under the rushes, under the revel's pace:
 This night ends all, no dawn will ever be.

Dawn but a dream! And waking we press once
 more
 Westward, upon the solitary path
 That leads through vistaed sunset into night:
 Hoping for peace, we meet our own doom of war;
 Loving, we bow before some demon's wrath;
 Emptied of faith at last, emptied of might,

We are gray phantoms of the dying hours,
 Doomed things, wearily passing. O fair face,
 Do you not bear one memory of the morn?
 What is the light upon your brow, what flowers
 Bloom in your hand? I see the ineffable grace
 Of drooping petals, of fading days forlorn.

Let us cheer us up with a poem of hope.
 Here it is from *The Outlook*.

WAVE AND TIDE.

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD.

On the far reef the breakers
 Recoil in shattered foam,
 Yet still the sea behind them
 Urges its forces home;
 Its chant of triumph surges
 Through all the thunderous din—
 The wave may break in failure,
 But the tide is sure to win!

The reef is strong and cruel;
 Upon its jagged wall
 One wave—a score—a hundred,
 Broken and beaten fall;
 Yet in defeat they conquer,
 The sea comes flooding in—
 Wave upon wave is routed,
 But the tide is sure to win!

O mighty sea! thy message
 In clanging spray is cast;
 Within God's plan of progress
 It matters not at last
 How wide the shores of evil,
 How strong the reefs of sin—
 The wave may be defeated,
 But the tide is sure to win!

An excellent sonnet appears in *The Westminster Gazette*:

A POET.

BY ELEANOR ESHER.

Into a tissue of remembered things
 He weaves the moonbeams and the threads of
 mist,
 And colors it with sweet imaginings,
 Cloudy embroideries, by sunset kissed.
 He sees among the dewdrops on the ferns
 The fleeting prototype of children's tears,
 And in the music of the running burns
 The pent-up laughter of a thousand years.
 Along the dear, familiar paths he knows
 The sigh that marks the crossing of the way,
 The dreams that haunt the petals of the rose,
 And all the wonders of a quiet day:
 So glide away the years with minstrelsy—
 The magic of his boundless fantasy.

Recent Fiction and the Critics

THE pen of Mr. Wells was dipped in blood and gall when he wrote his latest book.* The stamp of authenticity evident on every page compels perusal. We forgive the wearisome dissertations skilfully disguised as fiction, because the book is so real. Those familiar with British politics recognize full-length portraits in some of the characters.

THE NEW MACHIAVELLI The hero himself recalls Parnell and others with whose political careers love played strange havoc. Those familiar with Mr. Wells recognize traits and experiences of the author in those of the chief protagonist of the novel. The amazing autobiographical versatility of the author—for his method is always autobiographical, whatever the outward form—receives perhaps its most amazing illustration here. Mr. Wells, insists the *New York Times*, has become in a very special and even scientific sense a diagnostician of the symptoms of the growing pains of our uneasy time—an interpreter of the shifts to which men and women find themselves reduced by the struggles of the present in the swaddling clothes of the past.

"There is no one now writing English fiction who deals with such stark and clean frankness with those essentials which the Victorian era agreed to eliminate by the simple process of never mentioning them above a whisper. There is, on the whole, no one in the field who sheds more light where so much light is needed.

"Hitherto Mr. Wells has tackled his subject by phases—as the social biology of the suffraget in 'Ann Veronica,' the educational biology of the 'shop-assistant' in 'Mr. Polly,' and so on. In the present volume, tho the immediate theme doubtless is the biology of the politician, he essays a more sweeping view. He impersonates himself as one of those 'mastered,' as he puts it, 'by the white passion of statecraft'; one of the new school which now fills the world's ears with reform oratory, which renews the ancient aspiration to bring the new order out of the old muddle, to make a career for the aspirant as guide to the many-headed. So the ministers of a few centuries back made theirs by guiding the Prince who was then the figure-head of power as the people are now—the Prince diffused. Hence, the new Machiavelli of the title.

* THE NEW MACHIAVELLI. By H. G. Wells. Duffield & Company.

"It is not the least point of Mr. Wells's new book to show how the formal educational British practice of beginning life by ignoring the sex factor, upset his politician's apple-cart and spilled untimely its cargo of constructive statesmanship."

The *Boston Transcript* confesses that it is puzzled by "The New Machiavelli." "Is it a story of reality, a fantasy, a political treatise, or a social sermon? At one time it appears to be one or another, and now and then it takes on the semblance and qualities of all. Certainly we cannot view as a transcript of actual life and experience a story whose course begins in the past, extends into the present, and moves along some years beyond the current 1911."

"This creator of 'The New Machiavelli' is very obviously not the H. G. Wells of 'Kipps' or 'Ann Veronica,' nor is he the H. G. Wells of Martian exploit and discovery. He is rather a combination, and a very unsatisfactory one at that, of the two. To be sure, he has before attempted a commingling of social science and fiction, but he has never before made such a depressing mess of 'hem. This time his water of fact and his oil of fancy emphatically refuse to coalesce. The two portions of his novel could easily be separated to the decided advantage of both. One would form a series of studies of contemporary British politics; the other would offer us an intimate account of the progress of Richard Remington from boyhood to middle age."

There seems to be a feeling that "The New Machiavelli" suffers from faults of construction; the silhouette of Mr. Wells throws its shadow too often upon the page. Lifelike as is this politician, remarks *The Tribune* (New York), he is unmistakably a stalking horse for Mr. Wells, and we are always conscious of the latter behind him. "The author has not fallen between two stools; he has gotten himself into difficulties with three. Starting to write the story of his hero's life, his narrative develops into a political tract, and it closes on a note of pure romance. Hence . . . his masterpiece remains to be written, the homogeneous novel in which his ideas, his energies, his remarkable technical powers, will march evenly toward an appointed end. We can imagine this book itself rewritten and thus unified." But is it fair to Mr. Wells to apply to him and his novel the

canons of conventional criticism? "The New Machiavelli," remarks Francis Hackett in the literary supplement of the *Chicago Evening Post*, "is no more like the ordinary novel than a cup of blood is like a cup of milk."

In psychology Richard Remington, the new Machiavelli, is very similar to the Mr. Wells of 'First and Last Things.' He is an idealist who dreams of 'a world of men better ordered, happier, finer, securer, the ending of muddle and diseases and dirt and misery; the ending of confusions that waste human possibilities.' His catch phrase is, 'Love and Fine Thinking.' But altho a social idealist, loyal to ideas, Remington is no saint. The symbol of his state-making dream, Machiavelli is also the symbol of 'his animal humor, his queer indecent side,' his meanness, his selfishness and his squalor.

Few careers could be more interesting than that of Remington, once he starts to mount politically, and Mr. Wells is unfailingly clear in showing the man's evolution. First he is an intellectual, a young liberal, socialistically inclined. He is pushed by the Baileys, two self-appointed guardians of reform's Thermopylaean Pass. Altiora Bailey is described by Mr. Wells with some sharpness. 'Altiora thought trees hopelessly irregular and sea cliffs a great mistake.' Bailey is characterized with a pointed and almost personal malignance: 'A nasty, oily, efficient little machine.' Despite odious characteristics, however, these are profitable allies of Remington's, and he stays by them, breathing hard in their 'tremendously scientific air,' until long after Altiora has promoted his marriage.

Courtship is not romantic in Mr. Wells. The sex side of Remington is very frankly represented long before; perhaps more frankly than the sex side of any man in English fiction. From his first precocious glance, down through his 'stark fact' period at Cambridge, and his celibate experiences in London, there is nothing glossed over or concealed. Something may be misunderstood. If so, the misconception, the lack of beauty, is inherent in Mr. Wells. But what candor can give, he gives. And that is admirable.

WE seem to live in a period where we expect from novelists a new form of realism. We are no longer satisfied with distorted romantic visions or with microscopic descriptions of one small phase of life. We demand cross-sections of life it-
ONE WAY OUT self. That explains the success of the little Parisian seamstress, Marguerite Andoux, and of the voluminous novel by Romain Rolland, of which

able. It is admirable not because it is beautifully done, but because it is done so honestly."

The book may be illogical, it may be muddled, it may be inhuman at times. But can we blame Mr. Wells if his mirror faithfully reflects the world about him, including himself? He is as volatile as he is honest, and, being honest, is not afraid of contradicting himself. He never rests and he never permits the mind to rest in an established conviction. His book, in the words of the *London Nation*, is an Odyssey of discontent. On one point, indeed, the British reviewer declares, there can be no doubt. "The New Machiavelli," inferior to 'Tono-Bungay,' and much superior to 'Ann Veronica,' is the most vivid and powerful picture of social and moral discontent that Mr. Wells has drawn."

"In a sense it has no characters. Isabel is nothing, the motley host of Remington's friends are nothing; only his father, the irascible, ineffectual man, smashing up his ill-grown vegetables with a hoe, and Margaret, the sad apparition of his beautiful, ineffectual wife, are real. But for a sketch of a profoundly uneasy society, conscious of its muddles and unable to see a way out, 'The New Machiavelli' would be hard to beat."

If Mr. Wells has not succeeded entirely, we should remember that he has tried for greater things than the average novelist. We can, to quote *The Academy* (London), admire him, whether we agree with him or not. "The bigger the problem the more eagerly he attacks it, and, if his lance is sometimes broken, what matters it?—we are left gasping at his courage, and perplexed as to what he will be at next; yet all the time we are conscious that he is no haphazard Quixote tilting at windmills. He is, rather, in deadly earnest, and out of his innumerable blows upon the present state of education, of political life, of social life, many are bound to hit their mark and to leave our ears ringing."

only one volume has so far been published in English. The recent works of H. G. Wells are conceived in a similar spirit. Fiction, in a word, develops into autobiography. Personal experiences, whether fact or fiction, or a mixture of both seem to have an imperishable appeal. If they bear the impress of truth or if they are made plausible by the writer's skill, so much the better. "Robinson Crusoe," "David Copperfield" and other romances of their kind are, remarks Mr.

Edgett in the *Boston Transcript*, immortal because of their intimate personal narrative, because the hero himself tells his own story, because in them the writer is obliged to assume no omniscient knowledge of the doings of his characters. "They are fiction, but they bear every possible semblance of fact. They are in themselves no less credible than is such a story, for instance, as Booker T. Washington's 'Up from Slavery,' which holds the reader spellbound because it is the very truth itself." "One Way Out,"* the discovery of America by an American at the age of forty, has the semblance of such truth. Whether it is the truth itself is of no especial consequence. It purports to be the story of a young American who finds himself without a position, with a wife and a son to support, and, most difficult of all, with a middle-class social standing to maintain. "For twenty years," he complains, "I had been a cog in the machinery of the United Woollen Company. I was known as a United Woollen man. But just what else had this experience made of me? I was not a book-keeper. I knew no more about keeping a full set of books than my boy. I had handled only strings of United Woollen figures; those meant nothing outside that particular office. I was not a stenographer, or an accountant, or a secretary. I had been called a clerk in the directory. But what did that mean? What the devil was I, after twenty years of hard work?" But struggle as he would, there was nothing for him to do, and the hardest task of all was to hold up his head among his neighbors.

"In these last dozen years I had come to know the details of their lives as intimately as my own. . . . On the surface we were just about as intimate as it's possible for a community to be. And yet what did it amount to? There wasn't a mother's son of them to whom I would have dared go and confess the fact I'd lost my job. They'd know it soon enough, be sure of that; but it mustn't come from me. There wasn't one of them to whom I felt free to go and ask their help to interest their own firms to secure another position for me. Their respect for me depended upon my ability to maintain my social position. They were like steamer friends. On the voyage they clung to one another closer than bark to a tree, but once the gang plank was lowered the intimacy vanished. If I wished to keep them as friends I must stick to the boat."

He looks for another clerical job, but his

age is against him. "And yet I had a physique like an ox and there wasn't a gray hair in my head." He came out of the last of these offices with his fists clenched. Suddenly an inspiration comes to him. "If we were living in England or Ireland or France or Germany and found life as hard as this and some one left us five hundred dollars, what would you advise doing?" he asks Murphy, a wealthy contractor. And he himself finds the answer: "Emigrate to America. . . . All we need to do is to pack up, go down to the dock, and start from there. We must join the emigrants and follow them into the city. These are the only people who are finding America to-day. We must take up life among them; work as they work; live as they live. Why, I feel my back muscles straining even now; I feel the tingle of coming down the gangplank with our fortunes yet to make in this land of opportunity. Pasquale has done it; Murphy has done it. Don't you think I can do it?"

He moves with his wife and boy into an Italian tenement, lives on nine dollars a week, avails himself of free libraries, public baths, and all the institutions shunned by the lower middle-class, but utilized effectively by the laborer. The rest of the book relates with much realism and with a sprinkling of convincing statistical data his upward climb to prosperity. He finally emerges as a contractor, his own master, dependent on none but himself for his livelihood. In the meantime his wife finds vent for her surplus instinct for motherhood in helping other mothers rear their children, and her own boy grows self-reliant and ambitious.

The catastrophe that blights the hero's life near forty is one which, in the words of the *New York Sun*, threatens every salaried man. In this case the man was a clerk, but the same condition affects teachers, salesmen, employees in every business. His solution, however, save as a suggestion, can help very few in the class from which he says he emerged. Mr. Carleton, adds *The Tribune*, is not a social philosopher. It is his own case that he tells; the general conclusions he draws from it are but few. Truth lends a tremendous vitality to any story, and there is, maintains the *Chicago Evening Post*, an enormous vitality in Carleton's account of how he got away from the feeble superstition of his class, learned his job from the ground up, learned how to cut out economic inessentials and to handle men.

* ONE WAY OUT. By William Carleton. Small, Maynard & Company.

ENGLAND has hailed "Howard's End"* with enthusiasm. We are a trifle puzzled and a trifle bored. The author's name is new to us, but it seems to have graced the title pages of more books than one. The *Daily Mail* (London) indorses the work as the

HOWARD'S END great novel of the season.

The book takes its name from a house, a little, old, rather inconvenient country house, not so very far from London. This house belongs to the Wilcoxes, capable business-like people, all clear and sane and effective on the outside, all muddled and wrong about the deeper things that really matter—matter at least to people like the two sisters, Margaret and Helen Schlegel, who are contrasted with them throughout the book. Altho the types described are British, they are, on the whole, thinks the *Globe* (New York), broadly human. As literature, the writer goes on to say, the story reaches a very high mark and ranks with the best that has been done by Galsworthy, Wells, or Arnold Bennett. The book, remarks the *Brooklyn Eagle*, with considerably less enthusiasm, "seems to be an arraignment of our industrial civilization for killing the spiritual element in life and for weakening the sense of personal responsibility for the black spots of our social system. But the arraignment is by no means clear, the author does not suggest a remedy, and in the end the most spiritually-minded girl in the book makes a wreck of her life in a distressing way, for which neither the industrial situation nor anything else except a set of unhappily disordered nerves is responsible. You write about the book as a social study, because its characters lack the strength which compels you to think about them as individuals."

"Howard's End" is described by the *New York Times* as a "sociological psychological novel." Its three families are evidently designed to epitomize three distinct social strata. Their intercourse presents some possible phases of the relationship between these classes, and each individual character consistently maintains his own peculiar "social attitude."

"The three families are the half-German Schlegels, cultured idealists of the leisure class; the all-English Wilcoxes, hard-headed men of affairs, and the also English Basts, unhappy under-dogs of the present social system. Leonard

Bast, an ignominious insurance clerk, is a prey to ill-advized yearnings for culture and spiritual adventure. The responsibility for his financial ruin and for the moral ruin of his degraded wife belongs to Mr. Wilcox. But Mr. Wilcox, who exemplifies the dextrous practicality, the intellectual sophistry and the taint of sensuality characteristic of the money-making type, is equally conscienceless—on both charges, being constitutionally averse to all soft notions of 'personal responsibility.'

"Helen Schlegel, who insists upon personal relations as the only things of value in life, and upon personal responsibility as the only remedy for social injustice, undertakes, with impulsive generosity, to help Mr. Wilcox's victims, only to be herself drawn into a liaison with the wretched Leonard. It remains for her sister Margaret to exhibit wiser idealism, sensibly tempered by an appreciation of practical values. Her specialty is 'seeing life whole and seeing it steadily.' As Mr. Wilcox's second wife her tolerance and sympathy enable her to pardon the excesses of both her husband and her sister, to reconcile them, and as far as possible to retrieve their errors."

The astute literary editor of the *Boston Transcript* regards the novel as "a scrap book into which Mr. Forster has gathered, without form or coherence, his ideas concerning human actions and the human mind." Like the authors of the two other books discussed by us this month, Forster attempts to delineate life, not to tell a story. Like Wells, if his philosophy is obscure, his wit at least is incisive. Elia W. Peattie, of the *Chicago Tribune*, insists that the author must be a woman. She writes:

"In feeling the book is feminine; but it is not to be gainsaid that a number of the strongest masculine writers of our times have been able to represent the feminine mind, with its irrational yet dramatic succession of moods, better than any woman can do it. It may be that E. M. Foster is one of these, but my impression is that the writer is a woman of a quality of mind comparable to that of the Findlater sisters or to May Sinclair.

"The particular allure of these writers is almost as different to define as personality itself. Their methods are so fine and high that to make mere ingenuity one of their aids is superfluous indeed. Plot is an artificial contrivance which they do not require to strengthen the purport or increase the interest of their tales. Character, approached from the psychological avenue, is their specialty, and however scientifically accurate they may be, they transcend mere science by their art, their imagination and their subtlety, and produce a result of great vividness and considerable perpetuity."

* HOWARD'S END. By E. M. Forster. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MOLE-WARFARE—A TALE OF THE MANCHURIAN WAR

A volume of short stories has just been published in this country with the strange name—evidently a pseudonym—of Ole Luke-Oie on the title page as author. The volume is entitled "The Green Curve and Other Stories." The tales, eleven in number, were written originally for the entertainment of soldiers, and most of them have appeared from time to time in *Blackwoods*. The one that follows (reprinted here by permission of Doubleday, Page & Company) has been slightly abridged by us.

AT LAST, after days of work, the excavation has been done. The actual tunnel, —the mine-gallery—is but a replica, life-size, of the mine-chart kept with such precautions and jealous care by the Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers, in his little straw shanty down in the lodgement whence the gallery started. This chart is plotted out on a large-scale parchment map of the fort in front, dog's-eared and dirty because it was made by a Japanese engineer officer when working, before the war, as a coolie on this very defence work.

Degree for degree, foot for foot, with the help of theodolite, level and plumb-bob, has the gallery followed its miniature prototype on the greasy parchment. If plumb-bob and measure, level and theodolite, have not lied, the desired point underneath the main parapet of Fort —shan has now been reached.

The chambers excavated at right angles, to contain the explosive, were cut as soon as the main gallery was estimated to have crossed below the deep ditch and to be well beneath the great parapet of the fort, the object to be blown up.

Into these chambers tons and tons of dynamite have been carefully carried and closely packed. The men who stood for hours along the gallery passing the cases from one to the other like water-buckets at a fire have now trooped out. The means of firing the charge have been put into position and connected. The charge is sealed up by the mass of rock, shale and earth which has been placed for some fifty yards back in the gallery as "tamping." The ceaseless scurry to and fro of the mining trucks—those little trucks which have run forwards empty and back again full, their badly greased wheels often shrieking a horror-struck protest at their task—has ended and the mole-like miners have come up from underground.

As usual, no chances have been taken. As far as possible, the means of firing the charge have in every case been duplicated. First, there is electricity. For this there are two entirely separate circuits, each connected to its own set of detonators in the charge and, to prevent possible damage from clumsy foot or falling stone, the wires have been carried in split bamboos along the gallery. The circuits have been tested several

times and each time the little kick of the galvanometer-needle has shown that there was no break in the line. Besides the electricity there is the ordinary fuze, also in duplicate. Each is made up of three different links in the chain of ignition: the detonators in the charge, the length of instantaneous-fuze from them to a point some yards outside the tamping, and, lastly, the short piece of slow-burning safety-fuze joined on in order to allow time for escape to the person igniting the charge.

Far away, at varying distances, are the guns, every one already laid on the doomed fort. Some will fire direct, others from behind hills, whence the target cannot be seen; but as soon as the smoke of the explosion shoots up and spreads mushroom-like into the sky, all will concentrate their fire on this work. Under cover of this squall of bursting steel and shrapnel bullets will the assaulting columns storm the breach. The stormers are now crouching under cover in the lodgements and parallels closest to the work.

All is ready, but not a moment too soon, for have not the listeners, lying prone in their branch listening-galleries, heard coming from somewhere in the womb of Mother Earth the strokes of the Russians countermining? Has not the pebble placed on the many-colored captured Russian drum danced to the same vibrations? Hard it is to locate, harder still to estimate their distance; but without doubt the Russians are working, working near at hand too.

Down the hillside is the lodgement, that hole which looks like a distorted volcanic crater. Such, in fact, it is, being the result of exploding a few small mines, so spaced that their resulting craters intersect and by overlapping form one elongated pit, a broad and very deep trench. The soil vomited up by the explosions has formed a parapet all round as it fell back. It was when the attackers found that they could advance no closer over the open that this pit was made. A tunnel had been made up to its position,—this was the commencement of the mole's work,—and the mines exploded. At once, even while the sky was still raining rocks and clods of earth, the sappers and infantry advanced with a cat-like rush from the parallel behind and seized this point of vantage. Without delay they started

with pick and shovel to improve on the work of the explosives. Cat-like, too, with tooth and nail have they hung on to their newly won position against all counter-attacks. In vain have the desperate Russians surpassed themselves in their nightly attempts to try and turn them out with bayonet, bomb, or bullet. A foothold once established, the men of Nippon have hung on to the spot, steadily strengthening it the while.

From this lodgement was started the gallery for the great mine that is just about to be exploded to give them a road into the fortress, and it is here that all interest is now centered.

Down at the bottom of the hollow is a small group intently waiting. At the telephone in the straw shanty kneels the operator. Over the top of the parapet, above which bullets and shells sing their way, peers the Lieutenant-Colonel. Close by, in charge of a heavily-built sergeant, lies a curious innocent-looking box with a handle; it is the dynamo-exploder. Near it two men are standing, each holding one end of an electric wire in either hand. The ends of these wires, where the metal protrudes from its black insulation, are scraped bright.

The telephone orderly speaks. The Colonel gives an order. Quickly and silently the two ends of wire held by one man are placed in the clamps of the dynamo, which are screwed down to grip them. The moment is fateful and dead silence reigns among the little group, whose drawn and dirty faces wear if possible a more anxious expression than usual. The orderly speaks again. The Colonel turns to the sergeant,—"Fire!"

The latter throws his whole weight on the handle, forcing it down with a purring rattle, while all cower down, holding their breath. . . .

Nothing happens.

Again,—once more is the handle jerked up and forced down. Nothing happens! The man holding the second circuit steps forward and the exploder is quickly connected to it. Once, twice, three times does the handle rattle as it is forced down, by two men now.

Again,—nothing!

"Who connected this charge?"

Captain Yamatogo of the Imperial Japanese Engineers steps forward and salutes—a small, thin man, so coated with dried sweat and earth that he might again be well taken for a coolie. He is responsible; he was in charge; but he happens to be the one chosen among many volunteers to go down and light the fuze, if necessary, and to go down and relight it should it not act the first time. The matter of the failure of the electricity can wait till later. A word, and he turns round, picks up a small portable electric lamp, which he straps round his forehead, and slings a thick coil of safety-fuze over his shoulder. A salute, and he has gone down the gallery, picking his way carefully.

As he strides along, his thoughts run over the possible causes of failure. He ponders over a dull boom which he fancied he had heard proceed from the direction of the tunnel some five minutes ago, just before they connected with the dynamo. No one else had noticed it, apparently, amid the storm of noise. He had decided that his ears must be playing him tricks, for he had done much underground listening recently; but now his thoughts again revert to this sound.

After walking for some two minutes, he almost stumbles into an obstruction: the left side of the gallery and the top have apparently fallen in. It is, in a soft portion of the tunnel lined with timbers, which are splintered and lying about. He hastily searches the side walls for a gauge mark showing the distance from the mouth. He finds one; he is twenty yards short of the tamping, and therefore the pile of soil and rock is just over the ends of the safety-fuze. Whilst standing there he hears strokes and voices—voices close to him. He half draws his sword.

This explains the failure. His ears were right. The enemy have driven forwards a tube and exploded a small counter-mine, smashing in the side of the gallery. Well, they seem to have succeeded in spoiling the attackers' plan, for the present at any rate. It will be impossible to dig these tons of earth off the fuzes under some hours; the gallery is completely blocked. But stay,—is it? He sees a small patch of darkness on the right-hand top corner of the mound. Scrambling up, he digs with his hands and finds a mere crust of earth. Behind this the opening is just large enough to crawl through. He wriggles along on his belly between the earth and the roof for some ten yards, then the mound slopes away and he stumbles down on to the floor again in the small space between the obstruction and the tamping at the end of the tunnel. He darts to the side of the tunnel and picks up two red ropes. These are the instantaneous-fuzes.

Captain Yamatogo knows all that is to be known about fuzes. He knows well that to light the instantaneous means death, as the flame would flash straight down to the charge before he could move. Not wanting to die uselessly, he heaves at the fuzes to try and pull them and the pieces of safety-fuze joined to their ends from under the load of earth. He pulls, but they do not yield; dropping them, he whips out his knife. He will cut the instantaneous and splice on to it a longish piece of safety, long enough to allow him to get back over the obstruction after lighting. Two minutes will do it.

At that moment he again hears a voice, still closer than before. There is no time to lose, not even two minutes: the words are Russian. Quickly he makes up his mind, but, his resolve taken, he proceeds calmly. Taking out a little Japanese flag, he sticks it into the earth beside him, squats down on his heels, peels the end of the cut fuze and takes out a cigaret. As he does this, he cannot help recalling with a grim smile that it must be just above where he now squats that he was kicked when working as a coolie, by a Russian officer. Then he thinks of his wife at home near Osaka, and of his two merry-eyed little boys.

He lights the cigaret and takes a long pull. Expelling the smoke with a hoarse cry of *Banzai*, he presses the end of the fuze hard on to the glowing cigaret end. There is a hiss and a jet of sparks.

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To those watching, great Fusiyama itself seems to erupt skywards from the Fort of —shan. Within two minutes the men of his company are running and stumbling high above what was once Captain Yamatogo of the Imperial Engineers.

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